This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

P 274.1

Harvard College Library

FROM THE

FRANCIS PARKMAN

MEMORIAL FUND

FOR

CANADIAN HISTORY

ESTABLISHED IN 1908

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

VOLUME I.

ST. JOHN, N. B.:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS AT THE STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT OF J. & A. McMILLAN.

1873.

11 Jan. 1892.
Sgl 4
S. Ro. Main,
H. Jrlm, 11.13.
(I.26; II.)

CONTENTS.

	Page.
American Sketches,	59
Antiquity of Man,	75
Archæological History of Scotland,	560
Arctic Mystery, The	599
Auld Lang Syne,	45
Book Notices,	483
Bulwer Lytton, The Late	183
Castaways of Gull Island, The	435
Catacombs of Rome, The	310
Childhood's Happiness — A Popular Fallacy,	193
Current Events,	378, 496, 602
Current History,	282
Dalhousie College and its Gazette,	180
Danderville, Tour through,	324-407
Dominion Statistics,	55
Editor's Trials, An	375
English in Ireland, The	359
Fairy Bird, The	169
Ghost — A Most Unorthodox	9
Good Words,	95-192
Growing Old,	72
How I found Livingstone in Central Africa,	144
Inhabitants of the North West, The	588
Letters from High Latitudes,	90
Masque of Lorenzo the Magnificent	448
Musings in the Woods,	182
Myths and Mythmakers,	221
Natural Science, Progress of	476
Newfoundland — The Shortest Route to and from Europe	497
North-West, Our	461
Old Birsy's Transformation,	565
Only a Pair of Skates,	210
Opium Dreams,	514
Philip Blair,	341, 421, 525
Plot within a Plot,	236, 301, 398, 506
Rector Berthold	263
Roman London,	541
Sarah Bishop's Secret,	542
School and Health,	473
School Master of Punch Bowl, The New	159

Science, Art, Nature, I,..... 75
Antiquity of Man; Consumption, Recent Upheaval; Bark-louse; How Eels are produced; Changes of Climate; A Fish Story; New Use of Sawdust; Caustic Soda; Gold in Sea Water; The Thunderbolt; Origin of Storms; How certain Creatures travel; Conchology; Theology and Science; Colorado Flowers; The Hot Springs of Gardiner's River; The Great Falls of the Yellowstone; The Exploding Mud Springs; Silver Mining in Utah; a Million dollar Telescope,..... 75
Science, Art, Nature II,..... 188
Disinfectants; Darwin on Animalcula of Ocean; Fossil Infusoria,..... 188
Seal Hunters of Newfoundland,..... 240
Social Statics, Two Problems in.....289, 385
Statistics of Nova Scotia,..... 353
Story of North America,..... 62

Town or Country?..... 177
To Readers and Contributors,..... 96

Use and Beauty,..... 1
Up and Down the Right,..... 127

Western Newfoundland a Home for Emigrants,..... 97
Wit and Wisdom,..... 70

POETRY.

About the Hearth,..... 159

Canada to her Viceroy,..... 54
Caprian Wine,..... 447
Chorus invoking Atalanta to the Chase,..... 553

Dying Lover, The..... 560
Dominion Ballads,
No. 1, The Three Norsemen,..... 418

Gloamin' Hour, The..... 337
Grave-digger,..... 158

In Memoriam,..... 538

John,..... 281

Keightly,..... 282

Love's Octave,..... 42

Mid-day, At..... 234

Northern Light, The..... 125

Rachel and Jacob—A Quaker Story,..... 143

Sonnets,.....41, 406
St. Valentine's Day, B. C. 530—From the Greek of Anacreon,..... 187

Through the Storm,..... 472

Under the Palms,..... 248

HARVARD COLLEGE
JAN 31 1922
LIBRARY

No. 1. VOL. I.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY,

A MAGAZINE

OF

Literature, Science, and Art.

JANUARY, 1873.

CONTENTS:

	Page
Use and Beauty,	1
A Most Unpleasant Ghost,	9
Sonnet,	41
Love's Octave,	42
Auld Lang Syne,	45
Welcome to Lord Dufferin,	54
Dominion Statistics,	55
American Sketches, No. 1,	59
A Story of North America,	62
Wit and Wisdom,	70
Growing Old,	72
Science, Art, Nature,	75
Antiquity of Man; Consumption; Recent Upheaval; Bark-louse; How Eels are produced; Changes of Climate; A Fish Story; New Use of Sawdust; Caustic Soda; Gold in Sea Water; The Thunderbolt; Origin of Storms; How certain Creatures travel; Conchology; Theology and Science; Colorado Flowers; The Hot Springs of Gardiner's River; The Great Falls of the Yellowstone; The Exploding Mud Springs; Silver Mining in Utah; a Million dollar Telescope.	75
Letters from High Latitudes,	90
Good Words,	93
To Readers and Contributors,	96

ST. JOHN, N. B.:

J. & A. McMILLAN, 78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

HALIFAX, N. S.:

A. & W. MACKINLAY, 123 GRANVILLE STREET.

$3 00 per Annum in Advance.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1873. No. 1.

USE AND BEAUTY.

IF Substantives had a Master of Ceremonies whose business was to direct the order in which they should appear in the procession of literature, he would have about as much difficulty as old Mr. Pepys with French and Dutch Ambassadors at the English Court. Whether should Use precede Beauty, or Beauty Use? Is not the Necessary before the Ornamental? Must we not eat that we may admire? and be clothed before we buy feathers? There may seem to be but one answer to these questions. Your smart man will tell you at once that only fools prefer the ornamental to the useful, and that these are at most but a small proportion of the human family, while if you were to ask the question of the lower animals, they would be found universally on the side of the wise. There are no fools among them.

Mr. Darwin will tell you otherwise. He says that the ornamental is the grand desideratum of all the polygamists. The duck gives the cold shoulder to the beau who has not highly ornamental feathers. So do the hens and turkeys to the plain feathered masculines. Magpies and daws steal jewels and bright things, hoarding them past, as misers their gold. If parrots could talk, would not their discourse be of flowers more than of fruits,—of pretty feathers rather than of warm clothing? The hen does not care a straw for the worm to which the lord of the harem calls her, save as an index of his affection: she can catch worms for herself, but she cannot find elsewhere such a pleasant, agreeable fellow as this one who calls; and then, what a charming voice he has. The squirrel, who scolds you as he runs along the rail, and then sits up

to eat his nut, thinks more of his own admirable figure and curled tail, than of the savory food. Hear the birds: do you think they dwell on the value of food half so much as on the beauty of song. Listen! that lark who springs up and flies away, higher and higher, till he is almost lost to your sight; what cares he for grubs or grain. He delights to hear his own voice, and to let others hear, and to show off his own great agility. It is just so with bounding lambs, and horses at play. As to bees and ants, they are such plodders, we do not know on which side their verdict would be: probably they would be on the side of Mr. Gradgrind, and would have nothing but things of use,—no ornament, or sentiment, or poetry, or other humbug. But with these discreditable exceptions, universal animalhood thinks more of the florid and lovely than of the merely useful.

Come next to the simple untutored savage. If you intend to trade with him you need not carry hogsheads of sugar or barrels of flour. He will thank you more for some beads or bracelets, or rings for his nose, or pendants for his ears. He has his hunger for food appeased, but not his thirst for the beautiful. Give him something showy, bright, glittering. The same desire will be seen in his Squaw; though, poor slave, she rather delights to see her taskmaster look brave than herself beautiful. So it is in all the grades of social life, from the lowest to the highest.

We will not dwell on the fact that we must live that we may live ornamentally, that we must eat or we shall soon cease to admire. This of course is patent, but as soon as the grosser needs are satisfied, we see that all seek for that which is beautiful more than that which is merely useful.

These two are however wedded together, so that though they may be divorced and wend through life their solitary way, they ever tend to come back and join hands, and live a harmonious life again.

We see this in the dress, the house, the garden, the landscape, the useful article.

What man or woman was ever satisfied with mere covering that displayed no taste? The divine song may warn against pride in, and love of dress, telling us that

> The sheep and silkworm wore
> That very clothing long before.

And the Minstrel, in a fine fit of moral superiority, may ask—

> Vain Man! Is grandeur given to gay attire?
> Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid.

But such moral reflections will not uproot the love of beautiful dress from the human heart. Beautiful dress? Rather love of beauty, for dress is only a necessity of our sin, and a part of our punishment, or rather, moral discipline. Paradise needed no clothes, nor as far as we recollect have the angels pants or stove-pipes, or bonnets or shawls or frills. But the human form divine, being covered, must have somewhat in the clothing to compensate for the hidden beauty. And then, what colours, and textures, and forms of tailorism shall compensate fully? Only think of trying to improve the Medicean Venus or the Apollo Belvidere by satins and broadcloths. No doubt some tailors or mantua-makers would try by the arts of dress to improve the artist's conceptions, but we will find no sculptor to think such a thought. In conformity with our manners he must copy men and women in dresses, but when he chisels gods,—that is another affair.

When the pioneer clears the farm he contents himself with a log hut, which has small pretensions to beauty: indeed it has a grim and forbidding form, into which we do not willingly enter, save for shelter. It is hardly capable of taste. The spruce, notched with an axe, the interstices stopped with clay, the roof covered with bark, almost defy the efforts of the settler to beautify his rough structure. He contents himself with thinking that in a few years, when the settlement has grown, and the children are a little advanced, he will have a frame house, clapboarded and shingled, which it will be possible to make pretty.

Of course, in all natures there is not the same need of the beautiful. You can tell that when you see Mrs. Slattern with her ragged gown, dirty face and unkempt hair. And Mr. Slattern, poor man, he has not much eye for the beautiful, or his house would not stand bare and bleak, with not a tree to keep it company; nor would his bit of garden be overgrown with weeds, nor his rail be down, nor the window be paned with old hats and rags. For a time we could not understand why the farmers here had such a grudge against trees. It is the "struggle for life." Terrible work have the pioneers with the old forest. What chopping and burning and piling and rooting; and then what a lot of young sprouts and

saplings to pull up; then too the fearful fires might be brought up to the very house by the trees; so, they must all go down,—the cedar, the spruce, the pine, the maple, the birch, the beech. War, war to the bitter end against all these stately and beautiful intruders within a certain respectable distance from the residence. And so there is bareness and ugliness over all the fields, interrupted only by the line of dark wood away at the back of the lot. But the settler gets tired of the bareness. He begins to think of the pleasant hedge-rows and bits of grove and skirting trees of Father-lands, and wonders how he could be so insane as to ruin and destroy what thousands in old countries would spend much in producing. We can think what delight many a Lord or Marquis or millionaire would feel on proceeding over some winter road through one of our forests, with stately pines and beech and chestnut intermingled with the ever-lovely evergreens. Nor do our settlers enjoy the desolation they have caused, and they may be seen planting, in a hard, angular way, trees, in place of the far more naturally placed ones which, in their insane fight against nature, they destroyed by the steel and fire. In our fight for existence nothing is sacred or safe from our destroying hands and ferocious tempers,—not even the human form divine, much less forest forms, in one sense hardly less divine. We cannot be expected to respect trees when they are our enemies, when we will destroy our rivals and enemies of flesh and blood. But soberer thoughts take the place of wild rage, and there is peace made,—for with nothing which is really lovely can we long remain at war. There is in our breasts a sympathy for it which will not be satisfied, and so we go and shake hands with our foes, and if they be dead we take their children into our favour; and so with the trees which we pursued with grim rage, we will have their descendants to grow up around us to be our comfort and delight.

There is a love of order and regularity which, though in degree beautiful, may by exceeding its functions lead to untasteful, not to say ugly, dispositions of things. Angles, and quadrangles, and octagons, and quincunxes, and formal palings about garden lots, are the products of this love of order. Yet how much is all this improved by the curve, the serpentine, the "line of beauty and grace." We are sorry to see a man planting trees so many feet apart. There is then too much similarity between them and the white pickets of his fence. A large house too with windows all of

a size, and at just such distances, is a dreary, monotonous affair. The five story factory with two or three hundred windows, impresses us very unpleasantly. Mr. Fowler's octagon house must be ugly unless relieved by balconies and other offsets. We like to see something wild and irregular. We want to see something harmonious in the scene. There is no doubt some latent law by which to combine order and irregularity. Art too requires something of nature. Suitable architecture grows out of the forms of the surrounding scene. A castle with irregular outlines among cliffs is agreeable. It is at home there more than in the low plain. Cottages can nestle in among evergreens.

> Far in the windings of a vale,
> Fast by a sheltering wood,
> The safe retreat of health and peace,
> An humble cottage stood —

was the place where "beauteous Emma" flourished "the pride of all the vale." We see at once that this is just where such a beauty should dwell. Then, churches should be Gothic. Grecian temples never pleases us as the home of Christian worship. However, we are going into a criticism of what is beauty. This is too wide a subject. We want rather to show how the useful, though first in order, becomes last in aspiration. We must, however, combine the two in dress, houses, gardens. The statuary, painter and poet may pursue the forms of beauty, as Apollo his Daphne, through all difficulties, caring only to become possessed of the loved one: but the tailor and the architect and gardener must think meantime of the uses of things. Mr. Snip must protect from cold the most brilliant gentleman patron. And Mrs. Milliner must have some respect, however small, to covering in the bonnet. Use has however all but vanished from the vision, as in this wonderful article of head-dress. Indeed the bonnet, like a humming bird, is so small, that we are in doubt about its identity or use. It would be well always, beneath a picture of these, to write "this is a bird, this is a bonnet." Houses are now many-formed, but yet we want greater variety: they have considerable ornament, and unlike bonnets, have grown to great dimensions,— a rather unpleasant circumstance in these days of difficulty in procuring "Helps." We rather think the fine houses will soon all be pulled down and cottages will be at a premium, if the difficulty continue long. Mrs. Upperten can no longer live in her fine house, for money cannot

purchase what is not to be had; and she cannot tend to those great rooms and windows and blinds and curtains, and so many of them. Mr. Upperten must either have a smaller house, or the family must go to a hotel. The country will then gain in the picturesque for a while, as ruins, such as they are, will be found everywhere. But these will not last, and they will become unsightly things, whether Gothic or French in construction. Speaking of the French style, we rather like the Mansard roof, the chief objection to it is that it has become too fashionable; indeed so much so that it has gone down to very cottages and cabins, and then it is said to be an attraction to fire, at least when it is put on the brick or stone house. Is there no architect who can produce anything new? All that we see in construction is to be found in a dozen of architectural books, and the only use we know of the living architect is to copy these or spoil by combining them, making some horrid hybrid that is neither Grecian, Gothic, Elizabethian nor French; and what is worse, has no element of nature or beauty about it. There are some architects to whom these remarks do not apply, but the rule is as we have said.

We have arrived at that time of national life when we can afford to pursue the beautiful somewhat irrespective of its uses. We may not be able, like our neighbours, to erect statues for our great men, nor to devote our lives to the pursuit of the Fine Arts, irrespective of the bread and butter which they afford. We cannot afford to rear a "National Monument," as the Edinburghers, that we may have the pleasure of gazing upon a Grecian temple in ruins; but we can pursue the beautiful in flowers, gardens, landscapes, etc. But here comes up the question, What is Use and what is Beauty? Is not whatever is beautiful also useful? Since the beautiful appeals to a deep need of our nature, can we do without the beautiful? No. We need not say that we should become beasts without it, for, as we saw, and as Darwin affirms, many at least of the lower animals love the beautiful. We might, if we were inclined to build hypotheses, succeed in showing that probably not a single animal is so stupid or stolid as to recognize no form of beauty; else why, for so many millions of years, did God scatter beauty all over the earth if there were none to admire? Is it true that

> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air?

or, as animal life has always accompanied floral life, were there not always admirers of the bright-eyed flowers? Verily we are not the only æsthetic beings among God's creatures. We shoot and hunt and fish, and ill treat these denizens of the forest, lake and stream; in fact, may we not do them great injustice in sentiment. Inability to expound feeling is not an assurance to us of its absence. Here is a fine region for romance, not indeed altogether untrodden—the sublime and beautiful in the eyes of animals. Moore has given us the "Loves of the Angels," and the Rosicrusians have told us of ghouls, nymphs and salamanders; and we have the old mythologies of Greece and Rome, and fairy tales; but could we not by any means get some more correct knowledge of the thinkings of the butterflies and the bees, and the simia and the parrots, and the browsing kine, and the horse,—especially as to how they look upon the uses and beauties of Nature and Art?

Leaving such speculations to romancists, we turn our attention to use and beauty in the interior of the home. In the savage and semi-savage state, there is not found much to admire. The wild man has too much difficulty in adorning his person to have time for ornamenting his house. He is content with a bed of branches and a covering of skins. No article in his hut has any pretensions to beauty. The same holds good of the pioneer in his log cabin. But there is a great change when, comfort having been attained, ornament becomes possible. Not in the parlor alone with its elegant chairs, vases, what-nots, and bijouterie; nor in the bed-room only with its shining mirrors, graceful pitchers, carved bedsteads and snowy coverings; nor solely on the dinner or tea-table with their costly apparatus of plates, and dishes, and knives, and spoons of various shapes, is the abode of taste. Go to the kitchen, and in the stove, the dresser, the bright covers, the culinary wares, you will see beauty paramount. Romantic stories are pictured on plates. The old "willow pattern" suggests a tale of love, and devotion, and tragedy,—Chinese lovers, separated by a river, seeking communion in the boat which skims the lake, divided in their loves, and dying in their devotion, re-appear as two doves in the air to dwell for ever together in the spirit world. The change of taste has discarded this earliest product of Chinese imagination and art for white ware, yet we must confess to a strong fancy for this old favorite which we sometimes yet find among "old cracked tea cups, wisely kept for show" in some corner of the kitchen, or laid up in cupboards, or stowed away in the recesses of the pantry.

In the kitchen, however, though beauty be bright, it is in the drawing-room that it weaves a chain for the heart. There we find statuettes, and pictures, and books of art, and stereoscopes, and gems. We tread on flowery carpets, and look up to heavenly ceilings. The walls, and curtains, and furniture match. Harmony flows from agreeable contrasts and hidden correspondences. A tasteful room is a genuine poem, inviting admiration and defying criticism. There are not many such indeed. Too often, on entering amidst rich and costly furniture, we feel a jar to our sensibilities. That sofa does not harmonize with those chairs; those curtains are not of the right color; that piano does not correspond with the woodwork finish, and so we are put out of sorts with ourselves, and leave the place for a breath of fresh air, and take a journey to the woods to restore the balance of our powers. Upholstery is a divine art as much as poetry and painting, and none but true artists should meddle with its mysteries.

We might follow use and beauty into the fields of literature. There it might be a question which is first in order of time. The speech of the savage is highly ornate. The first history is in the form of verse. Homer and Hesiod preceded Herodotus. The poem became perfect while science was in its infancy. The poetry of Job is probably older than the cosmogony of Moses. The history of Joshua is indebted to the poetry of Jasher. The Vedas transcend, in time, all heathen literature. The Dawn leading out her cows; Indra chasing Daphne; hymns to Agni, the son of strength and conqueror of horses; prayers of poetic form for repentance and pardon, were the earliest themes of authorship. History and arithmetic, and the various bread and butter sciences followed at slow pace, and different distances, while the minstrel continued his song in the court, camp and grove, celebrating the triumphs of war and love, and weaving the songs of the affections. Still, too, does the poet stand in the foremost rank of artists,— possibly we might give the palm to the men of action. If Agamemnon and Cæsar were to come before us with Homer and Shakespeare, we might feel a greater desire to see the men who have held the world in awe. And yet we must confess to a preference to Longfellow over Grant, — conqueror and President though he be. He, who goes down into the depths and mysteries of our being, bringing up and marshalling armies of thought, which are destined to destroy the errors and evils which afflict us, is the

greatest warrior of our race, and ought to be considered the King of men.

One other phase of the subject may be noticed — the beauty of the useful and the use of the beautiful. In all beauty there is a use "if we but know how cunningly to distil it out," and there is loveliness in all the adaptations of nature to our wants. There is a fine harmony in the correspondence between our being and the objects of gratification which may be modulated into divine songs; and that which awakens and delights the finest sensibilities of our minds and souls, become transformed to the noblest uses. The lowest faculties of our nature are the most necessitous, but the cultivation of the highest demands the more serious and sedulous attention. He who is satisfied with food and clothing is more akin to the brutes, but he who seeks for order, and beauty, and moral harmony, is rising to the angelic. Nature gives to the invocation of toil the daily bread that, being sustained, man may cultivate the superior fields of the affections. Science is the culture of knowledge, literature the product of taste, and religion the bread of the soul. All are beautiful, — all are useful. Thus harmonize all the elements in nature and man — industry, art, science, poetry, religion; and the grand result is the exaltation of the human to the divine.

A MOST UNORTHODOX GHOST.

BY M. A.

I HAVE often wondered how it is that people are, to me, the only creations to whom, or to which, I can truthfully apply the term "interesting."

I flatter myself that I am as fond of what is commonly called "scenery" as most folks, and that I have had as many opportunities of indulging and cultivating a taste for it as the generality of mortals.

How very disconnected those two sentences seem as I read them over, and the last one looks so egotistical that I dread to read it aloud, knowing that the egotism would be intensified by sound;

but still, it is excusable and necessary, to introduce an explanation of my first sentiment.

Once (don't ask me how many years ago,) I stood on the summit of a mountain at sunset time, and looked upwards at peaks still towering above me,—peaks all bathed in a rosy mist and tipped with snow, every flake of which, when struck by a slanting sunbeam, glittered like a brilliantly tinted gem, and gazing upward my heart was filled with reverence and awe for the Creator of the scene with a wondering admiration for the scene itself; then drooping my eyes downward I noted that the mountain sides were resplendent with fields of ripening grain waving to the base; that far to the south stretched peaceful, verdant valleys, across which the gigantic mountain shadows lay like Titans reposing, after a struggle, in the bosom of their mother earth; and I rejoiced because I had been permitted to look upon such a combination of the glories of nature, and said to myself, "I am tasting the purest of earthly pleasures." But this enthusiasm for scenery, as I that evening very satisfactorily demonstrated, is, after all, but a sentiment made up of wonder and admiration: it is not really part of our nature. Even as I feasted my eyes, a peasant came out from a hamlet almost buried in pine trees, and immediately my mind lost its hold on that with which a moment before I had believed it so all-absorbingly occupied, and I fell to speculating on the peasant's family and his farm, to wondering what his name was, to thinking of a dozen things in connection with him.

Now, there are some who may contemptuously call this curiosity, and loftily assure themselves they are above such weaknesses. They are mistaken; it is not curiosity, but one of the few feelings that spring directly from what is best in us: it is an interest in and a love for our own kind. And since that evening, so long ago, I have proved over and over again that to me, and I think to most others if they would only admit it, people—even insignificant, ordinary looking, commonly clothed people—are the only really interesting creations, and if they happen to be young and beautiful and happy looking people, they rise in the scale of interest proportionately, that is, at first sight, for I do not by any means intend to say that, on closer acquaintance, the shabby fraternity are not very, very often found to be in every way immeasurably before their more brilliantly plumaged brothers and sisters.

There! I find I have been guilty of what I specially dislike in

any written composition,—several paragraphs of apology; for although I firmly believe every word of the foregoing, I am bound to confess that it amounts to nothing more nor less than an apology, for a story which will contain neither philosophising, moralising, nor information, but is merely the recital of the sayings and doings of a few boys and girls—I may almost call them men and women—who, as I introduce them, are rejoicing in their youth and in their health, and in their money; yes, in their money, for their money had always been part of them; and a very good thing it is when one is young and does not abuse the privilege of possessing it, as perhaps not one of these has ever done. Those who are not at all jealous of their manifold blessings will, I hope, really enjoy making a separate and individual acquaintance with these young people, who rejoice most of all because it is the blessed Christmas Eve, and who are merrily preparing for the festivities of to-morrow.

In the first place then a little retrospection is necessary. Please carry your mind back to the twenty-fourth of December, eighteen hundred and seventy-one; and a very stormy twenty-fourth of December it was too, and very cold for Christmas-tide, in one of the most southern of the Midland States, as all who live in that part of the Union will well remember.

The wind swept up from the Atlantic, not many miles distant, bringing with it hail and snow. Even the snow was hard and cutting, with nothing soft or gentle or poetical about it,—just such snow as people will not tolerate anywhere south, say of New Brunswick. And the wind and sleet and snow, each trying to get first and hit hardest, drove up a long avenue of oaks and maples, or some sort of trees; I have not sufficient arborical knowledge to distinguish the different species, when there is not a leaf to be seen, and when the branches are all equally bare and brown and snow-laden. The contending forces were as ignorant as I, and cared as little what the trees were, so long as they suited their purpose, by enclosing a sort of skirmishing ground, along which they could try their strength, and out of which they could make a grand rush at what seemed to be the principal object of their spite, namely, a large, comfortable stone house standing at the head of the avenue. The numerous turrets and towers of this house faced the fury of the elements with steady indifference, never bending or quivering,—a fact that is accounted for by their having nothing decayed, shaky and aristocratic about them, but being merely sub-

stantial plebeian turrets and towers of the most modern and ornamental description, according to the modern idea of ornamental in houses. Then the windows, against which the hail beat so incessantly, were neither small nor of grotesque form, nor mullioned nor latticed, as they certainly should have been, seeing that they looked out on such a stately avenue, but like every thing else, the long plate-glass panes expressed modernism and money, with not a vestige of romance, with nothing to delight those who think there is no virtue in that which is not old.

"Oh dear!" I hear some one saying; "what is the good of keeping us out in the storm discoursing thus prosily on windows? We expected light and warmth and pleasure, but instead of that we stand perishing in outer darkness," remembering

> "It is truth the poet sings,
> A sorrow's crown of sorrow
> Is remembering happier things."

I hold it best to keep the good things till the last. Ah! in life there must be pain as well as pleasure. Take my advice and get through with all the pain first, if possible, and even then don't rush madly at the pleasure, but rather creep to it slowly.

That is what I did on the night in question. I had been out in the cold so long that before going into the life and joy, I crept up the icy steps, slid along the veranda, peeped in one of the windows there has been so much talk about, and glanced at all the things and people behind them. As for the things, I am not going to waste time on a description of them, for the collection of modern necessaries and unnecessaries were simply such as any one would expect to see inside of a house possessing the exterior I have tried to give you an idea of. Only one, or rather two things, I must stop to say a word for. The fires! Whenever I look at a fire, I am inclined to quarrel with the fates because I was not born a Roman maiden, a vestal virgin, with the privilege of watching "the fires that last for aye." And these fires, two of them in open grates, mostly wood, with a dash of coal to make them burn well, were such grand ones! They created hundreds of dancing shadows on the marble mantels and on the white walls, and threw a ruddy light across the faces of those whom I was intensely interested in the moment I caught sight of them, so interested that I hastily donned the mantle of invisibility and ubiquity, so necessary to an elderly person who wields the pen. I entered in, all unknown,

forming one of the merry party, and immediately set about noting all I saw and heard.

The carpet, in a corner of one of the rooms, was covered with linen, and on this was heaped evergreen wreaths, crosses and vines, and long strings of scarlet berries. A lady, still young, though dressed in black, with a widow's cap perched on the top of her glistening hair, was seated picking out the different ornaments, as they were called for from various quarters, and handing them to a little curly-headed boy who seemed to be acting Mercury. A very good looking Mercury he was, and specially good natured too; for as soon as he arrived at the north end of the room with a load of crosses and wreaths, a shrill voice at the extreme south would call out, "Ned, dear! bring me some berries: that's a love!" (It is astonishing how sweetly affectionate girls can be, even to small boys, when they have an object in view.) So "Ned dear," with the lurching and jumping style of locomotion peculiar to boys, got himself over to the south room, and was hardly there when he was summoned back to the north, till his mother began to wonder if these thoughtless young people regarded her darling in the light of a peripatetic, wound up, to go as long as they might require his services.

The widow, by the way, was Mrs. Payson, the daughter of Mr. Howard, who owned the house and every thing pertaining to it. Then, in a corner of the north room, near a window, was grouped enough bright young life to interest an elderly person for weeks. Close against the crimson curtain stood pretty May Dacre, mounted on a chair, stretching her arms upwards with a long holly-wreath which Jack Abbot was supposed to be twining round a picture frame. How he expected to twine a wreath artistically while his eyes never, by any chance, wandered from May's face considerably below him, is incomprehensible; and why they could not, before they mounted, have arranged all the particulars concerning the twining, and so do away with any necessity for low mysterious conversation, is still unaccountable to me, the elderly person, and was excessively aggravating to Jack's young sister Alice, who stood near by patiently waiting for Jack to come and hang her wreath.

I hope it is not out of place to remark here that the persistent blindness of brother Jacks to the needs of their own sister Alices, when there happens to be any one else's sister near, is always too marked to be purely accidental. And alas! for the sister Alice in

this case. There is no other brother Jack to come to the rescue, therefore I am afraid her wreath will long remain unhung. Mr. Jack Abbot is only twenty, and May Dacre seventeen, and but a few moments before a certain person in the other room had looked their way and laughed, and nodded, and said in the classic language of modern young ladyism, "Ah! that's a gone case."

But, after all, it was only the manner that was so suspicious; the matter of what they said was remarkably innocent.

Do you see Josie Redburn flirting desperately with Orpheus, down there? She is pretending to ask his advice about the proportions of that arch, and getting him to suggest improvements, when she knows that she would not alter a twig on any consideration.

"I wonder how she can act so," said May, severely, who was never, Oh! never guilty of anything of that kind herself.

"Yes, I see them," answered Jack; (that was a slight prevarication, but May's white arms, which were very conspicuous against the crimson curtain, formed a sufficiently valid excuse.) There is something wrong between Orpheus and Eurydice. I always know that when he betakes himself to a mathematical and architectural flirtation with Miss Redburn.

"Oh! so you think that is the case?" said May reflectively. "Twist the holly into a knot at the top there. Dycie has been down stairs for some time. I am inclined to ask Orpheus to go down for her, just to aggravate Miss Redburn."

Said Jack mentally, "I never knew a girl who had not a proclivity for disturbing flirtations that she herself has no hand in." Said Jack audibly, "Miss Dacre, how could you think of sending Orpheus to the regions infernal to look for Eurydice? Who knows what might result from such a risky proceeding? Let us ask him for some music, and no doubt the strains will penetrate to Miss Howard and succeed in unearthing her."

Even as Jack spoke, a few rapid chords struck on a magnificent piano by a skilful hand, filled the rooms with melody. There was a momentary suspension of conversation, and during the pause, I had time to take a good look at Orpheus, known to the outside world as Harold Farnley; dubbed Orpheus by Jack Abbot, partly on account of his remarkable musical talent, but more, I rather think, from his very obvious penchant for Eurydice Howard. He was a grandly built young fellow, apparently about twenty-

four or twenty-five years old; his features refined American thoroughly; his face, hair, eyes, moustache, all brown; his brow wrinkled till his hair almost met his eye-brows, and as he kept his eyes fixed on the piano, seemingly in a very brown study, I said to myself, "You are a disagreeable, melancholy, unsociable young man. I never did like brown."

He played a brilliant prelude, and dashed into a light waltz, when, as Jack had foretold, Eurydice Howard appeared at the door; though, to tell the truth, she had been half way up stairs when the music commenced, and seemed to be the only one of the party not at all impressed by its power.

Eurydice was the beauty of the party, and consequently Princess Imperial. I say consequently, because, being Princess Imperial wherever she goes, is the divine prerogative of a born beauty, unless there is some extraordinary defect of character which counterbalances the effect of her charms.

Some people dislike descriptions of personal appearance, and there are cases in which it is best to leave faces and forms to the imagination; but when an affirmation is made to the effect that a certain person is a beauty, I always wish for a minute description of that person, because ideas and conceptions of beauty are so extended and dissimilar.

Therefore, I am constrained to tell you that Eurydice's beauty was not the mere delicately featured, sallow prettiness of a country where pretty girls are very common productions, but was more conspicuous on account of its being the exact reverse of the accepted type. She was stout, don't be horrified! Stout, I repeat. Her beautifully rounded waist would have shocked the advocates for corsets, and she wore a tight-fitting garnet colored dress which well displayed her wholesome figure. Her skin was fair, with a healthy rose tint about the cheeks, and her eyes were dark, and full, and mischievous. Her hair was bright waving chestnut, and her little nostrils dilated saucily as she leaned against the arch between the rooms, scanning the decorations and the decorators critically.

She opened her rosy lips and spoke in tones which, in singing, would, I knew, develop into a glorious contralto, and this is what she said:

"You lazy people! you have done positively nothing since I left you. Jack, you and May began that wreath before I went down

stairs, and I fully expected to see five or six of them finished by this time. Go over there and help Alice while May and I finish the pictures." Jack made a rueful face, but the Princess was immovable, and he had to obey her command, whilst she laughingly told May that it really was too bad, but she must have the work done before ten o'clock. Under her brisk management, by ten o'clock the last wreath was twined, the last berry strung, and refreshments being produced, they all gathered round the fire with Eurydice in their midst.

The storm still howled about the house, and the hail rattled on the window panes. The chattering and laughing within was louder than the storm-wind, and drowned the tapping of the hail.

I said, they all drew round the fire, but I had forgotten. That unsociable Hugh Farnley sat outside the circle, his brows still making acquaintance with his hair, and still lost in that brown study, not of the piano this time, but of the hearth-rug. Then it occurred to me, the elderly invisible, that perhaps he was not as supposed, thinking of that survey out on the "San Joaquin," but was merely observing the effect of a garnet dress on a white wool mat, of the flashing firelight on a soft white neck and on gleaming chestnut hair. The moment the idea occurred to me I thought better of that young man, and hoped that soon he would approach nearer to the central figure and share in the fun.

Something has moved him. What is it? Only this: Eurydice has just finished a plate of oysters, and has called to Mr. Farnley to come and put her plate on the table. Immediately the brows assume their natural position and the brown eyes light up as joyfully as if the Princess had bestowed on him an Earldom. But he is to be still further honored, for no sooner is the plate disposed of than Eurydice calls again: "Mr. Farnley, come and sit in this arm chair where I can see you; I want your opinion on a ghost which I have heard, only to-night, my father has purchased with the rest of the property."

"A ghost! Oh! Dycie!" screamed the young ladies in chorus, and they were observed to look fearfully over their shoulders, while Jack Abbot's chair moved a hair-breadth, not more I am sure, nearer to May Dacre.

"Yes, a ghost, and if you will not be extravagantly frightened, I'll tell you about it."

"Oh! tell us! we would love to hear a real ghost story on

Christmas Eve!" Again in chorus, but again the heads looked over the shoulders, and that chair twitched convulsively.

"It is not much to tell, after all, said Dycie, so do'nt form very great expectations. Mr. Farnley will you be kind enough to hold that screen between me and the fire."

I began to have quite a good opinion of the young man, for he looked ecstatic, as if the request was equal to boundless estates. When the screen was arranged to her liking, Dycie continued:—"I went down stairs to-night to see about the plum-pudding for to-morrow. Of course the cook was rabid at my interference; but I did'nt mind that, for no cook shall play mistress in my house, and I will personally superintend the making of plum-puddings, having no fancy for suet in balls. Now you are all laughing at me, and no wonder. I really have commenced my ghost story oddly, and perhaps had better avoid preliminaries, and plunge at once *in medias res.*

"In the kitchen I found Virginny, a very old colored woman, who lives up the road. She came down here this afternoon to get some things I had promised her, and was storm-stayed. She asked me if I would go out to-night to see the black lady walk. I inquired in astonishment 'what black lady?' She threw up her hands and contorted her face, and rolled her eyes till nothing but the white's were visible, all of which pantomime I should, in a white woman, have considered indicative of approaching convulsions, but, in a negro, I knew it simply expressed astonishment. When she had sufficiently recovered to pay attention to what I said, I begged her to tell me the story of the black lady, and that is what I am going to repeat. Of course it loses a great deal in my telling, but I cannot give it to you in her words, because, in the first place, I am no mimic, and in the second place, it would take too long.

"About a hundred years ago there stood on the very spot where this house now stands, a magnificent mansion, in comparison with which, according to Virginny, my home is but a miserable hovel; but between ourselves I would very much sooner occupy the hovel on such a night as this than that same old noble mansion. That remark, however, is not at all to the point. A family called Wingard, in every way worthy of the delightful residence, owned and occupied it. Virginny's grand parents and parents were slaves on

the estate, so that she has the story, which really is coming, direct from her mother.

"At the time of the Revolution, which begun in—let me think, what year?"—"seventeen seventy-four," suggested May Dacre.

"It really began in seventeen seventy-five," said Josie Redburn, whose memory for dates was provokingly accurate.

"Oh, of course. How stupid of me not to remember. In seventeen seventy-five then, Mr. Everard Wingard had a beautiful young daughter who was engaged to marry Mr. Stafford, who at that time owned nearly all the town of Farmington. Wingard took the side of King George. Stafford, who was young, and a born American, espoused the cause of liberty, of his countrymen and women, of right. (Eurydice was splendid when patriotic.) As might be supposed, Wingard broke the engagement and forbade his daughter ever to speak to her lover. The daughter pretended to obey her father, but in reality deceived him, and met Stafford on every possible occasion. I won't stop to remark on *her* conduct (with a very contemptuous sniff.) Mr. Wingard, always on the alert, discovered them together one day late in the fall of seventy-five. He was terribly enraged and warned Mr. Stafford never again, on peril of his life, to appear near his house; then he took his daughter into the house, locked her up, and only allowed her to go out when he accompanied her. But the warm young hearts, and the sharp young wits managed, as 'Sam Weller' would have put it, to 'circumwent the old 'un,' and they corresponded constantly, principally by means of Virginny's grandmother, who had been Miss Wingard's nurse. At last the regiment Mr. Stafford had joined was ordered into active service, and he so urged and entreated Miss Wingard that she consented to elope with him. Christmas Eve, or rather Christmas morning, was the time appointed. Mr. Wingard invariably slept with the keys close beside him, and, in consequence, Miss Wingard, at about half-past one, was to come down stairs and get out of the dining-room window, which Virginny's grandmother would have open. Outside of the window her lover would await her, and at the foot of the avenue were two swift horses which would bear them into Farmington, where a clergyman, Mr. Stafford's younger brother, would be in waiting to marry them. The arrangements were good, but the Fates unpropitious. The night, instead of being dark and wild, as to-night, was clear and still, and the moon

shone brightly. Miss Wingard, we can imagine, enveloping herself in a large cloak, and crying a farewell to every little knick-knack about her room, for I suppose, girls lumbered up their bed rooms with an unlimited quantity of useless trumpery then as well as now. At any rate, when she reached the dining-room, she told her nurse that she had not been able to resist the temptation of going to her father's room for a last look, and that she would have kissed him if she had dared. Ah! that look was her undoing. When she had been hugged and kissed by the old woman, she stepped out of the low window, and quietly took her lover's arm. Virginny's grandmother slipped into the drawing-room and watched the two steal round the corner of the house. They turned into a side path that ran along by the avenue, and then, without a preparatory sound, she heard the bolt of the front door drawn, and her master's voice calling angrily, 'Come back! come back with my daughter or I will shoot you dead.'

"In the bright moonlight she saw him run down the steps and along the avenue; but the two lovers ran faster. She hoped they would escape, and that Mr. Wingard, for fear of hitting his daughter, would not fire. He too must have seen that they were distancing him, and that in a few moments they would be beyond the range of his rifle, for, as they neared the turn, he stopped, raised his rifle, and fired. Virginny's mother heard a shriek. For a moment she did not dare to look, for she knew that her master's aim never missed. When she did look, she could barely distinguish two figures on the ground, and Mr. Wingard running towards them. She cried out, running through the hall, and as she went down the steps one of the two figures sprang up and hit Mr. Wingard a great blow, which felled him to the earth. Then the poor old woman knew how it was. She had not strength to move, to speak. She saw Mr. Stafford pick up her darling, and in the bright light she distinguished blood pouring down her dress. Almost momentarily she heard Mr. Stafford's voice cry out through the still clear air, 'In life her body was yours, and her spirit mine. In death her body is mine, and I would have killed you but that I know her spirit will haunt you to a miserable death.'

"There was a clattering of horses' hoofs along the frozen road that roused the woman from her terrified stupor. Again she shrieked, for her first cry had not awakened the servants in the

back of the house. This time some of them heard and came rushing out. They picked Mr. Wingard up off the hard, cold ground, which was not half so hard or cold as he was, and carried him into the house. He was only stunned, and when he came to his senses told his valet to take him to his room. For a week he never came down stairs, and every night the servants heard him pacing up and down his daughter's room, which opened from his own, and the door of which, leading into the hall, he had locked. When at length he appeared, the only change in him was a hard drawn look about the mouth, and an additional tone of decision and severity in his voice. He called the servants together, and told them that, by the next day, they must all have left the house, for he intended shutting it up, and going away till the rebellion was put down. He did as he said. He went away, and never was heard of again till the peace was made. In what year was that Josie, please?"

"In seventeen eighty-three," said Miss Redburn, gravely. "Well, in seventeen eighty-three, he came back, sold the estate and everything in the house, with the exception of the furniture in Miss Wingard's room; all of that he took away with him, and never after was heard of more.

"The people who bought the estate re-sold it shortly afterwards. It has since passed through two or three hands. Some twenty years ago, the old house, all in ruins, was burnt down. The site was never built on, till I took a fancy to it, and as the place was offered for sale, persuaded Papa to buy it.

"And now what I want most to tell, and what you are all expecting, is this: Virginny most solemnly attests that every Christmas morning, at about half-past one, a woman, clothed in black, with blood streaming over it, that glistens and shines through the darkness, walks up the avenue to the turn, shrieks and disappears. And immediately the clattering of horses' hoofs is heard along the road. Now that is the ghost story as it was told to me, and what do you think of it Mr. Farnley?"

Mr. Farnley had risen immeasurably in the estimation of the elderly invisible during the last twenty minutes. He had never once wrinkled his brow; he had never once moved his eyes from the animated face of Eurydice. His rudeness delighted me inconceivably, it is so refreshing now-a-days to see a young man so deeply in love that he becomes entirely forgetful of *les conve-*

nances. His thoughts had certainly been very much more occupied with the story-teller than with the story, so his answer to her query was not as sharp as it might have been.

"I think it most unsatisfactory. I cannot conceive why the woman, who must long ago have accomplished her mission of haunting her father to death, should still continue to wander about an avenue that has passed into other people's hands. I rather admire old Wingard's determination, and would like to know what eventually became of him."

Dycie looked around the group. She saw that Jack and May were very close together, and that Alice, Josie and her sister, all looked a shade paler than usual. It was evident that the story had had a depressing effect. She shrugged her shoulders, and turning to Mr. Farnley, said, "You seem to regard the story as not at all improbable, when the utter absurdity of it is most palpable." Then, seizing on his last remark, in order to distract the general attention from her ghost, she continued: "I should'nt wonder if that old wretch Everard Wingard went to the Provinces with those whom they call the 'Loyalists.'"

"Did you say he disappeared in eighty-three, Dycie?" said Alice Abbot. "Yes," answered Dycie. "Why?"

"Because if that was the year, I know exactly the place he went to. I have been there myself, and should say that having to endure the climate was sufficient punishment for all the old gentleman's sins. It is a place principally composed of hill and stone. It snows there for six months in the year, and fogs intermittently during the other six. You remember the place Jack, and the fun we had with that gentleman at the hotel, who, when I asked him what the cannons were firing for, said it was in honor of the anniversary of the landing of the Loyalists. Then he offered to show me an account of that auspicious event, which he had entered in his diary. At that I looked sharply at him, then elevated my eyebrows at Jack, who muttered something about the 'Wandering Jew,' and the 'Elixir of Life.' The gentleman heard him, and seeing the joke, explained that the entry was not in his diary, but in his father's; that his father kept a diary; that he himself kept a diary; in fact, that diary keeping was a specialty in the family. Don't you remember, Jack?"

"Yes, I remember. I likewise have a vivid recollection of a day and a night spent in beating about a Bay in fog so thick

that you couldn't distinguish your hand held close before your eyes. 'At last did cross,' not 'an Albatross,' but a steam horn hoarse, and 'as through the fog it came,' one of the hands informed me, much to my pleasure, that we were nearing our destination. I rather liked the place when we got to it, and the people we met with were first class. But Oh, the getting there! The getting there! It strikes me that if the Loyalists encountered the same difficulties, they must have wished themselves back in their own country often enough. Don't you think so Farnley?"

Now why did Jack appeal to Farnley? Couldn't he see that he was absorbed in the contemplation of the hearth-rug?

"To be sure! Pig-headed fanatics who were obstinately determined to look at the question only in one light."

The girl on the hearth-rug rose up and shook out the folds of her garnet dress. Her eyes blazed splendidly as looking full at Mr. Farnley she exclaimed contemptuously:

"You surely do not mean what you say; or if you do, you form a very incorrect estimate of those men. I would be the last woman as you all know, to sustain them in the upholding of a government that tyranized over their adopted country; but, at the same time, I cannot fail to admire, to reverence, the heroism which moved them to forsake the homes they loved, and, in order to act consistently with their idea of right, dare to begin life anew in such a country as Jack and Alice have described."

Poor Harold! All the honors stripped from him. All his castles shattered at a blow. He had answered at random, and now his faint protestations were lost in the bravos of the very Jack who had been the first cause of bringing down Eurydice's burning contempt on him.

And when Jack subsided, May Dacre exclaimed: "Does the privilege of seeing as well as that of possessing a ghost pertain only to blue blood?. If so, I presume there is no hope of any of us base-born plebeians catching a glimpse of the Lady of the Avenue. But what do you say to our going out in a body and watching for her?"

"That," said Dycie, "is what I suggested to Virginny, but she was horrified at the mere supposition of an illustrious ghost appearing to a crowd of unbelieving youngsters. She says that it is only visible to one person, and that one person must watch for it alone. That, of course, shows the discrepancy in the whole thing,

for it is ridiculous to suppose that the movements of the spirit of the departed Miss Wingard would be influenced by the observation of a certain number of eyes."

"As for discrepancies, the yarn is full of them," said Jack. "What does she make of the non-appearance of a special reporter from the office of the 'Farmington Times,' within at least a half an hour of the tragedy? How does she account for the horrified populace of Farmington failing to rise *en masse* and lynching Wingard, or for not being tried as a murderer before a tribunal of his countrymen?"

"Now Jack, don't be absurd," said Alice, in an encouraging sisterly way, "you ought to know that in the good old times men were able to get a living without hiring themselves to expose everybody's business for the delectation of everybody else. (Jack frequently acted as a 'special,' by the way.) Then the country was in such an unsettled state that I don't wonder at no notice being taken of the affair. But think of Virginny's or somebody's originality in inventing a ghost in black and red, and dating her appearance at half-past one."

"And how is it that she walks up the avenue instead of down?" asked Josie Redburn.

"You are all getting so critical," said Dycie, "that I feel bound to defend my story. The fact of its having lived through so many years ought to be sufficient excuse for its defects. I am convinced that none of you girls would go down that avenue to-night on any consideration, so I propose that we go to bed now, in order to get up early in the morning. You know we are to celebrate Christmas in the old English fashion."

"You forget about the dance, Dycie," said Mrs. Payson. "Oh Lizzie, you know I gave in to that American innovation under protest, and then it is only a quiet affair. Good night and a merry Christmas to all. If either of the gentlemen feel inclined to brave the elements they had better try the avenue, and give us the benefit of their experience to-morrow."

She looked directly at Harold Farnley, but the brown fit had been on since that unlucky Loyalist business, and he merely stood up and repeated the "good night" and "merry Christmas," without noticing the look.

Then, amidst a good deal of laughing and joking, Dycie led the way up stairs, whilst the rest of the girls all huddled together,

and looking suspiciously round, followed her. Dycie told them all to go into her room, and she ran along the hall to her father's study, opened the door, and sitting down on the arm of her father's chair, called him a "dear, inhospitable old Papa" for not coming down stairs and having some fun.

"Eurydice, child," said her father, "the presence of an old grey beard like me would only spoil the fun of you giddy young people; the echo of it was quite enough for me. Besides, Mr. Farnley was with me during the first part of the evening, and entertained me with an account of the proposed survey of the San Joaquin valley. The directing of it is a splendid berth for a young man, and will help Farnley, who is an extraordinarily talented fellow, to make a name for himself."

"Ah!" said Eurydice, tossing her head, "he may be extraordinarily talented and entertaining, but I can assure you that he doesn't condescend to display his powers to us giddy young people. Last summer I might have agreed with your opinion, but now he does nothing but moon round with his brow wrinkled up as if he was continually solving some abstruse, mathematical problem. Then, when I ask him a question, he answers in such an absurdly irrelevant manner that really I have no patience with him. The one virtue he has not lost, is that of playing on the piano, and I can't enjoy that because it makes me so envious and dissatisfied with myself." All this Dycie poured out in a tone of most vehement depreciation. When she stopped to take breath, her father remarked slyly:

"You seem to have been at such pains to note the young man's peculiarities, that I am sure he would feel flattered, notwithstanding the unfavorable result of your observations."

"Well, one can't help noticing what is so very apparent," said Dycie, blushing uncomfortably, and then adding hurriedly, "I must go now. When you go down stairs please see that the drawing-room fires are well banked up with coal, and that the screens are put on. Good night."

"Good night, daughter," said her father, as he rose and put his arm round her. "What would I do without my little housekeeper, Eurydice?"

Now Mr. Howard had made that remark almost every night for the last three years, and Dycie never commented on it. To-night she looked up at him and said, "Why, there is Lizzie now you

know." Then she wondered why she had said it, and kissed him, and went back to her own room, where she found the girls in their dressing-gowns, each one brushing her hair in a subdued melancholy manner.

"I do believe," she cried as she entered, "that that silly ghost story has frightened the whole of you, even Josie Redburn."

"Not at all," said Miss Redburn, courageously, "we have just been wondering how we could keep awake long enough to hear, if not to see, the performance."

Dycie looked contemplatively round as if hardly determined whether or not to encourage the proposition. It did not, however, require much penetration to see that the other two did not support Miss Redburn, so she said decisively: "If it will not be a great disappointment, girls, I should advise you not to do anything of the kind. We want all our superfluous keeping-awake powers for to-morrow night, so if you don't mind, I think we had better go right to bed."

For a moment there was silence. Each girl was mentally congratulating herself on the prospect of being sound asleep before half after one, still no one liked to show the white feather. At last Alice Abbott jumped up from her easy-chair, and striking a toilet table emphatically, with her brush, said: "I hold that the story is all confounded nonsense; and even admitting the possibility of a shriek from a ghost, I am sure it would be immediately followed by fainting and hysterics on our part. Whichever way it went the result would be equally unsatisfactory, so I for one will retire immediately. You must come with me Josie, although you were so accommodating in making that peace in eighty-three, that it goes to my heart to disappoint you in this little matter."

"Ah, well," said Miss Redburn resignedly; "of course, I must do as the rest do, but I really am sacrificing my inclinations." She suffered herself to be led off, and as Alice afterwards informed Dycie, before five minutes had elapsed, had her head under the blankets, and either was or pretended to be fast asleep.

Then when May Dacre, who roomed with Dycie, had comfortably ensconced herself in bed, she waxed talkative, and asked Dycie to open the door, so that she might hear Orpheus play.

Dycie complied with the request, and wondered how it would have been if she had asked May to open even a wardrobe drawer. However, she made no remark on May's very evident terror, lest a

woman in a black robe, with glistening streams of blood flowing down it, should be lying concealed in every dark corner, but she said quite sharply: "Why do you call Mr. Farnley, Orpheus. I wouldn't mind if I had not happened to have been burdened with my ridiculous name."

"Why Dycie?" laughed May. "That's the very point of it. Can't you see that the man is head over ears in love with you; so far gone in fact that he takes no pains to conceal it!"

Dycie answered never a word. May returned to the charge: "You know that to Josie he indulges in most learned disquisitions on all sorts of ologies and isms. With Alice and me he is continually joking and chaffing, but with you — *Bien! Tout se change.* Do you mean to say, Dycie, that you don't know he would do anything in the world for you?"

Dycie sat facing the fire with her back towards May. Her countenance had not evinced a shadow of surprise at what May said, but, was it the fire that deepened the color in her cheeks till it neared the shade of her garnet dress?

Without a moment's hesitation she answered the inquisitor: "May, will you never cease talking slang. It is bad enough in a boy, inexcusable in a girl. Do you hear the wind howling?"

"Now, Dycie, you are not going to get out of — I beg pardon — to evade my question in that way. Do you mean to say —. There was no shirking it. Dycie turned and looked May in the face. "I mean to say, that your nonsense about Mr. Farnley has no more foundation than the ghost story. My father has taken a great fancy to him. My father asked him here to spend Christmas because he has no particular home. As he might just as well be here as with any of his friends, he came. Now, you know how it is May, and if you can't talk on any more interesting subject, you had better go to sleep."

That silenced May, but by no means convinced her; and Oh! Eurydice, you are a young person possessing far too much acumen not to have observed long ago, all that May had called your attention to. You are immeasurably too practical a young person not to have soliloquized over and over again somewhat to this effect: "If the man is in love with me, why doesn't he say so; if he is not in love with me, why doesn't he treat me as he treats other rational young women."

But with her true eyes and her frank young face, who could

accuse her of deliberate prevarication? Ah! I have it now! Her answer to May was guarded. She made a mental reservation to the effect that there was some foundation for the ghost story; at any rate her subsequent conduct looked very like it.

She took off her crimson dress and substituted a warm blue flannel robe de chambre. She sat down in front of the glass, and while taking down her hair, talked to May about to-morrow.

But May, who smarted under the rebuff her curiosity had met with, refused to talk. Her conversation degenerated into the very shortest monosyllables, approving or disapproving. At last she drawled out that she was sleepy, and did not want to be bothered, and that Dycie had better hurry and come to bed.

That seemed to be the idea farthest from Dycie's mind. She deliberately brushed out her hair, and braided it in two long braids. She listened attentively to May's regular breathing, and satisfied herself that she was sound asleep.

She went to her wardrobe and took out a long waterproof cloak and hood and a pair of rubber boots; the latter she deposited on the hearth-rug with the evident intention of warming them.

She drew an arm chair in front of the fire, sat down with her feet comfortably on the fender stool, and then looked at the clock on the mantel, which denoted that the hour was half-past twelve of Christmas day in the morning. "Now," said she, "one half hour's waiting, and then I shall put on my things and slip out."

The house was perfectly still. The music had ceased half an hour before. She had heard her father bid the young men good night and come up to his room, while they went along the hall to their apartments, which were on the first floor in the left wing. The clock ticked steadily. The wind howled mournfully. Eurydice, the beautiful, sat in the easy chair; her arms stretched upwards; her head resting against her hands clasped behind it; her dark eyes staring, wide open, at the fire-light. The hands on the dial plate pointed to five minutes to one. Eurydice rose quietly, and going to the window drew aside the curtain and peered out into the night. The wind, no longer bringing with it snow and hail, had calmed down considerably. The masses of black cloud were scattered into detachments and divided by long columns of light gray, which gave promise of a fair to-morrow.

"It is not so bad," said Eurydice. "I will go and prove that ridiculous nonsense to be untrue."

Dycie's common sense said, stay home! Don't go on a fool's errand, and perhaps get your death by it.

Dycie's love of sensation said, go! Prove yourself a strong-minded girl. Prove the ghost a myth!

Dycie compromised with the good sense and said: "To avoid taking cold I will wrap myself up well. No one will know anything about it till to-morrow morning, so there will be no harm done."

Acting immediately on her resolution, she put on the long cloak and tied the hood closely round her face. She took off her slippers, and lifting up the boots, walked with them in hand through the open door into the hall. There she looked and listened for a few moments, but not a sound came from any of the bed rooms, not a ray of light from underneath the doorways. She crept through the hall, feeling her way in the dark, then down the stairs into the lower hall, which was lighted by a brilliantly colored hanging lamp which burned all night. In an instant she was in the north drawing-room, where she sat down, drew on the boots and took a large key from the pocket of her cloak. All this she did briskly and resolutely, but her fair face, with the dark hood drawn closely round it, was very pale, and her eyes distended, seemed to look everywhere at once. With the key she opened the door into the conservatory, and as she unlocked it, she heard a noise, as of a window moving up or down, in some other part of the house. She stepped into the conservatory and closed the door easily. She stood, and listened, and trembled like — well, like a girl who has undertaken to do something without feeling certain that she has sufficient nerve to carry it out. There was no further noise. She ran along the conservatory, unlocked the outer door, went out, waded through a snow-drift up to her knees, and was round to the head of the avenue before she stopped to take breath. Here a gust of wind met her full in the face, and she staggered and grasped at a tree with both arms. She declared afterwards that if the tree had not been within convenient embracing distance, she would, even then, have ran back towards the house, and never rested till she was safely in her own room. But the tree sustained the shock of the wind so unyieldingly, and sheltered her so bravely, that she felt encouraged, and said aloud (her voice was such company) "don't be a fool Eurydice Howard! go on! Make a rush before the wind comes up again!"

She made a rush. She plunged through the snow for some five minutes, till she neared the turn where the tragedy had occurred. She stopped again, listening and trembling, as before. Then, as before, she made a wild dash, rounded the turn, and looked down the avenue. There, walking slowly towards her, was a tall, black figure, with something red about it that glistened brightly through the darkness!

There it was, just as Virginny had described it, and certainly there was the chance for Eurydice to go on, interview the ghost, and immortalize herself.

One glance was enough for Eurydice. That one glance buried her scepticism, completely set at nought her strong-mindedness and resolution, deprived her of every thought but the one of getting out of the way as quickly as possible. She was thoroughly terrified. She quite forgot to scream or faint. She was unwomanly enough to turn her back to the dreadful thing on the avenue, and run homewards as fast as her trembling legs and the wind would carry her.

When the tree which sheltered her before was reached, she had begun to think, and she thought: "Perhaps there is some mistake." She turned her head, and behold! the terrible apparition, glittering all over now so that the black was hardly distinguishable through the red, was advancing towards her with rapid strides. "It will certainly reach me before I get to the conservatory. I will cut across instead of going round the corner." The action and thought were simultaneous.

The girl, whom physical fear had deprived of reason, floundered through the drifts, but she had only progressed a few yards when a branch of a tree, blown downwards, struck her on the breast. She tottered and fell forwards. She felt as if the horrible black and red thing had already got her in its clutches, and then she uttered a shriek that was loud and long, and expressive of extremest terror.

There was a crackling of branches close behind her, a dashing aside of snow and hail close beside her, and Eurydice was conscious that her hour was come.

Then she felt herself lifted from her snowy bed, and she thought dimly: "What strong things ghosts are;" but her tongue was tied, she could not speak. There was no need, for as the light struck across her face from the hall, the spirit cried out. It

uttered not the legendary shriek, and what could the wraith of the unfortunate Miss Wingard mean, by exclaiming, "Eurydice," in a tone that in writing could only be expressed by half a dozen notes of exclamation? How can you account for a still stranger proceeding on the part of the mysterious figure, which consisted in bending its head and kissing the face of Eurydice, all bespangled with snowflakes, and distorted with terror. If it had been a gentleman ghost, one would not have wondered, for the temptation was great. As it was, the kiss was too hot and passionate to be purely spiritual, and Eurydice feeling it thought, "Some one is saving me from that hideous phantom." This encouraged her to open her eyes, and look up at a brown face very close to hers. Instantly she flung her arms round the neck of the apparition, and begged it to save her from that dreadful thing behind. Then suddenly changing her mind, she cried in her quick, imperious way: "Put me down," and before this most unorthodox ghost could venture on a remonstrance, she had wrenched herself from its arms, was flying round the corner of the house, through the conservatory, into the drawing-room, and crouching down close into the fire.

Following close upon her came the ghost, or the deliverer from the ghost, or both in one. He walked straight across the room towards the hall, as if going to call some one. Eurydice started up; "Hush! Come back. I would not have any one know. Virginny's story is true. Did you see it, Mr. Farnley?"

She shuddered, put the hood back from her face, and crept in closer to the fire.

Mr. Farnley came back and leant against the mantel. "See what, Miss Howard?"

Eurydice looked up at him still with the wild scared expression. Could she have been mistaken?

"The horrible creature that haunts our avenue. I saw it first coming up from the gate, and afterwards just above the turn."

Harold Farnley's brown eyes looked neither astonished nor sympathetic; on the contrary, they looked very much amused, as if they, ably supported by his whole face and lungs, would have laughed merrily if the person who made that assertion had been any other than she whom he had kissed and called Eurydice but a few moments before.

"I really think you are mistaken, Miss Howard. I walked all

the way up and down the avenue, and neither saw nor heard anything till I passed the turn coming up. Then I noticed a dark figure ahead which turned out to be you. I would have called out, but thinking that the person ahead might possibly not have seen me, I refrained from doing so; I knew the story, and feared alarming any one. Do you think it was not I you saw?"

Eurydice was getting warmed, though the excitement was passing off, and she now more than suspected her mistake. But she determined to fight it out. "How could that be, Mr. Farnley? I am positive that the first time I saw the thing there was something bright red about it. The second time it was all in a flood of red light. How do you explain that, Mr. Farnley?"

Eurydice flung out the words defiantly and desperately. If he could not explain that, she would still believe she was right. Mr. Farnley rather disliked destroying the delusion, but still he would not allow the girl to think she had seen a ghost when she had not.

"That is easily accounted for. The first time you saw me the light from my cigar twinkled through the darkness, and your heated imagination magnified it into a bright red light. The second time I stood where the light from the hall lamp shone full on me. You know that it throws a red shadow across whatever it strikes, but in your excitement you quite forgot that. Are you convinced, Miss Howard?"

Poor Eurydice! She felt herself get redder and redder. She knew that she had done what she most dreaded, made herself ridiculous. It was hard to think that Harold Farnley, of all people, should be the person who knew of it. It was bitterly mortifying to know that she, in her absurd terror, had thrown her arms round his neck; to vaguely doubt whether it was not she who had kissed him in her joy at discovering he was not the ghost. Oh! Why had she not seen her mistake then? Why had all her reasoning faculties so completely deserted her?

And now, Harold Farnley stood before her and talked coolly of her "heated imagination," of her "excitement." For all she knew, he might be laughing at her in his sleeve; he certainly looked very like it. That was the "most unkindest cut of all." Eurydice could not bear to be laughed at. It made her cross, unjust, unreasonable. The thought of what was in store for her if this escapade should become known, was more than her philosophy could bear.

She sprang to her feet, angrily threw off the cloak she had unfastened, struck her clenched hand on the mantel, and said in a firm stage whisper, for now she dreaded waking any one more than ever.

"Then I would like to know, what you mean by prowling round the grounds, almost frightening people to death, when you knew the story that is abroad? It is what I call most thoughtless and ungentlemanly. I thank you for taking me out of the snowdrift; but, if it had not been for you, I should not have fallen in it. It is cruel in you to laugh at me. You may go now!"

Perhaps Eurydice did not mean it, but she waved her hand imperiously, as if she, the Princess, was done with him, the slave, for ever. He who had been her slave so long observed the gesture and rebelled. He would not be treated in that way even by the woman he would willingly have given his life for. He did not go; he stayed.

"Miss Howard you are most unreasonable; you are unjust. You know that when you went up stairs, you seemed to have no idea of going out to the avenue. Jack and I agreed to go together. Jack lay down to wait and went sound asleep. I did not wake him, and a few minutes after one, opened my window and jumped from it. Of course I had not the slightest expectation of meeting with either a ghost or a human being during my walk. I must have been some minutes ahead of you, and as I went down the side path, you saw neither me nor my foot-prints in the snow. I think it quite natural that you should have been frightened. I am sorry that I was the cause, and I beg your pardon if I laughed.

"I have decided to go away by the first train this morning, instead of waiting over another day. Will you shake hands with me before I go?"

He had begun very boldly; he ended very meekly. Eurydice stood with her back towards him, her hands clasped on the mantel and her head leaning forward on them. She had never once looked round at him; she had never showed by a single gesture that she heard what he said.

I, the elderly invisible scribe, was in a state of trepidation lest my pet, who had been behaving so abominably, was about putting a finishing touch to her senseless behaviour, by allowing Harold to take himself off without her acknowledging that she had been

wrong. But then it was she showed her common sense; then it was she put aside her mortification and wounded self-conceit.

She turned to him, held out her hand, and said frankly: "It is I who should beg your pardon. I have acted like a fool from beginning to end. I hope that, if you are not very, very decided, what I have said will not influence you to leave us sooner than we expected. Papa would be excessively annoyed, and I—well—I would be disappointed!"

He was at her feet again; metaphorically speaking, of course.

He held her plump white hand in his; she looked up at him so fairly and so frankly. The temptation was great, greater than the temptation of the avenue. When she finished speaking, he still held her hand; he looked straight down into her luminous, dark eyes:

"Eurydice! Eurydice! If you say for me to stay here for ever, I will stay. If you mean that I am to go, say so, and for Heaven's sake let me go at once."

That was what he would have said long ago if she had not been the prospective heiress to great wealth, and he a poor engineer, with not a great deal in the world but youth and brains, and a good knowledge of a first rate profession. That was in effect pretty much what he had hoped to get away without saying; but circumstances were against him. Eurydice still let her hand rest in his, still looked steadily up at him.

"I have said that I would be disappointed if you went in the morning. If it were not that you must go on with that work which Papa says will make your fortune, I would say for you to stay forever."

Now, I am an elderly person, and the room was lighted only by the dull glow of the coals. I am a little, just a little, short-sighted at the best of times, so I won't assert it as a certainty, but would merely hint as a possibility, that his arm slipped round her neck, that his head bent downwards till it quite met hers, and that there was a repetition of the performance in the avenue.

Any way I am sure of this, that it was highly improper in my pet to encourage such goings-on at such an hour, and equally improper to continue a conversation in such very low tones that I could not distinguish a word, and was getting quite out of patience when Harold said in rather an elevated key:

"That's the worst of it. If I take the appointment I must

leave on the twenty-sixth, and I may not be able to come back for two years. It is such a long time, Eurydice. Of course you could easily come out to me, but then it would be so much pleasanter if you could only go out with me."

"Go with you, Harold! That's a splendid idea. You know I love sensations. That's what took me out to see the ghost, of blessed memory, henceforth and forever. Let us sit down and talk about it."

Then this highly indecorous young woman, in a blue dressing gown, with her brown hair braided in two long pigtails, actually lit a lamp, and sat down in an arm-chair, on the side of the fire opposite to her accepted lover.

"For, you know, Harold, we are going to talk business now, not sentiment, and there is so little time, we must make the most of it."

The talk was a long one, and I, the elderly invisible, would like to know what the rising generation calls sentiment, if the style they two discoursed in was business.

At first Dycie repented of her sudden resolution of going with him. He was going to a country they knew nothing about. She did not think her father would give his consent.

Then Harold represented that most of California was fully as civilized as the Eastern States; that she could at any time come home in a few days. Of course, if her father opposed the scheme it could not be carried out, still it was worth trying. He was so much alone out there, and she would be such company. On this point he grew so eloquent that the "business" element in the conversation was very severe. Ah! remarkably so!

Eurydice was so much moved thereby that her love of sensation returned. She thought a wedding on Christmas night would be grand, and no one should know one word about it. She always had been wild to go to California. If papa could be talked over in the morning, it was as good as settled. When this conclusion was arrived at, it was nearly four o'clock in the morning. Fortunately no one had been awakened, or at least no one had ventured down stairs. Eurydice at last rose, picked up her boots and cloak, slipped up stairs to her room, and got safely into bed beside May, who still slept the steady unwakeable sleep, born of youth and health and a clear conscience.

Oh! Eurydice, how things had changed in the last few hours.

She had proved the ghost story to be utterly baseless; but, how about that other story which she had asserted to be equally without foundation?

How could she, knowing what she did, go sound asleep? And when, at eight in the morning, May woke her with a shake, a "Merry Christmas," and "I wonder if any one saw the ghost;" how could she answer sleepily, "Bother the ghost! Who do you suppose would be mad enough to go out such a night as last night was?"

Then, when she had taken her place behind the coffee urn at the breakfast table, how could she, with equanimity beautiful to behold, listen to Jack Abbot's recital of how he had missed seeing the ghost; to Josie Redburn's positive affirmation that she had heard a shriek, that no one would ever convince her she had not heard a shriek. And when Harold Farnley, sitting at the other end of the table, next her father, said he thought Miss Redburn must be mistaken, for he had walked up and down the avenue and had neither seen nor heard anything at all like a ghost or a ghostly shriek; how could that deceitful Eurydice beam serenely down at him and remark demurely:

"You were very courageous, Mr. Farnley. I am sure we are all very much obliged to you for setting the ridiculous story at rest for ever."

When they had all gone into raptures over the various presents found at each one's plate, and had gotten through with their principal object in coming to the breakfast-table, Eurydice rose, and, according to the articles of the business arrangement made the night before, asked her sister Lizzie to come up to her (Lizzie's) room for a few moments and consult on some of the plans for the day. Harold, as usual, went up to her father's study. In about twenty minutes the sisters came out of Mrs. Payson's room; the elder pale and calm, the younger flushed and excited. They, too, per business agreement, adjourned to Mr. Howard's study. Eurydice sat down on the arm of her father's chair, put her arm round his neck, looked into his face, and said never a word.

"That was a wild escapade of yours last night, Eurydice, child. I can not say I am displeased with the result, for there is no man in the world I would rather give my daughter to than my friend, Harold Farnley. But to let her go away with him so suddenly, to

a wild, unsettled country. That is a different thing. I do not think I can consent to it."

But how could one old man hold his own against three young people, and two of them women.

There was Harold's argument of the superior Western civilization. Besides, he would be almost entirely in San Francisco for the next three or four months, when he would probably go South. If, by that time, Eurydice was tired of California, or afraid to trust herself with him (Eurydice was sublimely indignant at that insinuation), she could easily come home again. There was Eurydice's argument. It was not as if she was leaving her dear old papa alone, for Lizzie was with him now, and Lizzie's boy.

Last and most effectual of all was Lizzie's argument: "You remember how it was with me papa. Let the child go." And Lizzie, as she spoke, could not repress a great sob, for her own history was a sad one, though common enough, God knows.

During the rebellion she married a Federal officer, whose regiment, only two months after their marriage, went South. In the fighting before Richmond he was wounded and went into hospital. She pleaded hard to go to him, but her father would not consent. Her nature was gentle and submissive, and she did not insist. When news came of her husband's death she was wild with grief. She so bitterly resented her father's conduct, that she left his house and went to live with her husband's friends. After a child was born to her she began to judge her father less harshly, to look at things more reasonably. Eventually she became quite reconciled to him, but never consented to make his house her home till he moved out of town, when Dycie persuaded her to come and live with them.

So when Lizzie said, "You remember how it was with me papa," the old man thought of a scene one day, years ago, and how did he know that there might not be a reproduction of it if he refused to let Dycie go, and anything should happen to Harold.

Dycie, looking into his face all the time, knew that Lizzie had conquered him. She half expected him to rise up in a melancholy manner, place her hand in Harold's, extend his arms over them, and murmur in deep melo-dramatic tones, "Bless you my children, bless you."

Mr. Howard, however, dispensed with any dramatic performance. He pushed Dycie towards Harold and said:

"There. Take her. Have your own way children. Thank the Lord I have no more daughters to call me a dear old papa, and kiss money out of me for some twenty years, then basely desert me for the first good-lookng, curly-haired, brown-moustached young fellow who presents himself! There, go along!"

Dycie, now that she had her way, only clung closer to him.

"Papa, that is not fair. You know Harold is not the first;" at which Harold, Papa and Lizzie all laughed, and Dycie blushed.

"You ought to be delighted at getting rid of me so easily. We both hate fuss, and here I am going to be married and people will hardly know anything about it till the thing's half done. No tiresome congratulations for a month beforehand! No polite requests for anything and everything in plated ware, masked under gilt lettered 'At Homes.' Then, think of the first-class sensation. (Dycie fairly clapped her hands as she warmed to the subject.) The people in the house even will never suspect it. Of course, I shall wear that lovely salmon-colored costume which that old tyrant, Du Chasset, made me for to-night. A pretty bill you'll have to pay for it too, papa, by the way. Now, Lizzie, you needn't look shocked. I am going to put aside all time-honored customs. I always said I never would be married in white, because it makes me look positively ugly. I will not even take the black velvet bows off my dress, because I hold it would be giving in to a senseless superstition, which would be very unbecoming in a young lady who can face a ghost as courageously as I can. Don't you think so, Harold?"

Of course Harold thought so. He likewise thought he would just as soon marry her in the blue robe she wore last night as in anything else. If he had given the matter any consideration, he would not have made that assertion. When a man sees a number of well-dressed women about him, he likes to feel that the woman he holds nearest and dearest is as well "gotten up" as the best of them; if he doesn't, I pity the woman.

After a short time spent in arranging preliminaries, Harold bethought himself that it would be necessary for him to go into Farmington by the next train, and return by the special evening train. Eurydice remembered that the people down stairs might be wondering what had become of them, and that she had promised to spend Christmas in real old English style.

Her ideas on this subject seemed to consist in having decorated

the house from top to bottom, and in having invited all the children in the neighborhood to partake of a dinner that would completely upset their digestive organs for the next week. But this invisible elderly has not time to tell of how those children ate that dinner; of how they played blind's-man's-buff and puss-in-the-corner; of how they knocked one another down and pulled one another up, all in the most intensely ecstatic manner; of how at six o'clock they went at the eating again with renewed zest, and were afterwards rolled up and carried or driven home. Nor can the invisible stay to dilate on the astonishment of the young ladies when they heard Mr. Farnley had gone to town, on the firm conviction expressed by May Dacre, to the effect that Eurydice had rejected him, and he had gone off in despair; on the still further wonder expressed by the same young ladies as to what that funny story might be which Mrs. Payson had told Jack in a corner, at which he had laughed so, and promised not to tell till after eight o'clock.

No! all these interesting topics must be passed hurriedly over.

It was eight o'clock in the evening. The long drawing-rooms were most brilliantly lighted up. The dark carpets were covered with a white glistening material stretched tightly over them. At the head of the rooms stood Eurydice resplendent in salmon-colored *crêpe*, which, as the gas-light flooded over her, was hardly a shade deeper than her delicately tinted arms and shoulders. Her chestnut hair was arranged in multitudinous braids and curls; her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled with excitement and pleasure. Nearly all the guests had arrived in a special train. They came down from the dressing-rooms into the drawing-rooms two and two. Each one came up to Eurydice and shook hands with her, and though she had a gay smile and greeting for each, her eyes continually wandered towards the door as if there was somebody or something yet to come.

At last three gentlemen entered at the south end of the rooms. As Eurydice looked at them the color in her face and neck so deepened, that the salmon color was pale in comparison, and she answered to Mrs. Col. Denham's kind enquiry, as to whether the children had not been very noisy and fatiguing: "Oh! yes, quite so."

A few moments before Mrs. Col. Denham had heard Eurydice expatiating to a lady on the delight the children had given her,

and she immediately made a mental note. "There's something the matter with that girl. She don't know what she is saying. *Who* can it be?" She adjusted her eye-glass and glared at the company.

The three gentlemen were, first, Mr. Harold Farnley, such a vastly pleasanter, handsomer looking individual than the very brown young man of twenty-four hours ago. Perhaps it was the rigorous evening costume that so improved his appearance and made him look so cheerful and happy.

At his left hand was Mr. Howard; at his right Mr. Broughton, the well-known Congregationalist minister of Farmington. As Jack Abbot espied the latter, he shook his head and cried aloud, apropos of nothing: "By Jove! I have it now."

"Have what?" said May Dacre, whose hand was on his arm.

"You'll very soon see. Excuse me a moment, please."

Jack moved off through the crowd towards Harold; but Harold had the start. Before Jack was half way across the first room, Harold had penetrated the crowd surrounding Eurydice, had offered her his arm, and had said:

"If you can spare a few moments, Miss Howard, Mr. Broughton would like to speak to you."

Eurydice said afterwards, that at that moment her only wish was for the floor to open up and swallow her. As there was no possibility of that, her only resource was to accept Harold's offered arm and walk down the room with him.

They stopped right under the arch, in front of Mr. Broughton, and almost before any one had noticed it, Mr. Broughton's clear, impressive voice was sending through the room the first words of the simple Congregational marriage formula.

There was a buzzing, and a crushing, and a rustling, expressive of astonishment, doubt, curiosity.

There was a silence, a dead silence, till the "Amen" of Mr. Broughton's prayer.

Immediately the noise began again. May, Alice, and half a dozen of Eurydice's particular friends sprang at her, each trying to kiss her first, and calling her a "love," and a "deceitful creature," in one breath.

The dowagers wielded their fans, and whispered busily on the "strange impropriety" of the affair.

The old gentlemen, at discreet distance from the dowagers,

adjusted their spectacles and murmured: "lucky fellow;" "splendid girl."

The young men shook Harold's hands as if they never hoped to have another opportunity of torturing him, and several daring spirits, taking advantage of the general excitement, succeeded in kissing the bride, not to mention one or two of those who ought to have been bridesmaids.

When the first hub-bub was over, Harold and Eurydice were left to receive the well-regulated, conventional congratulations of the assembled guests, and Jack began the conclusion to the ghost story which Mrs. Payson had thought too good to be kept, and had imparted to him.

It did not take him long to tell it either, with sundry additions and embellishments to suit his own fancy.

"There!" exclaimed Josie Redburn, "I knew I was right. I did hear a shriek!"

"Oh dear!" cried Alice Abbott, who was closely attended by some other girl's brother, to-night. "What a lovely story it makes altogether. So odd too. Nothing orthodox about it except that it ends in a marriage, as all stories should!"

"Hear! hear!" echoed the other girl's brother.

"And such a complete contradiction of the old fable," said May Dacre. "Isn't it funny that Orpheus should have gone out to look for Eurydice in the face of an element just the reverse of the one old Pluto reigns in? And that her looking back should not lose her to him for ever, but be the means of giving her to him?"

"Was it not Orpheus looked back at Eurydice, May? You had better be certain before you quote from the heathen mythology," said Miss Redburn, whose memory for dates was only equalled by her memory for legends.

May blushed, and Jack immediately took up the cudgels in defence.

"What the deuce is the difference which it was? It all amounts to the same thing. Here are our Orpheus and Eurydice coming this way, and I propose—

> "A Merry Christmas to the ghost of seventy-five,
> Wherever she may be;
> The same to the *ghosts* of seventy-one,
> And many may they see."

Jack's impromptu rhyme, so bad in metre, so good in sentiment,

was taken up by many voices and echoed round and round the room. In the midst of the merriment, I, the elderly invisible, slipped out into the cold, starlit night. My work was done. I had left my pet in good hands. I must hurry off to others who might have need of me to watch over them and chronicle their doings. Willingly would I have staid for the dancing and the feasting that was to follow, but I tore myself remorselessly away. For a moment I rested on the veranda to peep in the window, to have one more glance at my pet, so beautiful, and so proud, and so happy, to whisper "God bless them all. A merry Christmas, and many may they see!"

SONNET.

"A vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts." — BECKFORD.

I SOMETIMES dream when looking in your eyes,
That they do ope to me your heart of hearts;
And then, unbidden, doth the thought arise —
Life is a drama, and we play our parts!
What aspirations to the world unknown —
What griefs that utterance hath ne'er allayed —
What Alp-like hopes by foul mischance o'erthrown,
Mayhap, your pilgrimage have desert made!
And these are treasures that by stealth we wear,
Their being, trusted to ourselves alone! —
On with the mask! Away thou phantom, Care!
Join hands with Mirth, e'en though the heart be stone!
All men believe all men unmasked, and thus,
In our gay masks, all men shall envy us!

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

LOVE'S OCTAVE.

I.

THE tide was ebbing and I sat watching,
Every wave come back for a wave,
Out each rocked to the length of ocean,
Whither had sailed my lover brave.

He left me here when the woods were budding,
He kissed me here when the moon was low,
And here to-day I await his coming,
Expecting ever his good ship's prow.

II.

Where are the chaplets which not long ago
Were round mine wound,
As bays are bound
About a warrior's temples stern?
Faded and Flown,
On chilly gust,
I know not whither.

Life's Spring to Autumn went, then fell the snow,
Uncrowned, I sound
My loss profound,
Nor yearn my blossom's fate to learn,
On what grave strown,
On whose poor dust,
To dust they wither.

III.

His breath oft filled this flute at night,
While I gave voice to some old song,
Concerning love's brief-lived delight,
Or broken-heart's incessant wrong.

The wild, sweet music that he made,
With sad words well could sympathize,
He felt their pathos as he played,
And uttered sobbing notes in sighs.

IV.

Overmast the Southern Cross,
Under-keel the Tropic Sea,
Ah! to-night a sense of Loss—
Head-stones green with rain-nurst moss,
And a sombre, low yew tree—
Such suggestions of Remembrance,
Bring the far Home-Land to me.
Oh! my love, my heart is breaking,
With the thoughts of Death and Thee.

V.

Alas! for the rose-crowned Fancies,
For the bright-eyed Hope, ah me!
Lo! over the long moor dances,—
White on the marshes, wan on the lea,—
Will-o'-the-Wisp in the murky night,
Mocking my soul with his elfish flight.

I would it were faintly beating,
Beating to death, my heart!
For after Death *must* be meeting,
We shall then be near, not apart.
Will-o'-the-Wisp in the murky night,
Guide me to him with your fitful light.

VI.

"Oh! moody guest of mine, depart!
Go hence pale Necromancer!
I 'll harbor Joy within my heart,"
Then Memory made me answer —
"I will abide
And be thy guide,
On dreary nights to yon still Land
Where white by graves the head-stones stand."

"Sad-visaged Shade, begone! for hark!
Love knocks and craves admission,
If thy weird presence he should mark —
Thy tear-moist eyes' contrition —

He would not stay,
So haste away!"
But Memory weeping only said,
"*I am not faithless to the dead.*"

VII.

The flapping of its wounded wing,
Doth sorely pain the dove in flying;
The beating of my broken heart
Makes living very like to dying.
The days must come; the days will pass;
Some bleak as frowns—some bland as smiles—
Like stones they 'll stand in snow or grass
To mete for weary me Life's miles.

Within this shell's pink-tinted cell
Out comes a sound of hopeless sighing;
And so from out my vacant heart
Forlornly ever issues crying.
The nights must come—the nights will go—
And some dawn surely I shall cease:
Oh! answer Love! "Shall this my woe,
In God's beyond, give place to peace?"

VIII.

At low tide! at low tide! I lost my sweetheart true,
And watched the sails that bore him below the foaming bar;
Along the bare, wet beach I ran and passed the wind which blew
His ship across the roughened sea towards the evening star.

At high tide! at high tide! I gained my love again:
I saw men furling canvas, as up the bay there sailed
His vessel in the dawning; and I to weep was fain,
When by the waning morning star his cheery voice I hailed.

ALICK RAE GARVIE.

"AULD LANG SYNE."

BY DR. DANIEL CLARK, PRINCETON, ONTARIO.

WE often hear the Pilgrim Fathers extolled, and relic worshippers go into ecstasy over a bit of prominent stone, on an iron-bound coast, called Plymouth Rock. The fact is, these wanderers had nowhere else to lay their heads, and, therefore, a virtue was made of a necessity. The poor pilgrims had the choice of being persecuted, hung, gibbeted, or burned, as an alternative to coming to America, and I think the choice could soon be made. But when they landed and went to *work*,—not in enacting *Blue* laws, which smelt brimstone, nor in burning trance-wakers or hysterical women for witches,—then heroism had its more perfect exploits. The stroke of the first axe, made by unskilful but willing arms, was the aggressive effort of a coming conqueror, and the clearing of the way for westward Empire. It was the knell of the bell of civilization over a doomed barbarism; and to this day the sound of the woodman's axe, in the tangled forest, speaks of victory, and aggression continuously persistent, on the skirmish line of an advancing mighty host. We have often odd ceremonies at the laying of the foundation stone of some stately edifice, or some public work; but no imposing ritual (except the dignity of honest labor and earnest endeavor can be called such) gave the initiatory impulse towards laying the deep and broad foundations of Anglo-Saxon dominion in America. The old log-houses, fast passing away, have a charm for me. The sight of them conjure up in my mind myriad memories of the past. There is the commanding knoll, with splendid beeches and maples, the work of centuries, adorning the highest point of the undulating prominence. As the rustling leaves, in autumn, glided obliquely downward, and performed strange gyrations in the air, as the gusty winds howled in savagery the requiem of the departing year, I gathered the pyramidal beech-nuts—it might be—in nooks or crannies of the ground, or being rocked gently in the curled up corners of sere-leafed cradles, or partially buried in the clefts of dead trees, or having refuge in the mould of decomposing vegetation. The merciless axe, like an invading foe, swept over the hill, and the fire-fiend finished the work of ages, leaving

naught behind but smoking ruins and smouldering ashes. The Nor'land wind, so often heard in the tree-tops, but never felt, now remorselessly blew over the denuded hill, and rage at the cruel spoiler filled my juvenile bosom. Groups of men came, one bright spring morning, and stood, and looked, and studied, and measured, as if a second Rome was to be laid out. Logs accumulated round this focus of coming greatness; and on a Friday morning the foundations of the representative log-house were laid in the midst of shouts, oxen, dogs, and christenings with deep libations of whiskey. A jacketed urchin sat on a peeled bass-wood log, gazing in wonderment, as notched ends were joined, and the fabric grew up to the rafters, and roof of hollow logs, having the chinked holes plastered with primitive mortar, made from the red clay in the bank down by the brook. For chairs, logs were split in two, placed with the flat sides upwards, and the legs protruding from one to four inches upwards, to keep us from sliding off. There were no backs to these seats, and strange to say, no permanent curvatures of the spines of the occupants followed. The stick fireplace, with its alternate layers of mud and timber—the buck-skin door-opener with its huge cross-bar—the rude window, rejoicing in four lights, fastened with shingle-nails—the floor, with its huge rents, the sad traps for many bare and pattering feet,—the cobwebbed rafters, smoky, sooty, and festooned with gossamer adornments of sable hue, and the merry, riotous mice gamboling on roof, rafters, and logs, holding high revelry over stray crumbs of mince-pie, Johnny-cake, and dainty biscuits, perched on primitive shelves along the walls. And then, such a capacious fireplace,—none of your "cabined and cribbed" dainty "ingles," but wide enough to roast an ox. The stove abominations were as rare as the plague. Who ever thinks of calling a stove "our ain fireside?" Black, ugly, sickening, sultry, and *head-achative* is its history. A cold blast of the breath of sullen Boreas in our faces drives us to it, but we can't be cheery near it. The rollicking, jolly company, the ruddy cheeks, the brimful of fun, the shining faces have no abiding place around a stove. The "pale faces" are its presiding deities, and its victims can be counted by tens of thousands; but the heat of a fire-place is wholesome. We feel its exhilarating effects in every inhalation. It is fresh and *spiritual*, for it is a diffusible stimulant. The room where the wide and deep chimney stands has no foul, pestiferous vapors

lingering within its precincts, and no "blues" afflicting humanity near its cleanly swept hearth. The stove, in its heated blackness, produces sleepiness, fretfulness, and hence domestic scenes of hottest strife; and the sable, uncouth "fire-fiend" is, if not the cause, the occasion of it. I believe such changes of domestic arrangement affect the patriotism of a people. The thought of a cheery home braces up the heart and nerves the arm. We are ready to fight for our "altars and hearths," but stoves have no hearths worth fighting for, and it takes the poetry out of the thing to speak of "getting our backs up" about our altars and our *stoves*. The associations of a family circle gathered around a roaring fire, in winter, are potent for good. The harmless jests of the *teened* youngsters — the tales of scenes on flood and field, of the white-haired sire or matron, so intensely real as to make the listeners cower in mortal terror, even at the chirp of a mouse — the popping of nuts, and their sudden collisions or divorces, suggestive of life's episodes — the dreamy gaze into glowing coals, and the "biggin castles in the air," seeing towers, minarets, gorgeous halls peopled with soldiers in scarlet, or weird beings in gossamer garments, with "worlds wombling up and down, bleezing in a flare," — and then being brought back to the real by a punch in the ribs, of the most vigorous kind, from a fun-loving member of the group, are panoramas not to be forgotten. A cheering sight it is to peer through the window of an old-fashioned log cabin, in a wintry night, on such a circle, near Christmas time. It may be a re-union of the family. The big back-log lies like a sleeping giant in the back-ground, with a fiery, red abdomen, prominent and rotund. The forestick crackles, sputters, and shoots in sportive glee its scintillations up the wide-mouthed chimney, or impudently on the laps of the watchers. The well polished and brass-headed andirons patiently suffer, from year to year, their hot and hissing loads. The tongues of flame, like coy maidens, come up intermittently and bashfully retire; each lambent spire becoming more daring than its predecessor, always hungry and devouring as a Theban sphinx, first licking up the palatable combustibles of the centre, and then savagely attacking, with a withering fire, the enemy in front and rear. Like a victorious army, they march triumphantly onward, bringing up reserves, until sparks, smoke, fuel, and laughing groups disappear in the darkness. I used to watch, with great interest, an "auld Auntie

Kate," in an old arm chair, smoking a short clay pipe, black and strong. Its receptacle, when not in use, was a worn-out cavity in the wall of the chimney. She would put her right elbow on the arm of the chair, and seize, daintily, the "nib" of the bowl between the forefinger and thumb. I see her yet, in memory, as the eyes are dreamily gazing, as if they gazed not, into the fiery embers. Puff, puff, mechanically goes the white curling smoke over her clean and well-starched "mutch" in fantastic columns, pyramids, and canopies; but other scenes, other days, and other figures, than those I conjured up, were in her day dreams. Nothing but a fireplace could be an appropriate background to the picture, which would have put a Wilkie or a Hogarth, full of thoughts of domestic and street scenes, into ecstasy. The walls were adorned with the trophies of the chase, and with well-burnished implements of culinary use. The bedsteads knew not the turners' nor carvers' art. The wind, in dancing weird reels down the yawning mouth of the chimney, made as doleful music as a wizard's dying song. But no happier days could be seen in lordly halls or courtly palaces than in the cabin, and its blazing ruddy light of home. Uncle John never could argue on points of theology unless he had the giant tongs in his hand, wheeling them in the ashes, first on one leg, and then on the other; and as each section made its circle, you could almost see the arguments laid down, one by one, in the furrow; but when he nailed his antagonist with some potent argument, down came the biped instrument with a thud on the forestick, which made the sparks fly in all directions like routed enemies. Women (forgive the good old English word) may show off their figures and graceful steps in the mazes of the giddy and fashionable dance; but the good old fireplace was an excellent training school for those of "thirty years ago." How nicely the foot and ankle were set off near it, say, cooking a dinner! (Of course, that is not now-a-days the work of *ladies.*) What ingenuity was necessary to take from the pendant chain, or swinging crane, the boiling potatoes, laughing all over, or the bubbling soup, with savory smell, or the singing and sputtering mush or porridge! What dexterity was needed in handling the rotund "spider," or the long stemmed frying-pan, with its striated sections of pork lying in military order, or with venison, which some juvenile Nimrod had shot in the woods, as the fruits of such future exploits, and which filled "*but* and *ben*" with its

inviting perfume—I almost wrote aroma! How deftly was the knife wielded to turn the browned morsels! and not even a sleight of hand actor could turn such a complete somersault of pancakes, by edging them skilfully upon the rim of the pan; and then by a throw—a forward jerk and a backward catch—presto! the feat is done. It looked so easily accomplished, I challenged a trial—result: a flabby, sticky pancake, seeking a north-west passage in an angle of the chimney, and by sheer gravitation burying itself in the hot ashes, a sad warning to confident amateurs. The stove has economic advantages, but cheerfulness and health are not ingredients in the sum total. No one, unless running over with music, feels full of song over a stove. We may have exuberant cheerfulness by its sides, but it is being expended and exhausted from a reservoir of joy filled elsewhere. Go from its sable sides, in an autumn morning, and sniff the fresh air, and listen to the song of universal nature, and you feel intuitively like joining the chorus. Go from a hot and sickening room, where no firelight is seen, and where the air is surcharged with thrice-heated air, into the cheering presence of a roaring fire, and no thermometer could rise quicker than do your spirits under its genial influence. These veteran houses never were cursed with modern bedrooms. They might be small, but that was compensated for by their breezy character. A stray snowflake might court destruction by sailing through a chink, or the spray from a rain-drop might dash upon the upturned faces of sleepers, but no pent up "dust and disease" could loiter long with "malice aforethought" in such an atmosphere. In well settled parts of Canada what a contrast! Septimus Jinks, Esq., is wealthy, and rejoices in a fine mansion. It is full of bedrooms of the seven feet by eight feet style. The bed is in one corner, the wash-stand occupies another, and a solitary chair is perched in another of the angles, with a dressing-table in the residue nook. The light is blown out, and you creep round the foot of the bed, lest the half-opened door slyly edges itself between your outstretched arms, and impinges unceremoniously on the end of your nose. You make a flank movement by the side of the bed, but if you are out of Scylla you are stranded high on Charybdis, with abraded shins, or bruised toes, or cracked knuckles. A beautiful dungeon it is. The window—a solitary sentinel of light—is, in the first place, covered with paper blinds, adorned with paintings of a *high* style of art, in the centre. One may be

some lonely castle about to fall to pieces into a placid lake, covered with monstrous wild fowls, second cousins to those which left the imprint of mammoth feet upon the petrified sands of time, and surrounded by rocks of the most approved pattern. Another is often a lonely milk-maid and a tender lamb; the former not at all fashionable in dress, and seems to be seeking a lover, or a "babbling brook." Often she appears as one

> "Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
> Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
> Hears and hears not, and lets it overflow."

These, and sundries like these, seemed to my youthful fancy wonderful works of art. After the paper blinds, those models of perspective skill, come the cloth ones; then damask on the one side and lace on the other, or both in duplicate. On the outside are green Venetian blinds, and all to ornament or keep the blessed light out, and the dampness in. The bed is so unique, so high, so new, so white, so soft, so clean, so downy, so mountainous, so needle-worked, and so *musty*. It may be the best furnished room in the house, but the doors of this miniature Bastile are kept constantly closed, except on state occasions. Then bonnets, and gloves, and muffs, and spare babies are deposited *pro tem* on this decayed and decaying mountain of feathers. It may have had no other occupant for weeks. The walls ooze moisture. The windows condense watery tears. The bed-clothes imbibe the general contagion—dampness. No such pest room could be found in the cabins and log-houses of the first settlers, but advanced civilization continues to keep in fine houses deadly miasma, and keep out the air, heat, and light of heaven. Can the elderly reader think of an old-fashioned log-house, and by the law of association, not conjure up in the imagination the two oxen, Buck and Bright, also pioneers, in the dense wilderness. They were a queer representative couple, and seemed to appreciate each other's good qualities, and were well acquainted with each other's bad habits. Buck was of a metaphysical turn of mind. In chewing his cud, with his nose over the gate, he was always in a contemplative mood, and the dreamy eye showed a reverie, if not consecutive, at least profound. He had not a "crumpled horn," but in a Waterloo of former days, he had been disarmed of part of the left one, and the other had been twisted in a fantastic way, on the

field of Mars, until its point was in close proximity to an eye always watery, and seemingly in deep grief because of some bereavement. The other eye was bright in comparison, and had a roguish wink and twinkle about it, as if it had in its counterpart—its mind's eye—some practical joke in store. He was no believer in the conduct of his historic namesake, who was said to have starved to death between two bundles of hay of *equal* size and appearance, because, being guided *solely* by *motives*, and these being equally and exactly powerful, he could not move towards either, and heroically died. Buck, under such circumstances, would have showed a creditable spontaneousness of will, and could have made decisions at once. It was only on such occasions he showed unusual activity. About noon, or evening, he seemed to cast a leer up from the watery eye to "old Sol," as if taking the sun, and wondering at the tardiness of his chariot wheels. When the dinner-horn blew, he was impatient, and shook his ears and huge wooden yoke fitfully and savagely, and at the word of command went at the "double quick" for home, dragging his comrade almost at his heels, an equally willing, but less swift captive. A knowing ox was he. Bright was not so phlegmatic and stubborn. Such, when once aroused, perform prodigies of valor. He was nervous and irritable; always on the *qui vive*. The least thing tickled his hide—from a dragon-fly to a thistle down; and the least thing seemed to excite his fancy—from a tuft of grass in Bob's hand to a pinch of salt, in prospect, half a mile away. How similar in all these respects are man and beast! Bright had method in all he did. He knew how to open the rustic garden-gate, and the exact spot between the bars to introduce his horn. No fence could withstand his attacks. The philosophic Buck would go at the fence with genius but not with tact, and *vi et armis* attempt its overthrow, and find it as difficult to storm as did the "red-coats" at Badajos—sometimes being caught by the crooked horn, and sometimes by a sudden recoil, finding himself, to his amazement, on his haunches, contemplating the stars, with one from the blow, in his eye. Bright knew better than use "brute force." He would commence systematically, at the rider first, and send it flying over his back, then away went the stakes in utter discomfiture, and these followed by each rail, in succession, to the ground. He knew the salient angles of the fence, and never advanced upon them. He had strategy enough in

his mind to know that a concavity was much easier to drive in than a convexity, and always "went for" the retiring recesses, coming out on the other side victorious. For him there was no "pent up Utica," if left to his own devices. His comrade soon learned this, and became a spectator of the various assaults, until a breach had been made, and in he came for a share of the plunder, without a struggle. He did not seem to have in his code of ethics the rule that "to the victors belong the spoils." The sly rogue might be four hundred yards away from his comrade, but no sooner did the noise of falling rails reach his ears, than he rushed to the spot as if his motto was, "Deil tak' the hindmost." In the days we "went a gipsying," horses were not as plentiful as now. These bovine gentry were oft times "hitched up" to a sleigh to take a jolly load of jolly youths to a singing-school. The sleigh was none of your tricky bob-sleighs, which seem to seek out, in fiendish glee, all the irregularities of the road, and dive nose first into all the valleys, and snappishly ride over the miniature mountains, as if bent on producing a catastrophe. Not so the old-fashioned long sleighs. There is grace in their movements. When they mount a hillock, they seem, at the top, to hesitate for a moment whether to retreat or advance, and then, with a parabolic curvature forward, like a gallant ship over a mountain wave, they plunge bow first into the yielding snow. Their movements are not done by halves; nor is there a needless bracing of the riders to prepare for plunges leeway and forward, which never come; for with them "coming events cast their shadows before." See that old sleigh, which has almost "braved a thousand years" the battles of snow storms, drawn by our oxen friends, loaded with a merry group of juveniles, on the rampage. Clean straw is on the bottom for seats. No box is there to keep the fidgetty cargo from spilling out. The four iron-wood stakes rise up above the heads of the passengers like jury-masts on a cast-away raft over the bleak sea; but no shipwrecked crew are they, for young and old, male and female, poor and rich, are making hills and valleys, woods and fields, vocal with melody and song. The oxen have an episode in store for the laughing group. They seem to grin with satisfaction at the prospect. The road has a sharp turn in it, and, as if with common consent, and by one impulse, they "take to their heels," and crowding into one track, run the sleigh on a stump, and

deposit the merry load in a mixed condition in the snow. After the *debris* had been collected, and an "omnium gatherum" had taken place, there were beautiful casts of limbs, arms, and bodies in the snow. The imprint of John's gigantic paws yonder—thumbs, fingers and wrists. Ned's outline from occiput to heels—not in bold relief, but in concave beauty, true as life. Joe's impression was a sort of medley: it was evident he fell in a heap, and then gathered up his legs, as if giving up the ghost. Women were there, with expansive hoops, the centres of great circles, and left no footprints, or any other prints, upon the snows of time (forgive the parody), except a good mother's scoop-shovelled bonnet had, in its posterior part, left an indentation like that of a quart bowl in the snow. Abrasions of the cuticle, from noses, shins and elbows, by too close contact with somebody's heels—all forgiven trespasses—made the sum total of casualties; and none were put *hors du combat* in those blessed days of yore, when "telescoping," explosions, and such like evidences of progress, were for the coming race. Thus I wander on with these retrospects, and find an echo of approval in some reader's breast. He and I have passed the spot, only the other day, where the log house stood; and it was a ploughed field, with not a vestige of it remaining. The crooked, primitive woodside road has been obliterated, and Buck and Bright, by Darwin's law of selection, have given way to the noble horse. The joyous group is scattered "far and wide," from the quiet graveyard to the unknown sepulture of the distant battlefield—from the billowy winding sheet to the monumental tomb—and from the haunts of infamy to the pinnacles of fame.

"The days which are past, they come before me with all their deeds."

CANADA TO HER VICEROY.

BY J. BYRON COSSITT.

WE give you hearty welcome to the land that gave us birth,
And, though it may not seem to you the fairest of the earth,
Although you miss among our ranks the names that live in fame,
Perhaps we'll learn to know and love each other all the same.
You'll find that while we're true to Her who sits upon the throne,
We swear by you, because you are a Sovereign all our own,
That none may claim but Canada; yet none without deny,
Till the red stream of loyalty that fills our veins runs dry!

Who values most ancestral fame and pride of gentle birth,
May pass the rude Canadian by as but of little worth,
But who would find the sturdy arm and the heart that owns no fear,
May come to us, and never doubt but we can suit him here;
For we have hearts that never beat 'neath aught but homespun grey,
Who'd keep their honor longer than the life for which men pray;
And we have hands well used to wield the spade, the axe, the oar,
Whose brawny grasp would not disgrace the sword that Richard wore.

Yet, all the same, we're proud to own a Chief of gentle race;
And none the less we promise him that we will ne'er disgrace,
Though all unheralded remain our sturdy ancestry,
A leader from the noble ranks of British chivalry.
Then welcome to our stormy shore, our land of frost and snow,
And to the brave and loyal hearts that with affection glow;
And blessed by many a kindly soul the happy day shall be,
When Lord and Lady Dufferin came hither o'er the sea!

DIGBY, N. S.

DOMINION STATISTICS.

A GOOD statistician is probably as rare as a good poet. Indeed one requires to be born to both arts. There is something forbidding in columns of figures and classes of things. Then, who but a ledger-keeper can understand those strange classifications and abbreviations? The readers of a new poem are probably more numerous than the readers of abstracts of public accounts. Yet there is something fascinating about these strange figures, which increase in interest as we come to a comprehension of their meaning. Yet, without doubt, but few will ever think of trying to comprehend them. The only thing that we, as a general thing, care for, is the sums total. Let us know whether our debts or our credits are the greater, and if the balance be on the right side we are satisfied. We propose to extract this important information from the pages of the Dominion Public Accounts for 1871—premising that we do so because, as yet, those of 1872 are not published. In a month or two hence we shall have a similar abstract and comparison of the accounts of 1872. We shall not be particular to a few dollars and cents, but, in a general way, indicate the great results.

We find that there has been paid into the consolidated fund of the Dominion, in 1871, nineteen millions three hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars. Of this sum, eleven millions eight hundred thousand are from the Customs, and over four million from Excise. From the Post Office over six hundred thousand dollars have been received. The remainder has been contributed from railways, stamps, lands, interest on investments, etc., etc. During the same period there has been paid over fifteen millions six hundred thousand. This would indicate a good state of affairs by itself—the income exceeding the expenditure over three millions and a half. But there is another phase of the matter. We find on one side loans of a million seven hundred and eighty thousand, while there has been paid not quite a million of redemption. In what is termed the Open Accounts, the whole surplus is swallowed up. These we do not profess to understand. They are in an unsettled state; but the one thing which we do understand from them is, that the receipts here are only three millions, while the expenditure has been over eight millions. This, with some other erro-

neously credited sums, now corrected, balances the whole—receipts and expenditures—being nearly twenty-five millions of dollars on either side.

We may note that the whole debt of the Province is one hundred and fifteen and a half million dollars, with investments, public works, banking accounts as an offset—many of them, no doubt, valuable either directly or indirectly.

Passing from the Dominion we find that the total receipts of the Province of Quebec were one million six hundred and fifty-one thousand dollars, and the payments about twenty-five thousand dollars in excess of this sum, but as there was a large previous surplus, this is not of consequence. The balance, in favor of the Provinces accounts, was still six hundred and fifty-nine thousand dollars on June 1st, 1871.

Ontario commenced on December 31st, 1870, with a balance on hand of near two hundred thousand dollars, had received up till December 31st, 1871, two millions three hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars, and had expended one million eight hundred and sixteen thousand dollars. She has nearly two million dollars invested in Dominion bonds; on special deposit half a million, with a balance of one hundred and seventy-two thousand dollars. Her finances are in a very flourishing condition indeed.

New Brunswick commenced the year, October 31st, 1870, with a balance of eighty-three thousand dollars, and ended October 31st, 1871, with a balance on hand of ninety-five thousand seven hundred. The receipts appear to have exceeded the payments by nearly thirteen thousand dollars. We hope the last year may show as good a balance.

Nova Scotia during the year from December 31st, 1870, to December 31st, 1871, appears to have gone behind considerably. Commencing with a balance in treasury of nearly sixty-five thousand dollars, she left off with a deficit of over nine thousand dollars, her receipts being six hundred and two thousand, and her expenditure over six hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars. We do not know what the explanation of this increase of expenditure over income may be. We do not hear that that Province is in any other than the most prosperous condition, and suppose some special causes, other than poverty, have influenced the balance sheet. We expect to see the resolution of the problem in next year's accounts.

We may remark, however, that while Nova Scotia receives one hundred and twenty-nine thousand dollars more subsidy from the Dominion than New Brunswick, her other revenue amounts to one hundred and fifty-eight thousand dollars, while that of New Brunswick, exclusive of subsidy, amounts to one hundred and thirty-nine thousand dollars. Much of the New Brunswick revenue is derived from sources which are rapidly drying up, being almost entirely from land and lumber. The land will soon be all disposed of, and the lumbering privileges are being contracted in dimensions. The export duties too will fail with the clearing of the lumber. What she will have to fall back upon we do not see, but we suppose the Government consider that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The total value of exports of the Dominion amounted to over seventy-four millions of dollars, and that of goods entered for consumption nearly eighty-seven millions, the duty paid on these being nearly twelve millions. The tonnage of vessels employed carrying outwards being six and a half millions of tons, and about the same entering inwards. Of this, British ships, including Colonial, carried near nine millions of tons, the remainder—four millions—being carried in foreign bottoms.

Of the above imports and exports, Ontario is credited with over twenty-three millions dollars value of exports; thirty-three millions seven hundred and seventy-three thousand dollars worth imports, twenty-nine million dollars worth being entered for consumption and paying three millions three hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars duty. Quebec exported thirty-nine millions dollars, imported forty-three millions—about forty millions being entered for home consumption and paying nearly six millions of duty. Nova Scotia exported about six millions and a half, imported over ten and a half millions, entered for consumption nearly nine and a half millions, and paid one million three hundred and sixty-three dollars duty. While New Brunswick exported over five and a half millions worth, imported over eight and a quarter millions, entering for consumption all save about a quarter of a million, and paying duties amounting to one million two hundred and thirteen thousand dollars.

Of the exports, being produce of the Province, Ontario had nearly two millions, Quebec two hundred and fifty-six thousand, Nova Scotia seven hundred and ninety-seven thousand, and New

Brunswick one hundred and seventy-two thousand—in all, near three and a quarter million dollars worth.

The fisheries produced for Ontario eighty-nine thousand; for Quebec six hundred and seventy-eight thousand; for Nova Scotia two millions eight hundred and fifty-two thousand; for New Brunswick three hundred and seventy-four thousand—in all, near four millions of dollars worth of fish exported from the Dominion.

The forest produced—from Ontario six millions, Quebec twelve millions, Nova Scotia one million, and New Brunswick three millions—in all, twenty-two millions of dollars.

For animals and their produce, Ontario received five millions seven hundred and eighty-six thousand, Quebec six millions three hundred and nineteen thousand, Nova Scotia four hundred and five thousand, and New Brunswick only seventy-one thousand four hundred and fifty-four, while Manitoba is credited with over twenty-five thousand five hundred dollars from this source—twelve millions and a half in all.

Of agricultural products, Ontario sent out nearly five millions, Quebec over four and a half millions, Nova Scotia two hundred and thirty-two thousand, New Brunswick fifty-three thousand—nearly ten million dollars in all the Dominion.

Manufactures are credited—to Ontario three hundred and thirteen thousand, Quebec seven hundred and eighty-four thousand, Nova Scotia two hundred and ninety-five thousand, New Brunswick eight hundred and seven thousand, Manitoba four hundred and eighty-three dollars—altogether, two millions two hundred and one thousand dollars worth.

We pass over the miscellaneous articles, coin and bullion, etc., and remark that Quebec received for ships over half a million of dollars, while none of the other Provinces would appear to have got anything for this article. It would appear that these are not taken into the account by them, no duties being charged. The value of ships sold from New Brunswick is not so large now as it once was, as, since the market in England for wooden ships failed, the people here rather choose to own and sail them, bringing in rich revenues yearly.

Probably we have given the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY a sufficient dose of statistics. We have not been careful to note the amounts too closely, but the above estimates may be taken as correct enough for usual purposes.

AMERICAN SKETCHES.—No. 1.

HOLIDAYS.

BY MAUD S. WENTWORTH.

TWO holidays belong to the world at large—weird, enchanting, merry Christmas, and joyous, happy New Year. Then there are holidays which belong exclusively to nations. Americans have two, strictly national. One in the warmth of summer, with balmy air filled with the perfume of countless flowers, with waving flags and garlands of roses, and young and old, and rich and poor, welcome this day, which celebrates their independence from all foreign power—a day born of the Pilgrim band who landed upon the bleak and wave-dashed rock of Plymouth. The other holiday comes when the autumn leaves are rustling to the tread of rapid feet, and mournful winds are sighing, and harvests have been gathered, and the nation thanks the great All-father for its prosperity, and acknowledges its dependence on God, who governs and gives. It is a happy day; for families are united and gathered together under the parental roof; they are made better for this holiday, which carries thanksgiving into destitute homes, made desolate by grim and unrelenting want. It is a good day, for the poor are remembered. These days have passed, and so has Christmas—the holiday of the whole Christian world—the gladdest, merriest time of all the year, the dying year.

Where are its hopes and fears;
Where all its smiles and tears;
Where are its joys and woes,
All its soul-throbs and throes?
Gone to the past.

Into our Saviour's hand;
Into the angel band;
Put we our trust and love,
Ah! like a gentle dove,
Peace come at last.

And now we step upon another year. We know not what it holds for us; we pick for roses—we may gather thorns; yet still we welcome it, the glad New Year. And New Year's day is the gala for the paper-carriers in great cities; they dance about from

early morning until night, with their addresses in doggerel rhyme, up the steps, and into the doorways, and all along the streets, and the stamps are showered upon them, for who would refuse the carrier's address. Some of the little fellows are blithe and gay, while others tell a world of grief in their sorrowful eyes.

One of them with wan cheeks and threadbare clothes, actually sobbed as a crisp dollar bill was given him by a lady, who lifted her deep mourning veil, and paused to talk to the child, as she stepped from her carriage in front of the Executive Mansion in Washington.

A short time after, when meeting her at a social gathering of a few young girls and their parents and guardians, she told the story of the little boy.

"One day, about two weeks ago," she said, "at the Capitol, I was attracted by the wistful face of a child in the hall, outside the Senate Chamber, so much so, that I asked him if he wished to see any person there. He looked up at me with a sudden animation, as unexpected as it was beautiful, as he answered, 'No ma'm, but I am trying to earn enough money to get me a decent suit of clothes, and then I shall try to be one of these ushers,' waving his hand with a graceful gesture toward the boys within, gliding to and fro, with their messages from one member to another.

"I thought it only a child's wish, yet went on talking to him, and in the course of conversation he told me that he 'carried papers, and did anything honorable to get money.'

"I asked him how long he had been trying; he could not have been more than ten years of age."

"Ever since last winter, when the House was in session, and now," he continued, "it has come together again, and I can't be an usher yet, but I won't give it up."

"Surely Charles," I said, "you could have made a suit of clothes by this time."

"Oh yes, if that were all I had to do with my money," and he looked at me as though the subject pained him.

"I believe people are just about what they look to be," the lady said emphatically, then she added tenderly, "there was something noble about Charles, and I thought I'd try him. I'd risk a five dollar bill to his care, and if I lost it, why it would be only an experience. Would you like to earn half a dollar? He turned his eyes upon me perfectly luminous. I wish you, Charles, to

take this note to a lady at the Kirkwood House, and be careful, for it contains five dollars. You will find me in the Senate gallery when you return. Bring me a written answer from the lady and I will give you the half dollar."

"He bounded away, with head erect, and was lost in the crowd. I glanced from a window looking out on Pennsylvania Avenue, and saw him like a bundle moving on. The afternoon had almost worn away when he returned with the answer, which was correct. He had waited for the lady, who was out. I gave him the half dollar and told him to be at the Capitol the next day, for I wished to talk with him. He promised to do so, but I never saw him again until New Year's day, when he told me of his dear mother's illness, of their residence in a remote part of the city, and that he could not leave her for fear she might die, until New Year's morning, and then he had received so much for the Addresses that he had bought her some wine, and she was growing well again, and he was so happy. I asked him where his home was, for I wished to see his mother, and that very evening I found her. How starvation and cold had made her ill! I saw that at a glance, and I lost not a moment to aid her. My husband installed the child as his own usher, and I expect to hear from that boy inside the walls of the Capitol, and the day is coming when he will be an honorable member, for he is highly gifted."

The purses of the little party were shaken, and a respectable collection was raised on the spot for the benefit of the little protegè, whom we saw the next afternoon with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks, hurrying to and fro, with slips of paper, in the Senate Chamber.

A STORY OF NORTH AMERICA.

BY R. C. W.

IT was late in the month of November. The day had been cold and gusty, with occasional dashes of rain, and the evening, which had set in early, promised to be one of gloom and tempest. The wind went rushing about with that low, mournful howl which is known only in the autumn time, lashing the naked boughs of the old forest trees with its furious surges, whirling the dead leaves, which lay heaped in the dark ravines, into mælstrom eddies, and driving everything before it with a violence that made them only too glad to be free. The clouds, which had hung in scattered masses, while the livid sun sent its straggling beams among them, gathered themselves into a single mighty one, and shrouded the heavens as with a pall, threatening every moment to burst into drenching floods. "God pity the homeless to-night!" exclaimed a young man in an emphatic tone as, pushing open the rude door of his log-cabin, he dragged in the old back-log that was to warm the rough hearthstone and irradiate the brown rafters through the long, cheerless hours of the autumn storm. "God pity them, and help them, too, for a cold and weary time they'll have. I trust no one wanders to-night in the wilderness; though, lest one there should be, I'll do what I can to give them a beacon-light;" and even while he spoke, he planted the huge, knotty stick into a bed of crimson coals, and filled the space between it and the old iron fire-holders with a generous armful of light dry wood, which soon burst into a brilliant blaze, not only scattering light and heat across the dim apartment, but sending a stream of moonlike rays through the little windows, that went dancing like a thing of life through the outer darkness till it was lost in the mazes of the untracked forest.

"There," said the warm-hearted woodsman, as he watched the sky-bound sparks and the continuous glow, "I've done my part towards lending them a home, if any there be abroad and wandering, and now I'll enjoy myself;" and he drew his seat to the homely board, on which smoked a hunter's fare—steaks from the wild deer, a stew of birds which he had shot while standing in the door of his cabin, and cakes of powdered corn, nicely baked and

browned on a clean corner of the rough hearth. A relishing meal it was, too, for the hands of a loving and gentle wife had cooked it all, and honest, sturdy toil had awakened that keen zest for food which the idler had never known.

"A supper fit for a king," said he, as he returned to his cozy place before the fire. "We shan't starve yet awhile, Mary—not while there are birds in the trees, and game in the woods, and strength in these brawny arms. Only keep a warm hope in your heart, little wife, and our home will yet be a bonny spot!" And then he folded his arms on his bosom, and bent his head, and seemed to be reading bright fancies in the warm firelight. And when her light evening work was done, his wife drew her seat close beside him, and as we are all wont on such stormy nights, when the hearthstone beams, the two warmed their young memories and strengthened the pinions of hope. And the evening sped on wildly and awfully without, but calmly and beautifully within, by the side of the blazing fire, whose streaming light was the only star that gleamed in that dim old forest.

"We'll keep the fire up all night, and as bright as we can too," said the brave pioneer, as, ere he leaped into bed, instead of raking the coals, he threw on a fresh bundle of wood; "it's too awful a night for me to sleep sound, and I may as well tend it as not. God help them that roam, if any there be, and guide them this way. It shall never be said that I darkened my fire in a night like this." Once or twice did he rouse himself from the slumber that in spite of his awe of the storm would steal over his senses, and renew the blaze that was dying away, but then, as the rain ceased its dashing, and fell only on the rough roof with a lullaby tone, and the wind hushed its howls, and moaned in a weary-like way, he suffered himself to sleep in that calm, deep sleep which comes only to those who have labored with hands that were clean and hearts that were pure.

An hour or two passed on, and still he slept; and the blazing brands died in the ashes, and the old back-log, cleft with the evening's flame, dropped slowly its crimson flakes, giving out no longer a brilliant flash, but only a steady, ruddy glare.

Just then, footsore, wearied and sick, there leaned against the rough door a poor Indian hunter, a brave and right royal descendant of those red men who, ere the pioneer girdled his trees, was king of this wild wood. Many a long, weary mile had he travelled

since dawn, and when the dark night set in so stormy and cold he had drawn his torn blanket about him and sought only to find in the grove some hollow in which to lie down and chant the death hymn that had rang all day in his ears. A long time he wandered, entangling himself yet deeper in the intricate windings of the dense old wood. But just when his feet lagged most, and his heart was sorest, a beam from the woodman's fire lit on his path, and lit, too, a hope in his bosom. He followed the rays, and ere the last brand had fallen, was so near the rude home, that his Indian eye could track the path which its owner had made in the forest, and followed it to his door. But there he paused awhile. Would the white man be kind to his red-faced brother, and give him the food he craved and a skin by the fire?

"Me try him," said he, as he pushed against the door; "me try him—he good to me, me no forget," and the wooden bar rattled and the woodsman awoke, startled, but not afraid. One bound brought him to the door, and with one hand on its guard, and one on his rifle, he called, "Who's there—what want you?"

"Me Indian; me sick, and me hungry;" but ere he could speak more the door flew open, and he was bid to come in and be welcome.

"Friend nor foe stand not outside my door on a night like this," said the sturdy host, as he threw on a generous armful of his light wood, and raked out the coals till they were all aglow.

"Me your friend, and me no forget," said the Indian in a voice emphatic though weak, as he sank on the hearthstone, tore off his blanket that was dripping and cold, and suffered the warm, rosy-light to creep over his great brawny limbs, and redden the cheek that had never been pale before.

"And I your friend, for God knows, by your looks, you need one," responded the brave pioneer, "and the best that I have shall be your's to-night," and, suiting actions to words, he set on the table the remains of the evening meal, and then drawing out a clear bed of coals, laid over them a generous slice of the noble deer he had slaughtered himself, and had soon a smoking meal to tempt the hungry palate of his guest. Then casting a bundle of skins on the floor, close to the hearthstone, and taking from off the bed, whereupon lay his wife, trembling in silent terror, a heavy blanket, he told the poor Indian to rest himself there till morning, and longer if he chose. And then, with a heart lighter and hap-

pier than when he arose, he lay down again, drawing his pale companion closely to his breast, and quieting her fears with endearments as gentle and soothing as those a mother bestows on a frightened child.

When they awoke in the morning, their Indian guest lay still upon the floor in a sound, refreshing sleep. When he rose from his rustic couch, they asked him not whence he had come, nor whither he was going, but only to partake of their hospitality so long as he thought fit. With Indian taciturnity, he said nothing, but ate with them, and then lay down again, and in this way passed two days. On the morning of the third, when the hearty breakfast had been disposed of, he drew his blanket round him and went to the door. As he crossed the threshold, he turned his face to the still seated husband and wife, and said, emphatically, "Pale face good to Indian—me no forget;" and as an arrow darts from its bow when the strong arm draws, he sped from the sheltering roof, and was lost almost instantly in the mazes of the dense wood.

For some weeks the incident was dwelt upon frequently by the family, but gradually it faded from their memories, and as years passed on it was only once in a while recalled at the request of two buoyant lads, "that father would tell them an Indian story, a true story about a *live* Indian." Then taking them on his knees, he would relate to them what has just been written, and they would draw his arms yet closer round their trembling forms, and wonder if they would dare to go to sleep while a "live Indian" lay stretched before the fire; and they would say, "Were you not afraid, father?" and cuddle up to his breast, seeming to feel their hair stand straight.

Alas! they, nor he, nor that still beautiful wife, thought then of the sorrow that "live Indians" were to bring upon their happy hearts. Closer would those little ones have clung to him, and fairer arms than theirs would have been wound about his bosom. But the threatened blow came soon and sad, and a crushing one it was.

Many changes had occurred since the pioneer had cleared his first acre and built his cabin. What was then only a wild and tangled forest, with game starting up at every rod, had become, before the hands of labor and cultivation, a blooming plain, dotted with white men's homes. Not now, as once, could the hunter

shoot a buck while standing under his own eaves: he must roam away over fertile field and grassy meadow, across the rolling river, and round the foot of a wooded hill, ere he would often spy the wild deer he so loved to hunt. But there were plenty there, and a smoking steak or a saddle of venison was often seen upon the settler's board.

It was to hunt the deer, to fill up, as he said, the empty spot on the table, that Hugh Ely, the warm-hearted pioneer, of whom we have written, left his dwelling one morning in winter, and hastened away out of sight of the smoke of the settlement, and far from its sounds. Fleet was his foot, but fleeter the foot of the noble buck he started, and not until noon, and when many miles from home, did he succeed in pointing towards it his unerring aim. Ere it fell, it gave one wild bound and leaped into a tangled brake, and after him went the hunter, flushed with success, but weary too with his lengthened chase. But with a wilder bound than the wounded game, and a fiercer fire in their glaring eyes, there burst upon Hugh a band of Indian warriors, and in a moment he was disarmed and bound, and helpless as the dying deer which gasped at his feet. Why he was then made captive, and why he was dragged with them so many weary miles, no rest allowed his torn and bleeding feet, no sleep his heavy eyelids, no hope his sad lone heart, he never knew, though he guessed afterwards, when they finally halted with him at a hunting ground in the northern part of Canada, far, far away from that valley which had been so dear a home, that he had been mistaken for another, for a brother pioneer, who had once given a deadly insult to a fettered Indian, who afterwards escaped.

Long and weary were the months of captivity that ensued,—long and weary to the captive, torn so suddenly from his household treasures, but longer and sadder too, to the dear ones left behind—for their's was the agony of suspense, and of all earth's agonies, that is the most harrowing and wearing, extinguishing even hope itself. For a while Hugh cherished the idea of escape, but the close and continued watchfulness of his captors, and his situation in a wild and, save by the red man, unfrequented country, pathless only to the moccasined foot, after awhile convinced him it was best to submit patiently to his wrongs and trust in God.

When he had been with them about a year, his faithful fulfil-

ment of the menial tasks alloted him, his cheerful, contented air, his manly endurance of his captivity, so impressed the Indians that they relaxed somewhat their severity, and occasionally allowed him to wander off a piece into the woods, or to ramble beside the river. He was seated one bright autumnal afternoon on a log that had fallen close to the water's edge, sadly musing on his lone and desolate condition, and wondering if he should ever again see the faces of those whose memory was so holy, when suddenly a low cooing sound, like the notes of a dove, broke the deep silence that reigned. Hugh heard it for some moments without observing it very closely, for he was intently looking into his darkened future. But after a while it struck him that the sound was an unusual one for the spot, and somewhat versed in Indian ways, he recognised it as one of those signs by which they express sympathy, pity or affection, and he gazed cautiously round to see if some human form was not concealed in the vicinity. Wild with joy at the thought that amid the dusky warriors who surrounded him, one there might be whose heart had yet a loving pulse. A clump of low, tangled bushes grew just back of his rude seat, the only spot close by, that could conceal a friend or foe. He fancied as he gazed there, he beheld them move—he was certain of it—and it could not be the wind, for scarcely a breath was stirring. Then noiselessly some branches were pushed aside, and from the opening there peered the red face of a stranger Indian. Intently it looked upon the captive, so intently that its gaze was like a marvellous fascination to him, and he stood rooted to the spot. In a few moments the branches were pushed still further aside, and a brawny red hand was visible. It held a pair of moccasins, it turned them up and down and around, and then pointed them southward, while from the stern lip issued the same cooing sound. The heart of Hugh leaped up with a quickened life, and he was starting to the side of the unknown, but as he felt now, friendly stranger, when the signal whoop for his return was sounded from the camp. The Indian pressed his hand to his mouth in token of secrecy, again moved the moccasins in token of escape, and darted through the bushes and out of sight so quickly, that it seemed to the observer the earth must have swallowed him.

More bravely than ever did Hugh now bear his captivity, for hope burned brightly in his bosom. There was something in the mien of the unknown Indian which assured him he was planning

his deliverance; and though he could not conceive who he was, or why he had taken so deep an interest in him, he was satisfied that in time, through means prepared by him, he should see again his beloved home—clasp again his beloved family.

Many days passed ere he saw another token; but one sunny morning, as he sat on the ground floor of his wigwam, engaged in one of his menial duties, the broad belt of sunshine that streamed in through the entrance was suddenly obscured, and raising his eyes, Hugh beheld the same red face that had peered through the bushes. It was but one look he had a chance to give ere it had vanished, but in another instant, from the rear of the wigwam, issued the same cooing notes that had so sweetly disturbed his mournful reverie once before. In another instant the shadow again intercepted the sunbeams, fleeing almost as quickly as seen. As it passed, Hugh felt, rather than saw, that something was thrown in; but when, as the sunshine again played upon his knees, he beheld a pair of moccasins resting there, a wilder, stronger pulse beat in his bosom, for he felt that the hour of his deliverance was nigh. He remembered that on the morrow a grand hunt came off, and he knew that on such occasions all the bravest of the braves were gone, and inferred that as he should be left, as he had been many times before, in the care of only the squaws and, perhaps, one or two Indians, his deliverer had selected that as the propitious time to effect his escape.

With leaden wings rolled on the hours that intervened between the token and the time. But the morrow's sun dawned at length, and with its first beam the hunters sped away. But so many duties had they left their captive to perform, that it was late in the afternoon ere he could repair to his accustomed seat beside the river. But all day his heart had been cheered by those cooing words that first woke hope. Now they seemed circling in the air above him; now stealing out of the mossy ground; and anon floating, as it were, on the breath of a few flowers that yet smiled in life. As he neared the water, louder and clearer rang the notes, and following them, he was led a mile or two down the bank to a spot he remembered as one where the river indented the grassy soil with a small bay. Scarcely had he stepped there ere a light canoe darted from under a shelving bank, and at the helm stood the Indian friend. Hugh had lived long enough with red men to understand unspoken language, and a sign from his deliverer was

enough to tell him that he must crouch in the bottom of the little craft and be motionless, under some skins.

The sun set and the moon rose, and still the canoe sped on over the blue, calm waves, and not until midnight was it moored, and then Hugh knew he was safe. Up a steep ledge of rocks did his conductor lead him, and through long, narrow and dark aisles, whose bottom, but for the friendly moccasins, would have sadly torn and bruised his feet. At length they stopped, and the Indian, releasing his grasp, lighted a torch and revealed to the white man the fact he had guessed, that they were deep in the earth, in one of those weird-like caverns of which legend loves to sing. A fire was kindled; the smoke somehow finding vent for itself without annoying the lookers-on, and soon, over the crimson coals that dropped on to the rude hearthstone, was broiled a venison steak that the Indian had taken from his wild-looking larder; and, refreshed and happy, Hugh, in less than two hours after he had entered the cavern, slept soundly on a couch of dried grass, and dreamed beautiful visions of home.

For several days they tarried there, the Indian going out each morning, but returning regularly at sunset, and always bearing a plentiful supply of game. When a week had elapsed, simply saying to Hugh, "We go now; they no find us," he led him forth, and commenced journeying towards the south. One night, after they had been long on the road, they walked to a much later hour than usual,—walked till Hugh, who had fancied several times through the day he discerned familiar trails, and thought he must be close to his home, became lost, as it were, and followed his guide blindly, thinking, in his weariness and perplexity, he must have been mistaken, and was still in a strange wood. They rested at length, but the white man had scarcely, it seemed to him, closed his eyes ere his Indian friend awoke him, and together they toiled up the steep and wooded hill that rose directly before them. But the intense soul-thrilling joy of the long-absent one can only be conceived, when, on reaching its summit, he beheld close at hand the valley of his choice, the home of his heart.

When his emotion was somewhat passed, he turned to his deliverer, and, in the mute but expressive signs of Indian language, told his thanks. The red man heard him through, and then pointing to the dwelling of Hugh, said, in the brief words he had learned of the English tongue—

"Many moons ago, Indian sick, tired, hungry. He go to white man's cabin—he no turn him off; he give him supper—let him sleep on his skins—take blanket from his pretty squaw; he good to him till he want to go. *I that Indian.* Me no forget. Now I pay you. Go home."

Oftener than ever did Hugh's little ones, as they bounded on his knees, beg for the story of the "live Indian;" and when he had passed away to the green, silent graveyard, they in turn told it to their little ones, nor failed to draw from it a moral, beautiful and holy, as was the Indian's gratitude.

WIT AND WISDOM.

THESE are by no means synonymous terms—hardly even relatives. Wits are frequently not wise, and many wise men are far from witty. But wit also is a general term, having at least two significations. "He *has* no wit," means he is without good sense. "He *is* no wit," means he is not sparkling or brilliant in his conversation. In the former sense wit is related to wisdom. A man who has wit is a man who has at least the faculty for becoming wise. Still, wisdom is rather the accumulation of wit whether original or acquired. It is in this sense that it is said of the proverb that it is one man's wit and all men's wisdom. Wit, in a proverb, is good sense condensed into small bounds, neatly turned, and with a certain beauty of expression. Conversation usually is like common charcoal; the proverb is the pure carbon—the cutting diamond, sparkling, translucent. The proverb may, however, be witty, or it may merely be an acute observation. When we say of a person "he is a wit," we mean that he has the capacity of uttering sharp, sententious, caustic things. There are, so to say, two genders of wit—masculine and feminine,—the former generally tart and biting, the latter more sweet and gentle. Chaucer, Dryden, Pope, Swift, were satirical. Cowper was more gentle and feminine, and good-natured. The Canterbury Tales, Absalom and Achitophel, The Rape of the Lock, The Tale of a Tub, John Gilpin, are full of wit. The last of these is the most amusing of all—but there is in it less of the biting, nothing of the malicious. Wit may be wicked or kind.

It may be a lash or it may be a bon-bon; a pebble slung at a giant and smiting a mailed warrior down, or a rocket shooting towards heaven, and in exploding dropping showers of stars for the applause of admiring multitudes.

Wit has a relative called humor, which shows itself in a sense of the peculiar. Humor is a sentiment, wit is a thought; not that the humor can exist without thinking, nor wit apart from feeling—but that the former is more the product of the sensible, the latter of the intellectual. They have this in common, that they are both amusing. They differ perhaps in intensity. Humor makes us smile, wit makes us laugh. Humor is a pegasus of a slow and progressive mood. Wit is like the arrow of the far darting Apollo. We find humor in the strange moods of a man, wit in his strange expressions. The uncommon enters into both.

How far all this is from wisdom is easily seen. Wits have generally rather lacked wisdom. Butler would have been wiser if, instead of inditing Hudibras, he had turned his attention to some art or science which would have kept him from starving. Swift's wit kept him from promotion in the Church. So was it with the author of the Sentimental Journey and Tristram Shandy. Pope would have led a happier life if he had restrained the shafts of his wit. The Rape of the Lock, which elevated him to fame, produced lasting enmity between him and the subject of his song. The Lady Arabella never forgave him. It was said of Sheridan that he would rather lose his friend than his jest. The greatest of wits have often been the unhappiest of men. Not only is the organization that sees and utters the sharp saying more sensitive, and so more capable of feeling the retort, but its arrows raise enemies and excite revenge. The Dunciad might annoy Cibber, but Cibber could also inflict terrible vengeance on its author. "The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" was pardonable to Byron, but it made him always feel that those whom he so mercilessly lashed were his permanent enemies. His own arrows were infixed in his own heart. Many, too, of our famous wits were men of unwise and intemperate lives. Burns, Byron and Sheridan were of irregular conduct and premature death. E. A. Poe, too, died far too soon. We cannot but think that the Noctes Ambrosianæ of wits have brought too early the shadows of death around the feasters. We hardly like to refer to Dr. Quincy

and Dr. Maginn. There is something very pleasant in the goodly company, and in the flashing repartee, where song circulates with the wine, and where the wit sharpens the wit. Too attractive is all this for feeble reason, and the feeble frame. So if wisdom keep us from the intenser enjoyments of wit, it generally gives us a longer term of existence. Green fields and babbling brooks, and good wholesome work are of more worth and are more conducive to true philosophy than festive boards. Wordsworth at Windermere, and Carlyle in his retirement, are more to our taste than the festive dinners at Mr. Bradbury's, with the contributors to Punch around the board.

One thing should console those who are of mediocre nature, that though wit is the birthright of a few, wisdom may become the heritage of all. Few can possess diamonds and treasures of gold and silver, but the light, and air, and food of the kindly soil, and flowers and the symphonies of nature, are for all who keep their nature undebauched, and are of a cheerful, happy disposition.

GROWING OLD.

NOT like a tiger at a bound, nor yet like a confessed foe met honestly in the open, and conquering by fair means in a fair fight; but like a thief in the night, silent, stealthy, unperceived, creeping on by unmarked degrees, and at each step carrying a point and gaining an advantage, comes old Age, that dreadful enemy to men, that pitiless harbinger of disease and death. And, however gallant our resistance may be, however resolute our intention of withstanding to the last, and dying victorious over age if conquered by death, we are overcome in the end. Year by year we lose ground steadily when once the Rubicon is passed and the war between our youth and time has begun; and we never get it back. The first grey hair is the first flag of triumph which the enemy unfurls; the first undeniable wrinkle is the first breach made in the outworks, irreparable and ever widening; and nothing can bring down the first or build up the second again. Crafty appliances may conceal the damage done, but they do not change the fact. Not a fortune spent in the costliest hair dyes ever made

by chemist and barber in concert, can restore the lost gold, or turn those silver tresses back to their original blackness. They can make a good pretence, just as lacker can make base metal look like fine gold. But the reality remains the same. The core of your fine gold is, in spite of polish and color, only base metal; and old age is not cheated of the substantiality of his victory because dyes and paints fashion out a youthful vizard, which in the beginning of things can make the false appear the true. Underneath the glossy flattery of the dye are the silver streaks from which age has banished the color of youth; underneath the fair surface made up of paint and powder lies the reality of seams and puckers, which are the finger-marks of time—of crow's feet trodden thick about the eyes, of furrows ploughed deep across the brow, and channels cut and scored round about the lips. Age can afford to laugh at my lady's clever devices for her disguise. They arrest nothing, if they seem to stop all, and only delay the moment of public surrender by a few months at the best. Those rouge pots and crystal vials of *blanc de perle* do not constitute the bloom of youth, though they say they do; and what is more, they soon show that they are of art, not nature. They are like the crossed straws laid across the road to arrest the progress of the witch, and which never did arrest it. They only make a feint of holding the way, while the witch steals on quietly and irresistibly, as a mist steals over the mountain side, as darkness creeps across the face of the earth when the sun has gone down. As time goes on, the enemy becomes too strong even for the bravest pretences of art and science to mask his works. Dye becomes patent; rouge and *blanc de perle* deceive no one but the wearer thereof; pads and stays, puffings and pinchings, are of no more effect in giving roundness to the "ruckle of bones" to which that ungallant Time has reduced Hebe, or in keeping down the monstrous load of flesh which the former sylph now carries, panting, than the galvanic battery has power to make the dead bird fly and seek its mate. Ruddle on the cheeks does not give the lost lustre of youth to the dim and swollen eyes; enamel, though laid on with a trowel, does not brace up the loose flesh nor give back the soft roundness of the young throat, nor pare off the superfluity of skin that hangs from the broadening jowl. No artificial support can bring swiftness to the tottering steps or straightness to the failing knees. Year by year the enemy waxes stronger, and the pretence work

grows more transparent; till at last the supreme moment comes, when the flag has to be struck, and the surrender formally made—when the former belle, the old-time beau, has perforce to confess to the march of time, and the ravages committed on the way.

Some, however, fight on to the end, and never surrender, even when beaten on all points. They go to the grave, trodden down by Old Age, only dying because the machine is fairly worn out, but convinced that their youthful disguise was never seen through and that the enemy has been held at bay to the last—in appearance. But what miserable creatures those are who go on with their pretence work to the end! They are more like marionettes than human beings, and forego all the advantages of one state, while losing all the beauty of the other. Neither young in fact nor old in dignity, they are nowhere in the ranks of humanity. The youthful laugh at them, and will have none of them; and they will not join the corps of the aged, where they belong. They put themselves to absolute torture to keep up the semblance of the state they have lost, but they do not keep it up; and the torture goes for nothing, save to the increase of the ridicule they cultivate so diligently. One meets them about the world, and one shudders involuntarily as one watches them. Living lessons are they to the young, who, however, think, in the plentitude of their strength and the pride of their beauty, that they can never come to be as old as these miserable antediluvians! Or, if such a miracle could be worked, then that they will be wiser, not to speak of brighter and better preserved; and that they will be always more beautiful, because more natural. And not even when they begin with just that dash of white and red for night wear to conceal the traces of the day's fatigue, with just that trial-bottle of auricomus fluid to brighten up the dulling gold—not even then will they be persuaded that they have enlisted in the army of the make-believes, that they are bent on foiling the forces of time by pretence works—that they will be of those who refuse to grow old even at the command of half a century of decadence.

But it is not in the loss of mere physical beauty that the ravages of time and the approach of age are most felt and bewailed. If eyes lose their brightness they also lose their sharpness, and blink and wink in the twilight as the grandmothers used to blink and wink so many years ago. They cannot see to read small print as they used, nor to mend pens, nor

to thread needles, nor to do fine work of any kind. To be sure, it is all the fault of the printers, and the needlemakers, and all the rest of them. They are all in a conspiracy not to make things so good and clear as they used to be in the days when the poor blinking orbs were fresh and bright. And voices are changed too. No one speaks as of old. What has come to the present generation that it mutters and mumbles as it does? Why cannot it speak out as distinctly as we spoke when we were young? Our father used to scold us, we remember, for mumbling. We did not mumble, and he was deaf. But that is quite different from things as they are now. We are not deaf; and the present race of talkers do mumble. And surely hills are steeper and miles longer than formerly. They never seemed to be so difficult. Or have we become strangely delicate in these latter times? We used to be strong and active a few years ago. We cannot understand the change that is creeping over us, and fear that we are settling down into a state of dire disease. So we are; the most dire disease of all, the most unconquerable; that for which no remedy has yet been found—the disease of growing old. We are faint often; weary always; our nights are sleepless; our days hang heavily on our withered hands; our food has lost its flavor, and the daintiest dishes that our *cordon bleu* can prepare are tasteless, while the rough meats of our youth—oh, how delicious they were! All pleasures pall on us; we have seen everything before, and nothing is as good now as it used to be; our emotions will not come at our bidding, our fancy is dead, and our imagination is laid in the same grave. We do not love as we used; and the present passes by us like a dream.—*Queen.*

SCIENCE---ART---NATURE.

LYELL ON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

SIR CHARLES LYELL thinks that though the whole human race spread from a single starting point, it does not follow that all are the descendents of a single pair; that Agassiz *may* be right in the opinion that the great divisions of the human race proceeded each from a distinct parentage; that the human race is

more ancient than the period assigned to it in Scripture; that it has risen from a lower state of civilization to a higher; that though Mr. Darwin has not proved his position, there is yet reason for supposing that the changes in the organic world have been effected by the gradual modification of older forms; and that the amount of power, wisdom, design, forethought, required for such gradual evolution of the different forms of life, are as great as though it were the work of separate creation. He tells us we should weigh the evidence, and not our wishes in all conclusions which we may draw on these very important points.

TUBERCULAR CONSUMPTION—ITS CAUSE.

Dr. MacCormac thinks that tubercular consumption is to be attributed more to breathing vitiated air than to severity of climate. When people live mostly out of doors, and have free ventilation in their houses, especially at night, consumption will be almost altogether unknown.

RECENT UPHEAVAL.

It appears that there has been a recent upheaval of the Patagonian coast. Prof. Agassiz, writing of the geology of the Straits of Magellan, says that a mile back from the coast, he found, nearly one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level, a salt pond containing marine shell-fish, some of them still living, of species common on the adjacent coast.

BARK-LOUSE OF THE APPLE-TREE.

The male of this animal has been at last discovered. In some places, where the male is not to be found, the creature is dying out; but in those districts where it is to be seen, the insect is multiplying rapidly.

HOW EELS ARE PRODUCED.

Some think they are produced from horse hairs. Certain it is, that animals may be found in water no thicker than the hair of a horse's tail, but that these grow into plump fat eels is a hard tale to swallow. It is now affirmed that they live in the ponds and rivers, and go down to spawn in the sea—thus reversing the processes pursued by the salmon, shad, etc. Ercolani, an eminent physiologist, says the eel is a hermaphrodite, and that the organs

of generation are only perfected in the sea, where the spawn is cast; and that thence the young make their way inland to the bogs and ponds, in which they so much delight. This, too, needs confirmation.

CHANGES OF CLIMATE.

Greenland was once capable of supporting a large population; now, it is uninhabitable, being covered with snow and ice all the year. Cold, however, has decreased elsewhere. Gaul and Germany have become milder since the days of ancient Rome. The Danube and the Rhine were frequently frozen over, and the reindeer and moose once lived there. The white fox once inhabited the coast of Thrace. Perhaps we shall yet have mild winters in our Maritime Provinces.

A FISH STORY.

A story is told by Walton of a pike three hundred and fifty pounds weight, measuring nineteen feet in length, caught in 1497 in a fish pond near Helibron, in Suabia, with a ring fixed in its gills, on which was engraved: "I am the fish which Frederic the Second, governor of the world, put into this pond 5th October, 1233." Its age must then have been over two hundred and sixty years.

Mr. Frank Buckland professes to have a portrait of this fish. Those who like may swallow this fish story. It is a large one.

NEW USE OF SAWDUST.

Alcohol, it appears, can be obtained from sawdust. If alcohol is to be made, it would be well that it could be procured from some such useless substance. We have plenty of that article, and, for the benefit of those who may wish to experiment, we give the process: Into an ordinary steam-boiler, heated by means of steam, were introduced 9 cwt. of very wet sawdust, 10-7 cwt. of hydrochloric acid, and 30 cwt. of water; after eleven hours boiling, there was formed 19-67 per cent. of grape sugar. The acid was next saturated with chalk, so as to leave in the liquid only a small quantity (half degree by Ludersdorf's acid areometer); when the saccharine liquid was cooled down to 30 degs., yeast was added, and the fermentation finished in twenty-four hours. By distillation, there were obtained 26.5 litres of alcohol of 50 per cent. at

15 degs., quite free from any smell of turpentine, and of excellent taste. When all the cellulose present in sawdust might be converted into sugar, 50 kilos. of the former substance would yield after fermentation, 12 litres of alcohol at 50 per cent.

CAUSTIC SODA.

A new method of preparing caustic soda is given by M. Tessié du Motay, in *Les Mondes*. One equivalent of sulphuret of sodium is mixed and fused with one equivalent each of caustic soda, hydrate of lime, and metallic iron (cast or malleable.) When these substances are heated to redness, the sulphuret of sodium is completely converted into caustic soda, and sulphuret of iron formed. M. du Motay considers that the water of the hydrate of soda or lime is decomposed by the iron, which, becoming oxidized, hydrogen is set free, oxide of sodium formed, and then sulphuret of iron, the soda being separated from the last-named substance by lixiviation with water. In another process the sulphuret of sodium is first converted into a basic phospate of soda, and then into caustic soda, by means of caustic lime. This item is for our very scientific readers.

GOLD IN SEA WATER.

The *Chemical News* gives a very interesting paper "on the Presence of Gold in Sea Water," by R. Sonstadt. The proportion of gold in sea-water is stated to be less than one grain to the ton; consequently, especial precautions are necessary to detect and obtain this very small quantity. The processes given are said, however, to be very satisfactory.

THE THUNDERBOLT.

Has any of our readers seen the thunderbolt strike and noted its action? A writer in the *Scientific American* says he had a view of a stroke of this kind of lightning at about eight rods distance. It struck a tree, rent it from top to bottom, passed off to a cart tongue laying near, into and through a pile of railroad ties, and into the railroad track about two rods distance. It was seen by six other persons, and the size, as it appeared to all, seemed to be as large as a bushel basket. They were in a building on a rise of ground facing the tree, and had a most perfect view of it. Undoubtedly there are a good many in the Dominion who have seen such strokes, if they would take the trouble to answer.

THE SUN AND THE ORIGIN OF STORMS.

Mr. John Hepburn says: "I have seen that all gusts coming up in the morning come from the eastward, all about noon from the southward, and all after sunset from the westward; thus clearly proving, to my mind, that the rays of the sun drive the storm, as it were, away from him after their electricity has fired and lit it up. Let the interested please observe, and they will find it so, I believe, in all cases."

HOW CERTAIN CREATURES TRAVEL.

Professor Morse tells us the curious modes in which certain creatures move. Microscopic animals swim in the following style: These move rapidly through the water by means of little oars or *ciliæ*. There are creatures which are destitute of shape and yet can form any part of themselves into stomach and digestive organs, or can temporarily assume forms which give them means of locomotion. Others throw out arms and seize their food, but yet have no specific shape when at rest.

Belonging to a higher order are the jelly fish. These strange creatures which, while in the water, are perhaps as large as a wash tub, if dried scarcely weigh an ounce. They do not move by means of muscles, but by cells independent of each other, which, by contraction and expansion, answer the purpose of paddles.

The star fish is among the most curious of ocean forms, having his mouth in the centre of his body, his eyes at the end of his arms, and a series of suckers, constituting locomotive appendages, thrown out from beneath the animal in the water. If the star fish wishes to travel, he attaches these suckers to whatever is ahead on the ocean bed before him and pulls himself forward. The common fresh water mussel has large muscles, which give motion to a long foot which it wedges into the sand, and then, by contracting the foot, draws the shell after it. As they work along the shore, these fresh water mussels make grooves in the sand by which they can be tracked; in fact, wherever such a groove is, a mussel can usually be found at the end of it. There is another fresh water shell-fish which darts out its foot with great rapidity, and as suddenly contracts it, and by this propulsion swims through the water. The shell that pincushions are made of—the scollop—is that of an animal which swims by opening and closing its shells,

forcing the water out from between them. The cuttle fish has two broad fins behind and a series of long arms in front. It draws in water as most shell-fish do, but, unlike others, pumps it out in front so that it swims backward, though it has also, by other means, the power of swimming forward.

Worms move by means of little bristles which stick out from the sides of the body, and are used to hold part of the body while the rest expands, or while part expands the rest contracts, and thus the worm is drawn forward in sections. This is the case with the common angle worm. Among the crustaceans, the lobster either crawls forward with his legs or jumps backward by strokes with his tail. The eyes, mounted on the end of long feelers, can look over the shoulder of the animal while he is jumping backward.

In commenting upon lepidopterous and hymenopterous insects, the lecturer stated that, as with birds, if the wings are small, they move rapidly; if large, slowly. The grasshopper was referred to as having a variety of modes of locomotion; and the cheese mite or "skipper," it was stated, hopped by coiling his head and tail together in a ring and pulling them suddenly apart with a snap. After illustrating the movements of the fish and frog, those of the snake were explained. Its locomotion is obtained by means of scales, which are thrust against the ground by motions of the ribs, actuated by powerful muscles. It results that if a snake, though capable of the most rapid movement on the ground, be put on a smooth surface like that of glass or varnished wood, he will wriggle with great efforts, but make no forward progress.

The variety of functions performed by the muscles of the birds and the singular shapes of their bills, adapted to their various modes of feeding, were next illustrated. The arms are to become the organs of flight, and the bones are bridged, and trussed, and modified so as to give the requisite power. Below the heel and bones are extended and anchylosed so as to furnish the requisite prehensile strength. The tendons naturally close the toes when the weight of the body rests so as to bend the leg; thus the bird rests securely on its perch. Hence, also, the fowl always shuts its toes as it lifts them, because bending the leg draws the tendons. The modification of the arm in the bat still leaves it an organ of flight.

In the lower vertebrates we have simple fins; going up step by

step the functions of the arm by degrees escape the need of use for locomotion. The higher the grade of animals, the greater the power of the arm for other purposes than that of locomotion. The monkey uses the arm and hand for a great variety of other purposes, such as for feeding itself, and the female monkey holds its young to its breast by means of its arms. At last with man the arm becomes a cephalic appendage, and is no longer used for purposes of locomotion, unless, indeed, he drives a hand car. Step by step among the lower animals we may trace the improvement of organ and of function until we reach its highest development in a species where only the lower limbs are employed to carry the body, and the upper become exclusively the servants of the brain.

CONCHOLOGY.

What is Conchology, as seen in museums and cabinets, but a collection of husks and rinds of things that are dead and gone? We treasure the envelope, having lost the letter; the book is destroyed, and we preserve the binding.

Not one person in a hundred who decorates his apartment with shells, can tell whether the living creatures they once contained had eyes or no eyes, were fixed to the rock or drifted with the sea-weed, were purely herbiverous, or, by an insinuating but unamiable process, dieted on the vitals of other mollusks, their neighbors, and were, therefore, as we might say *ichthoniverous*. The Radiata, and the rest of their allied tribes, are still less inviting to the common run of men and women, since they puzzle and worry even philosophers and practised naturalists. We are told that Mr. Charles Darwin, one of the most celebrated and patient naturalists of the age, has been, for some time past, engaged upon the barnacles, and has well nigh been driven to despair by the slipperiness of their character.

THEOLOGY AND SCIENCE.

A writer takes the Editor of the *Scientific American* to task for affirming that Theology taught the earth was flat, while science proved it round, and maintains that at no time did theologians assert anything which was not asserted by the great mass of the scientific men of the day; that the Copernican and Newtonian systems were originated among theologians; that Augustine sug-

gested the antiquity of the earth, and the very interpretation of the Christian narrative, which scientists pretend to despise as modern make-shifts, he announced more than thirteen centuries ago; that it may be proved by actual quotations that the Copernican system was promulgated, as a theory, by Christian theologians against the objections and the ridicule of the scientists of their days; and that it is a gross misrepresentation of facts to state that theologians have made these assertions with any more confidence than scientists have made them; or that they are the cast-off clothing of theology, rather than of philosophy.

The advance of science to-day, he says, is as antagonistic to the science of yesterday as it is to the theology of a thousand years ago. How lately was the fixedness of species a doctrine alike of theologians and scientists? But now behold we have the new doctrine of the evolution of species, held by both. It is just as difficult to harmonize the two theories as to harmonize the old with that new theology which is growing up around our scientific progress.

A writer in the *Scientific American* says: There are none but cowards who, for policy's sake, to-day allow their better thoughts to be crippled and trampled upon by the popular dogmas, which yet hold our struggling nation in chains of mental slavery. For freely expressing their opinions, men should have the honor and respect of every progressive mind, whether they cater to the old established and rusty dogmas or not. It is by the free expression of our thoughts that truth is developed. Open your ears first and listen, then open your mouth and speak. This, to-day, is a free country. The said editorial I much admire, as will thousands of others. I have been a scientist and theological student for some twenty years. I seek truth, not to cloak any special idea under.

As to the scientific facts of the day, we have no divisions of sects, which only exist as to some abstract points which are minor, and on which the evidence is not fully demonstrative. But in theology, let any one demonstrate any point or doctrine now held by the same rule as is demanded in science, and see where he will land. Schisms in theology are numerous, in science, few; hence let science be made the standard of truth, and let it sit in judgment.

COLORADO FLOWERS.

A traveller among the Rocky Mountains tells us of the Gilia:

The startling, blazing crimson of the gladiolus was but an ineffectual comparison to the splendor of the colors of these native floral maidens. Rearing their tall stems upwards two and a half feet, surmounted with the dazzling crimson, pink and white bells, and millions of them in sight, hardly permitting room for the foot to rest without breaking one—it was indeed a 'joy never to be forgot.'

Acres of sunflowers were strewn along our track. Then too, we saw the Mexican poppy, with its pure white, delicate leaved blossom, upward turned as if to drink in the exhilarating sunlight; the ipomœa, or Rocky Mountain creeping convolvulus, hung for us its blue, bell-like blossoms; myriads of little prairie roses blushed with their light pink bloom; lupins erected their stately blue heads, and scores of others, till we were fairly bewildered. * *

Imagine, then, some of the delights of floral rambles and botanizing among these Rocky Mountains. Perhaps the botanist now coming may not find anything new, where so many have gleaned the field before, but he will always be entranced with the profusion of the flowers, the unusual brilliance of colors, the grandeur of the mountains, the ascent of the peaks, the sublime, inspiring atmosphere, the exhilaration of spirits, and, best of all, a grand appetite, with invigorated bodily powers.

Go, then, to Colorado, and enjoy, besides the flowers, its canons, its scenery, and life-giving atmosphere. One fact seemed curious to me. At elevations of eight thousand feet, I found better lands, a better climate, the temperature was more equable, grass greener, almost perennial in growth, and cattle grazing the year round. Flowers, too, were more profuse and brilliant. Above this the air is too cold and forbidding. Below this brings you to the warm plains, uncertain showers and dry grasses.

THE HOT SPRINGS OF GARDINER'S RIVER.

There is a calcareous deposit from these springs which announces the approach of the traveller to them. A traveller says: The snowy whiteness of the deposit, sparkling under the sunlight, presented the appearance of a frozen cascade. The next day a closer inspection revealed new beauties to our gaze. The upper plateau, elevated about two hundred feet above where we were encamped, was covered with little pools from six to eight feet in diameter, and varying in depth from a few inches to several feet. The

edges were rounded by the outflowing water as beautifully as if carved by hand; indeed, they resembled the basins of artificial fountains. The interiors were stained with yellow, red and green from the deposits of sulphur, iron and copper with which the waters are charged, the whole resembling an artist's palette covered with patches of most brilliant colors. A white cloud of steam rises from the mouth of the main spring flowing from the crest of the hill. It is about thirty feet in diameter, while the water is so transparent that one can gaze into the ultramarine depth, but look in vain for the bottom. The temperature of the water is one hundred and thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. The water escapes into the basins below, where one can bathe, regulating the temperature according to the distance from the source. The edges of these natural bath tubs are decorated with a beautiful bead work that it would be almost impossible to imitate by art.

Not less wonderful, though not so beautiful, is a calcareous cone rising from out the plane skirting the mountain, to a height of fifty feet, with a diameter at the base of about twenty feet. It is evidently an extinct geyser, and is formed, like the High Rock spring at Saratoga, by the deposit of the never ceasing flow, forced upwards by the pressure beneath. This, from some natural cause, is gradually closed at the summit. It stands as a monument of a former age.

The country from this point became more difficult to travel, as we were approaching the land of canons. Several tributaries of the Yellowstone here empty themselves into the main river.

THE GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

Two days march brought us to the mouth of the great canon. Riding along the high plateau crowning its side, we first noticed the basaltic columns, capping the opposite bank with a regularity resembling Art more than Nature, and presenting an appearance not unlike a fortification. It is similar to the formation of the Giant's Causeway, and reminded me of that curious place. The scene below was almost fearful to behold, the river fairly lashing the rocks in its rapid descent at the bottom of the canon one thousand feet deep. The roar of the great falls first announced its presence, and a rapid ride, though scarcely apace with our eagerness, brought them in view.

What shall I say in their praise? How describe them? Mont-

morency excels in height; Niagara, in grandeur and force; Trenton, in beauty; but the great Yellowstone Falls combine the beauty of all three. The river flows smoothly as it approaches this, the natural floodgate of the great lake, until, narrowed by the rocks, it precipitates itself over the ledge and falls three hundred and fifty feet on the rocks beneath, sending up a cloud of spray and making a roar that can be heard for miles around. Grandeur and sublimity only can describe the scene.

THE EXPLODING MUD SPRINGS.

About ten miles above the falls we came to a most interesting group of hot springs, named the "Seven Hills." One of these had a powerful steam vent, making a noise resembling a high pressure engine, which we named "Locomotive Jet." The temperature was one hundred and ninety-seven degrees Fahrenheit, which at this altitude is boiling point. The crust surrounding the mouth is ever hot, and yet so strong that we could walk over it; and the entrance can only be approached on the windward side, so burning is the cloud of steam emitted from the cavern.

SILVER MINING IN UTAH.

Here is something about Utah, and how they mine the silver there, as observed by a correspondent of the *Evening Mail:*

"Ophir city," says the writer, "is an admirable specimen of the mining camp of our country. Two years ago the canon was in primeval loneliness and desolation; to-day it is lined with log houses and lumber shanties, while billiard saloons, bowling alleys, a telegraph station, and a bank exchange are established institutions.

"On Sunday morning I turned out for a *douche* under the mountain stream, and then started to explore the Miner's Delight. At so great an altitude as 7,000 feet above the sea-level, exertion becomes very oppressive, the air being so rarefied, and the lungs feeling as if they didn't get half enough air or inspiration; the nose is liable to bleed, and if that should occur, the difficulty is to get it to stop. I escaped this latter casualty, and after a stiff climb, during which we paused frequently to admire the scenery and take breath, arrived at a yawning chasm, piercing deep into the bowels of the earth, closed with a wooden gate. That opened, I left daylight, and, putting one foot in a loop while I balanced

myself with the other, was let down a shaft some 170 feet in depth to a chamber excavated out of the solid rock, whence galleries branched out in different directions. The interior of a silver mine is to the unskilled visitor not very interesting; he is unable to discriminate between the varieties of ore, and the general appearance presented to his eye is that of a dull yellow or greyish rock, crumbly in texture save where strata of quartz or granite intervene. Here and there the galleries opened into spacious chambers, propped and supported by strong logs of timber where the vein has branched out. There has as yet been no native silver discovered in this locality, the precious metal being found as sulphide, chloride, and pyromorphite in juxtaposition and combination with every known metal, tin alone excepted. Lead, iron, copper, and antimony are found in large quantities, and traces of gold are occasionally met with. The former ones are neglected, and the latter has not been discovered in sufficient quantities to justify exclusive attention to its production. The surface formation is limestone, but on the deep levels the course of the vein is traceable through the primary stratum. In mines as yet undeveloped the attention of the miner is confined to the external deposits, which are unreliable in continuance; whereas in those which are worked by capital, deep shafts are sunk with a view to striking the main lode and so securing an unfailing supply.

There are three methods by which the silver is extracted from the ore, two of them—milling with stampers and working in an araster—being based upon the power which mercury possesses of forming an amalgam with silver and gold; the third being a melting process by which silver and lead are run off into ingots of impure metal technically termed bullion. Those ores which contain twenty-five per cent. of lead are melted, while the other ores, in which copper, antimony, iron, and sulphur are present, are treated by dry or wet milling. In melting, an ordinary melting furnace is charged with alternate layers of charcoal, ore, and flux, and a steam blast, on the same principle as that used on locomotive engines, is introduced to create a violent draft and so expedite combustion. There are two tap holes at different distances from the base of the furnace, through the upper of which the slag flows out, while the base bullion is run off from the lower aperture into moulds.

"Milling may be divided into the dry process in a damp mill, and

the wet process in an araster. In the former, the ore is first baked in a kiln and then reduced to a fine powder by the continued action of heavy rammers or stampers, which fall upon it and crush it to an almost impalpable dust. If the ore contains sulphur, it is then mixed with common salt and submitted to the action of fire in a reverberatory furnace; the sulphur is sublimated while the chlorine of the salt takes its place. When sufficiently roasted, the powdered ore is conveyed to revolving barrels with mashers in the interior, mercury and a little water are introduced, and the apparatus is agitated for about six hours until all the silver has been taken up by the mercury to form an amalgam, which is then drawn off and strained through a common leather bag. The uncombined mercury drains off, leaving a compact amalgam about the consistence of putty, which is retorted; the mercury distils away and is condensed for future use, and the silver remains in a porous state. It is then remelted and cast into ingots of pure metal ready for the market. The araster is a Mexican machine, and is a cheap substitute for the more expensive outfit of the stamping mill. It is worked by water and consists of a large tub, some seventeen feet in diameter, floored with rock; a transverse bar, to the extremities of which ponderous stones are attached, revolves above, and the tub is filled with a mixture of pounded ore and water. The stones revolve until the grit is all worn away, and then the fluid is transferred to the amalgamating barrels. The remainder of the process is identical with that described above.

So much for mining, milling, and smelting. There are a number of mining districts around Salt Lake city; in fact, every canon is a district.

A MILLION DOLLAR TELESCOPE.

The *Manufacturer and Builder*, in noticing the fact that Congress has appropriated fifty thousand dollars to pay for a twenty-seven inch refractor for an Astronomical Telescope, calls attention to the want of liberality usually shown by our public men, in respect to expenditures for scientific instruments. It thinks there is no difficulty in obtaining money to build engines intended for destruction, such as monitors, but, when it comes to devices that are solely capable of adding to human knowledge and augmenting human happiness, then the purse strings are drawn tight, and money grudgingly given. Our cotemporary thinks that an appro-

priation of a million dollars to build a large telescope ought to be passed, and that science ought to be aided and encouraged in the same liberal style on all suitable occasions. The editor further believes that if such a telescope were to be capable of killing people at the rate of a thousand souls a minute, the million dollars would have been paid out and the machine constructed long ago.

It may be interesting, in regard to this matter, to give an account of the largest telescope constructed, and a few hints about what we may expect of a million dollar telescope.

The large telescope, commenced by William Herschel in 1785, was finished in 1789; its objective was a reflecting metallic mirror of four feet diameter, and of nearly two thousand pounds weight; the focal length was thirty-six feet. It magnified objects six thousand times in their linear dimensions, or thirty-six million times their superficial area. Herschel found, however, that the penetrating power depended on the size of the objective. A small objective of long focus causes the rays to be diffused so much that little light is left; and by using the telescope with different sized diaphragms, he found that, while with a small opening he could only see to a certain distance in the heavens beyond the stars visible by the naked eye, he saw much farther by using the full opening of his telescope. By the latter, he saw nebulæ so distant as to totally escape vision when using a diaphragm with smaller opening, which was equivalent to a smaller objective. He further found that some nebulæ could be resolved into stars, and others could not; and it was supposed that this was a confirmation of La Place's nebular theory, these nebulæ being assumed to be future planetary systems in their incipient condition.

The next large telescope was constructed by the late Lord Rosse. It had a reflecting objective of six feet diameter, and a focal length of fifty-three feet, and magnified objects over ten thousand times in linear dimensions, or one hundred million times in their superficial area. With this telescope, many of the nebulæ not resolvable into stars by Herschel's telescope were resolved, and it was a question whether all nebulæ could not thus be resolved, if only a still larger telescope than that of Lord Rosse was used.

This problem, however, has since been solved without building such a large telescope, as the spectroscope has proved that most of these unresolvable nebulæ consist of glowing hot hydrogen gas.

The magnifying power of a telescope is found by dividing the focal length of the eye-piece into the focal length of the objective. It follows from this that the magnifying power increases with the focal length of the objective, which regulates the length of the tube, and is in an inverse ratio to the focal length of the eye-piece. Some very long telescopes have been made, of over one hundred feet length, mounted on a stick in place of a tube; but as the objectives were very small, the great magnifying power was counterbalanced by the small amount of light they received; and they had a total lack of penetrating power, and could be of use only for observations of such highly luminous celestial objects as the sun. For a successful instrument, the size of the objective must, therefore, be proportional to the length of the focus; and an objective of say twelve feet diameter, with a focal length of one hundred and twenty feet, would be the thing to be desired, unless, indeed, these dimensions could be exceeded. If such an objective is ground to a very true parabolic curve, it can stand a very strongly magnifying eye-piece, that is, one of very short focus. Suppose that the objective is so truly ground and polished that it could stand an eye-piece of one-twentieth of an inch focus, with which to magnify the image of the distant object formed in the focus of the objective; the magnifying power would then be equal to one hundred and twenty feet divided by one-twentieth of an inch, or one thousand four hundred and forty multiplied by twenty—twenty-eight thousand eight hundred times the linear dimensions, or over eight hundred million times the surface.

Such a degree of magnifying power would make the moon an interesting object for the geologist, showing the results of ancient volcanic action undisturbed by the effects of air and water. As the moon is at a distance of nearly two hundred and forty thousand miles, a magnifying power of twenty-eight thousand eight hundred would bring it to a distance of about eight miles, and then the theory that the moon cannot be inhabited would be practically verified.

In regard to the planets, Mars would be brought to within four thousand miles, and thus would be apparently sixty times nearer than the moon; and it would have a visual diameter of fifty degrees, or one hundred times that of the moon. As this is the only planet which, according to the latest scientific revelations, has conditions so similar to those of our earth as to make it highly

probable that it is inhabited, the observations of the same would perhaps be the most interesting of all, as the works of men, such as cities and roads, could certainly be distinguished.

It is impossible to speculate on what such a telescope would discover in regard to the other planets or the vast regions of the firmament; let us hope that some day the amount of capital necessary will be forthcoming, on the most liberal scale, for the progress of the most sublime of all the sciences.

LETTERS FROM HIGH LATITUDES.

THE Earl of Dufferin, in 1856, wrote "Letters from High Latitudes," which have recently been reprinted in Toronto in a neat volume. The first letters in the volume are written from Scotland; one is devoted to the voyage, and the remaining ones to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen. The letters are written in an agreeable, off-hand style, revealing betimes the peculiar feelings of the high-minded nobleman. At first, not being accustomed to see females wait on the table, as they do in those regions, he felt himself spontaneously starting up to take the burden from them when they came in with dishes; after a time, as custom reconciles to anything, he was able to sit as coolly as his neighbors in presence of the waiteresses. He makes his apology for speaking to a traveller who came in great haste to see the spouting of the Geysers without an introduction; but adds, apologetically, that the stranger was a Frenchman. The Earl was quite at home among the Scandinavians as regards their drinking customs, being taught to avoid "heeltaps," and drink upon the nail. We have quite a large amount of tragic and mythic lore, with many fine descriptions of natural curiosities and scenery. We may quote his account of the eruption of the Skapta Jokul, a mountain which has an area of about four hundred square miles, which have never been trod by human foot, and where it is impossible for man to penetrate:

"This event occurred in the year 1783. The preceding winter and spring had been unusually mild. Towards the end of May, a light bluish fog began to float along the confines of the untrodden tracts of Skapta, accompanied in the beginning of June by a

great trembling of the earth. On the 8th of that month, immense pillars of smoke collected over the hill country towards the north, and coming down against the wind in a southerly direction, enveloped the whole district of Sida in darkness. A whirlwind of ashes then swept over the face of the country, and on the 10th, innumerable fire spouts were seen leaping and flaring amid the icy hollows of the mountain, while the river Skapta, one of the largest in the island, having first rolled down to the plain a vast volume of fetid waters mixed with sand, suddenly disappeared.

"Two days afterwards a stream of lava, issuing from sources to which no one has ever been able to penètrate, came sliding down the bed of the dried up river, and in a little time,—though the channel was six hundred feet deep and two hundred broad,—the glowing deluge overflowed its banks, crossed the low country of Medalland, ripping the turf up before it like a tablecloth and poured into a great lake, whose affrighted waters flew hissing and screaming into the air at the approach of the fiery intruder. Within a few more days the basin of the lake itself was completely filled, and having separated into two streams, the unexhausted torrent again recommenced its march; in one direction overflowing some ancient lava fields,—in the other, re-entering the channel of the Skapta and leaping down the lofty cataract of Stapafoss. But this was not all; while one lava flood had chosen the Skapta for its bed, another, descending in a different direction, was working like ruin within and on either side the banks of the Hverfisfliot, rushing into the plain, by all accounts, with even greater fury and velocity. Whether the two issued from the same crater it is impossible to say, as the sources of both were far away within the heart of the unapproachable desert, and even the extent of the lava flow can only be measured from the spot where it entered the inhabited districts. The stream which flowed down Skapta is calculated to be about fifty miles in length by twelve or fifteen at its greatest breadth; that which rolled down the Hverfisfliot, at forty miles in length by seven in breadth. Where it was imprisoned, between the high banks of Skapta, the lava is five or six hundred feet thick; but as soon as it spread out into the plain its depth never exceeded one hundred feet. The eruption of sand, ashes, pumice and lava, continued till the end of August, when the Plutonic drama concluded with a violent earthquake.

"For a whole year a canopy of cinder-laden cloud hung over the island. Sand and ashes irretrievably overwhelmed thousands of acres of fertile pasturage. The Faroe islands, the Shetlands and the Orkneys were deluged with volcanic dust, which perceptibly contaminated even the pure skies of England and Holland. Mephitic vapors tainted the atmosphere of the entire island;—even the grass, which no cinder rain had stifled, completely withered up;—the fish perished in the poisoned sea. A murrain

broke out among the cattle and a disease resembling scurvy attacked the inhabitants themselves. Stephenson has calculated that nine thousand men, twenty-eight thousand horses, eleven thousand cattle, one hundred and ninety thousand sheep, died from the effects of this one eruption. The most moderate calculation puts the number of human deaths at upwards of one thousand three hundred; and of cattle, etc., at about one hundred and fifty-six thousand."

The description of "the churn" is worth quoting. The company had sat down by the side of the little Geyser, when—

"the whole earth shook, and Sigurdr, starting to his feet, upset the chess-board (I was just beginning to get the best of the game), and flung off full speed toward the great basin. By the time we reached its brim, however, the noise had ceased, and all we could see was a slight movement in the centre, as if an angel had passed by and troubled the water. Irritated at this false alarm, we determined to revenge ourselves by going and tormenting the Strokr. Strokr—or *the churn*—you must know, is an unfortunate Geyser, with so little command over his temper and his stomach that you can get a *rise* out of him whenever you like. All that is necessary is to collect a quantity of sods and throw them down his funnel. As he has no basin to protect him from these liberties, you can approach to the very edge of the pipe, about five feet in diameter, and look down at the boiling water which is perpetually seething at the bottom. In a few minutes the dose of turf you have just administered begins to disagree with him; he works himself up into an awful passion—tormented by the qualms of incipient sickness he groans and hisses and boils up and spits at you with malicious vehemence, until at last, with a roar of mingled pain and rage, he throws up into the air a column of water forty feet high, which carries with it all the sods that have been chucked in and scatters them scalded and half digested at your feet. So irritated has the poor thing's stomach become by the discipline it has undergone, that even long after all foreign matter has been thrown off, it goes on retching and sputtering until at last nature is exhausted, when sobbing and sighing to itself, it sinks back into the bottom of its den.

"Put into the highest spirits by the success of this performance, we turned away to examine the remaining springs. I do not know, however, that any of the rest are worthy of particular mention."

They had to keep watch four days to see the great Geyser rouse himself. He says:

"All the morning of the fourth day I had been playing chess with Sigurdr; Fitzgerald was photographing, Wilson was in the act of announcing luncheon, when a cry from the guides made us

start to our feet, and with one common impulse rush towards the basin. The usual subterranean thunders had already commenced. A violent agitation was disturbing the centre of the pool. Suddenly a dome of water lifted itself up to the height of eight or ten feet,—then burst and fell; immediately after which a shining liquid column, or rather a sheaf of columns, wreathed in robes of vapor, sprung into the air, and in a succession of jerking leaps, each higher than the last, flung their silver crests against the sky. For a few minutes the fountain held its own, then all at once appeared to lose its ascending energy. The unstable waters faltered,—drooped,—fell, 'like a broken purpose,' back upon themselves, and were immediately sucked down into the recesses of their pipe.

"The spectacle was certainly magnificent; but no description can give any idea of its most striking features. The enormous wealth of water, its vitality, its hidden power,—the illimitable breadth of sunlit vapor, rolling out in exhaustless profusion,—all combined to make one feel the stupendous energy of nature's slightest movements."

We have no doubt this volume will be sought after and widely read by the Canadian public, to whom we heartily recommend it.

GOOD WORDS.

Men think that their children must be governed; and their idea of governing is often about equivalent to a cooper's idea of holding a barrel together. He gets so many staves, and puts one hoop around them at the bottom, another in the middle, and another at the top; and then he drives the hoops home; and every stave is in its place; there is not one vagrant; and with good usage they will all stay where they are for a hundred years; but it is nothing but a barrel, after all.

Here are the children in a family, and there is a pattern character. It is attempted to bring them up according to that pattern character. They are cuffed here and driven in there, and watched everywhere. And when the hoops are put on and driven home, people say of them, "Perfect children." Perfect barrels! There is no real and natural life in them. The way to bring up children is to bring them up to know what are the laws that govern them in moral, social, and physical life. The way is to put them where

they will have to fight with each one of these laws, and subdue it. When a child has gone through this process, he has become a law unto himself. If you govern your children in the family, restraining them in every direction, and giving them no liberty, you make automatons of them.

I would rather trundle a wheelbarrow than be a curmudgeon in what men call "prosperity" in this world. Money in your pocket and hell in your heart do not make you prosperous. Reeking contempt, rasping selfishness, avarice that is vulgar and remorseless—is that prosperity? Is that what you want to live for? Was it for that that your dear mother brought you to the baptismal font? Was it for that that your father uttered prayers over your head every morning? Was it for that that there were well-springs of sentiment and aspiration opened when you came into life? Was it for that that you came down into life with full freight of anticipation? Was it to pile up money, and waste manhood? Does prosperity come in that way? You cannot have any prosperity that corrupts manhood. There is nothing prosperous which does not make you more than you are.

If I had my choice, I would rather live in a hovel, with a joyous, genial, kind, cheerful companion, in one room, with all my little delf on one little shelf; one room, redolent every day with true enjoyment; one room, with the companionship of one on whom the morning came full of brightness and sweetness; one room, and good digestion; one room, with songs enlivening the day; one room, baptized by the influences of religion; one room, where God's sweet angel of mercy has brought invisible gifts that never spend themselves—if I had my choice, I would rather live in one room in such a hut than in the resplendent mansion through which the prosperous man walks, and sees nothing that comforts him, and nothing that his eye delights to look upon.

The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odour, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example, that roll away from him, and go beyond his ken on their mission.

One reason why the world is not reformed is, because every body would have others make the beginning, and thinks not of himself.

No man can be happy in life without having some business that tasks him; for happiness means manhood. Quiescence brings no consciousness of enjoyment with it, though it may bring great profit. But no man has a business to which he applies himself assiduously, and which he sees succeeding, without enjoying himself. I do not know that there is any better enjoyment for a man than to have been mated to some vocation which suits his nature and disposition, to have heartily accepted it, and to make it the occasion, every day, of the activity of every part of his nature.

"Noise is human, silence is Divine." Undivine souls, therefore, feel that more or less noise is necessary to their comfort. In silence an uneasy feeling steals over many persons, as though they were breathing a strange element, or as though an invisible hand were about to be laid upon them.

The art of spreading rumors may be compared to the art of pin-making—there is usually some truth, which I call the wire; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point, others make and put on the head, and at last the pin is completed.

Too much care sometimes punishes itself, like the old lady, landing from the steamer in a shower of rain, who covered her new bonnet so completely with her gown that she missed her footing on the plank, and fell into the river!

We touch men by words. These are the thistledown which float upon the air like lifeless things, but where one bit alights a new life grows up. How much of ourselves goes out in our words!

The purest joys of earth are like those Eastern birds whose beauty is in their wings.

Generosity during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death; one proceeds from genuine liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear.

Much might be done in those little shreds and patches of time which every day produces, and which most persons throw away; but which, nevertheless, will make at the end of it no small deduction from the brief life of man.

The true motives of our actions, like the reed pipes of an organ, are usually concealed; but the gilded and hollow pretext is pompously placed in front for show.

If men are to be fools, it were better that they were fools in little matters than in great; dulness trimmed up with temerity is a livery all the worse for the facings; and the most tremendous of all things is a magnanimous dunce.

Leave company when you find you lose by it, and see that you cannot improve it.

While we preserve the adamantine shield of a clear conscience, terror can never strike a dart through it to our hearts.

Kindness is the music of goodwill to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

I suspect every nature must have the subsoil ploughing of sorrow, before it can recognise either its present poverty or its possible wealth.

To Readers and Contributors.

OUR resolve to prepare for this month's issue was so hasty that we gave forth to the printer almost at random the articles which herein are to be found. We feel satisfied that whatever judgment may be passed on this number, we shall be able so to improve succeeding ones that there will be no room for complaint. Some of the best articles, kindly forwarded to us for insertion, remain on hand, while several of our most brilliant writers have not yet sent in their promised contributions. Our next issues will be more of an eclectic character. We are not yet in a position to pay for the mental products of the most gifted authors, and we know that articles of a first class character cannot be had at first hand without money. Under these circumstances, we shall make such selections from the best writers of the age as shall, while not injuring them, but rather increasing their fame, give buoyancy and attractiveness to our Monthly, so as to make it a welcome guest in every house in the Maritime Provinces.—[THE EDITOR.

HARVARD COLLEGE
JAN 31 1922
LIBRARY

No. 2. Vol. I.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY,

A MAGAZINE

OF

Literature, Science, and Art.

FEBRUARY, 1873.

CONTENTS:

	Page
Western Newfoundland,	97
The Northern Light,	125
Up and Down the Rigi,	127
Rachael and Jacob; a Quaker Story,	143
How I Found Livingstone in Central Africa,	144
The Grave-Digger,	158
The New Schoolmaster of Punch Bowl; a Newfoundland Christmas Tale	159
About the Hearth,	165
The Fairy Bird,	169
Town or Country?	177
Dalhousie College and its Gazette,	180
Musings in the Woods,	182
The late Bulwer-Lytton,	183
St. Valentine's Day, B. C. 530; from the Greek of Anacreon,	187
Science—Art—Nature,	188
Good Words,	192

J. & A. McMILLAN, ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. & W. MACKINLAY, 123 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.
DAWSON BROS., Montreal.

$3.00 per Annum in Advance.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS, SUCH AS COUGHS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

AMONG the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effectual remedy for all diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS. A vast trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of CONSUMPTION, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing COUGHS, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence: and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome INFLUENZA and painful BRONCHITIS, when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Sole Agency for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia,

H. L. SPENCER,

MEDICAL WAREHOUSE, 20 NELSON STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

GENERAL PATENT MEDICINE AGENCY FOR THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

MR. SPENCER would call the especial attention of Country Merchants and Consumers to a general assortment of PATENT MEDICINES, FANCY ARTICLES and TOILET GOODS, which by particular arrangements with the Manufacturers, he is enabled to supply to Dealers on the most FAVORABLE TERMS.

☞ *Correspondence and Orders solicited.*

THE MARITIME MONTHLY.

THE Proprietors have determined to make this a First Class Magazine. Writers of known ability in the Provinces are engaged to supply Sketches, Tales, Serials, etc. Arrangements are being made to secure a first class Serial.

Persons having suitable original Tales, Sketches, etc., are requested to forward them addressed to "The Editor Maritime Monthly, Saint John, N. B.," for approval, with the price. If approved, remittance will be made on publication; if not, manuscript will be held to order of the author.

The favour with which the Maritime Monthly has been received gives assurance of success.

Advertisements and other business matters may be arranged with Mr. David McAlpine, Halifax, N. S., or his accredited agents.

To Agents we propose the following terms:

For $10 we will send four copies to any one address.
" 18 " " eight " " "
" 25 " " twelve " " "
" 40 " " twenty " " "

Subscribers in St. John and vicinity will confer a favour by paying their subscriptions to J. & A. McMillan, St. John, N. B.

CONTENTS OF FEBRUARY NUMBER.

	PAGE
Western Newfoundland: a New Home for Emigrants,	97
The Northern Light,	125
Up and Down the Rigi,	127
Rachael and Jacob: a Quaker Story,	143
How I Found Livingstone in Central Africa,	144
The Grave-Digger,	158
The New Schoolmaster of Punch Bowl: a Newfoundland Christmas Tale,	159
About the Hearth,	165
The Fairy Bird,	169
Town or Country?	177
Dalhousie College and its Gazette,	180
Musings in the Woods,	182
The late Bulwer-Lytton,	183
St. Valentine's Day, B. C. 530: from the Greek of Anacreon,	187
Science—Art—Nature,	188
Good Words,	192

W. MYERS GRAY,

Broker and Solicitor, &c.,

139 HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

Attends to the Sale & Purchase of Stocks, Shares & Debentures.

ALSO, TO SELLING AND LETTING HOUSES, LANDS AND PREMISES.

Collects Rents, Debts, and other monies on Commission, and makes prompt returns.

AGENT

For the Sale of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company's 7.30 Gold Bonds.

And for the Sale of the P. E. Island Government Debentures in Nova Scotia.

WILLIAM CROWE,

133 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

GENERAL AGENT FOR THE

"RAYMOND" SEWING MACHINES,

FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING.

PRICES FROM $15 and UPWARDS.

THE excellent reputation these Machines have attained, renders it unnecessary to do anything in the way of puffing their merits. The subscriber claims to be the largest importer of SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES in these Provinces, dealers will find it to their advantage to send for a Price List before purchasing elsewhere.

NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, BOBBINS, &c., &c., &c., for all kinds of Machines, always on hand. Also—TWIST, SILK, LINEN, COTTON, OILERS, OIL, &c., &c.

All kinds of SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED, ADJUSTED, and put in order promptly, and at reasonable charges.

MACHINES HIRED BY THE DAY OR WEEK.

No. 2.—Vol. I.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY,

A MAGAZINE

OF

Literature, Science, and Art.

FEBRUARY, 1873.

J. & A. McMILLAN, SAINT JOHN, N. B.
A. & W. MACKINLAY, HALIFAX, N. S.
DAWSON BROS., MONTREAL.
1873.

(ESTABLISHED A. D., 1840.) (ESTABLISHED A. D., 1840.)

M. S. BROWN & CO.,

Jewellers and Silversmiths,

128 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

OFFER A COMPLETE STOCK OF FIRST CLASS GOODS IN THEIR LINE.

Fine Gold Jewelry.

Elegant Suites of BRACELET, BROOCH and EARRINGS.
Rich, Opera, Guard, Brooch, Albert and Neck CHAINS, &c.
A superb assortment of Ladies' Gem RINGS.
Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, Opal, Pearl, &c., including all the newest designs.
GOLD, WEDDING, and GUARD RINGS,
The new *Patent Safety Shield*, an elegant addition to a Lady's or Gent's Chain, rendering it impossible to be lost with one of these attached.
Our assortment of LOCKETS, STUDS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, SCARF PINS, GENTS' RINGS and the various small articles incident to a general Stock, will be found very complete.

M. S. BROWN & CO.,
Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

Watches.

First class English Patent Lever and Swiss WATCHES. Self-winders and other styles, from noted makers.
An especially good assortment of Ladies' Hunting and Open-Faced WATCHES in Engraved, Chased and Enamelled Cases. Really Good SILVER WATCHES are also offered at very moderate prices.

M. S. BROWN & CO.,
Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

Sterling Silverware.

A Stock of Table, Dessert and Tea SPOONS, Table and Dessert Forks, &c., &c., of our own manufacture, always on hand at lowest rates.
The highest price given for old SILVER in cash or exchange.

M. S. BROWN & Co.,
Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

Electro-Plated Goods.

SPECIAL TO HOUSEKEEPERS, HOTEL AND BOARDING HOUSE PROPRIETORS.

Our Stock will be found most complete and includes everything needful for Table use.
Rich and elegant Tea and Coffee SERVICES, WAITERS, EPERGNES, FRUIT STANDS, BERRY DISHES, CRUET FRAMES, ICE PITCHERS, BUTTER COOLERS, &c., &c.
Our E. P. Spoons, Forks, Ladles, &c., by the test of actual wear over a series of years, are favorably known throughout the Province, and have proved a perfect substitute for Silver at a very moderate cost.
An unequalled stock of Plated Table, Tea and Dessert Knives and Fish Eating Knives and Forks.
Finest quality Steel Table CUTLERY, with superior Ivory handles suitable to use with Silver or Plated Forks.

M. S. BROWN & Co., Granville Street, Halifax.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1873. No. 2.

WESTERN NEWFOUNDLAND:

A New Home for Emigrants.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

"EMIGRATION," says Arthur Helps in his recently-published '*Life and Labours of Mr. Brassey*,' "is a subject which must have the deepest interest for all thoughtful men in this over-populated country, which will yet have to consider the whole question of emigration with far more care than it has hitherto bestowed." The statistics of emigration show that 250,000 emigrants annually leave the shores of the United Kingdom, the destination of the great bulk of them being North America. During the twenty years ending in 1868, nearly five millions emigrated from British ports. The magnitude of this exodus, and its influence on the destinies of Britain and her Colonies, demand the thoughtful consideration of statesmen. It is of vast consequence to those who stay at home, and to those who are already settled in the Colonies, in what regions these millions take up their abode, and in what relation they are likely to stand towards the Mother Country. The conviction is gaining ground among thoughtful men, that the supervision of this vast living stream, which is every year increasing in volume, must be assumed by Governments. How to control and direct it intelligently, and for the best interests of all concerned; how to guide its ever-swelling rills, so that the correlative work and workers shall be rightly brought together, and the labour and capital of the nation find the best outlets in

fresh lands, is a problem on which the ablest statesmen will have to try their powers ere long. It is felt, more and more, that a matter of such vital moment to the interests of the Empire cannot be safely left much longer to the unorganized efforts of individual enterprise, but must be reckoned as falling within the legitimate sphere of Government, and constituting the most essential work of a Colonial Ministry, in conjunction with Colonial Governments. To collect and diffuse accurate information regarding the condition and wants of the Colonies; to appoint and superintend agents of emigration, and to aid and direct the moving masses so that labour may find at once its proper field,—these may be fairly reckoned among the most important functions of a governmental Department. A Minister of Emigration, to act as the Moses of the new Exodus, and guide the whole organization, would be indispensable. There can be little doubt but the near future will see Emigration thoroughly organized, and like the Post Office and the Electric Telegraph, placed under governmental control, to the great advantage of those whose interests are involved.

It is marvellous to think of this mighty stream of emigrants, now taking its way from the British Isles across the Atlantic. The railway and the steamship have already accelerated the march, and will continue to pour in fresh contingents to swell the increasing host. New empires spring up where they land, and "the desert is made to rejoice and blossom as the rose." Away into the western wildernesses the railway stretches, preceding population and pioneering civilization, and so guiding the advancing columns to their new homes. The world has witnessed no such spectacle since the day when Abraham first took the pathway of western emigration across the Euphrates. It is a proof at once of the vigorous life of a free people, whose natural overflowings thus find fresh territories, and of the severity of the "struggle for life" in the Old Land. The wise Pericles long ago told the Athenians that they must colonize to prevent their fellow-citizens being degraded by poverty; and the same necessity operates to-day in Britain, far more powerfully than in Athens. The most effectual remedy for that poverty, which, in the midst of abounding wealth, constitutes the saddest blot of modern civilization, is emigration. The benefit is felt in two ways,—in the easing off of men for the time crowding on their work, and in the supply of more work to those who remain, by commerce with the off-shoot settled in fresh

lands. The advantage is mutual; and the whole community find the benefit of opening every healthy outlet to the energies of the people, and enabling labour, when redundant at home, to find a demand for itself in other lands. Poverty may thus, to a large extent, be anticipated and prevented among the labouring classes. The Colonies have a boundless extent of unoccupied land, and only want population in order to reach unbounded wealth; while the great want of over-crowded Britain is land, on which to spread her population and capital. What is wanted then is the freest possible opening of these fresh lands, and the wise guidance of men to their work, under intelligent and honest "captains of industry."

In this paper I propose to show that in "Britain's most ancient Colony" there is an unsuspected field for emigrants within five or six days' sail of the shores of England, where half a million of people might at once find a comfortable home; where the soil is fertile and richly timbered, the climate healthy and agreeable, the harbours spacious and accessible, the seas around swarming with fish, the coal-fields, marble, gypsum and lime-stone beds extensive, mineral treasures of lead, copper and iron, abundant, with a back-ground composed of the unexplored interior of an Island larger than Ireland, over which roam countless herds of the finest reindeer, and where the varieties of game are enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic sportsman.

After passing through the dense fogs which usually overhang the sub-marine banks of Newfoundland, the first western land sighted by outward-bound vessels is Cape Race, the most southern point of the Island of Newfoundland. Should the destination of the voyager be a port on the St. Lawrence, he finds himself, after a few hours more of steaming, passing between two lofty headlands which are but fifty miles apart. These are Cape Ray, on the south-western extremity of Newfoundland, and Cape North, on the most northern point of the Island of Cape Breton, which stand as sentinels guarding the gateway of Canada. At Cape Ray, the Newfoundland coast-line trends sharply northward, and here the West Coast begins and stretches to Cape Bauld, a distance of four hundred miles. This western shore is indented with several noble bays, the finest being the magnificent Bay of St. George, evidently destined by nature to form the seat of a prosperous and extended population. From its size, it might with propriety be named a Gulf, being forty miles wide at its entrance, and fifty miles in

length. It is long and tapering, and receives at its head and along its southern shore numerous streams and rivers. A long, low tongue of land runs out at the southern side of the Bay, forming a safe and spacious harbour. Its position is in every respect admirable. It is sheltered by a range of hills from the chilling north-easterly winds that sweep over the eastern shores, and is quite out of the range of the fogs rolled in from the Banks by southerly breezes. In connection with the future of the Dominion of Canada, the Bay of St. George holds a very important place. A glance at the map shows that it commands the entrance of the Gulf and controls the St. Lawrence shores of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, with Prince Edward Island, the large harbours and fisheries of the St. Lawrence, Chaleur and the Magdalen Islands, and also secures the Straits of Belle Isle and the coast of Labrador. Its fertile soil, fine timber, valuable fisheries, and extensive coal fields, all indicate its capabilities of sustaining a large number of inhabitants, and all prophesy for it a prosperous future. We cannot doubt that the day is not far distant when the shores of this fine Bay will be dotted with towns and villages, and a swarming, busy population, farming, lumbering, fishing, shipbuilding and mining, will occupy its hills and valleys. In addition to all this, in Mr. Sandford Fleming's plan of a railway across the Island, St. George's Bay is named as the western terminus. This line will be the natural extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway, having its eastern terminus at St. John's, and thus bringing Europe within four days' steaming distance of America, and making the favourite travel-route between the Old World and the New to be across Newfoundland. In connection with such a project, the importance of settling the Bay of St. George is easily perceived. Were this fertile region populated, and connected by railway with the rest of the Island, a market for its produce would be found along the thickly-peopled eastern shore, where are the chief fishing centres, whose inhabitants would then find supplies of food, fuel and timber within the bounds of the Island. Along this line of railway, piercing the interior, agricultural settlements would be formed, villages and towns would spring up, the products of the mines would be transported to the seaboard, and rills of emigration would be conducted to every suitable locality. An Island whose area is considerably greater than that of Portugal, and nearly four times that of Belgium, would be opened up; and instead of being ignorantly

regarded as a barren rock, shrouded in chilling fogs, would speedily become an attractive home for some portion of those swarming myriads from the parent hive, who annually pass its shores, to seek a less desirable residence thousands of miles farther west. When to its rich and inexhaustible sea-harvests are added the hitherto unsuspected resources of its soil, forests and minerals, it will take an important place among its sister Provinces.

In these days when the advance in the price of fuel has brought the "coal question" home to every man's fire-side, any intelligence regarding new coal fields cannot fail to be acceptable. I am prepared to show that around the shores of St. George's Bay, as well as in other districts on the West Coast, there are extensive coal-beds which, though yet almost unexplored, give promise of great productiveness. The nearest coal deposits to those of Bay St. George are the Sydney beds; and it is not unreasonable to suppose it probable that there will be a general analogy in the character of the measures on the opposite sides of the water dividing them. Several years ago, Sir William Logan wrote, "At Sydney there are four workable seams, measuring altogether upwards of fifteen feet in a thickness of three thousand feet, that at the bottom being three feet; and no time should be lost in determining such facts as will make it known whether these seams exist, or may reasonably be searched for, by capitalists, in the carboniferous areas of Newfoundland." When such a high authority as Sir William Logan pronounces in favour of the probability of a continuation of the magnificent coal seams of Sydney on the Newfoundland side of the water, and earnestly urges a diligent search for their discovery, valuable results may fairly be anticipated when the region is duly explored. Already the anticipations of the eminent geologist have been abundantly confirmed, and the existence of fine workable seams of coal in Bay St. George is now placed beyond all doubt, the quality of the coal being such as specially fits it for steam fuel. A short time ago, Professor Bell of Canada, discovered a bed of coal three feet in thickness, near Crabb's River, about eight miles from the coast. This was a re-discovery of the same seam which the late distinguished geologist, Professor Jukes saw, during his visit to St. George's Bay, more than thirty years ago. He describes it as three feet in thickness, of excellent quality, *much of it being cannel coal*, so valuable for the manufacture of gas; and, as the top was wanting, he concluded that it belonged

to a still thicker seam. He says in his Report that "there is no doubt of there being more beds in the vicinity, and of the probability of all the centre of this low district being occupied by a productive coal field." The banks of the brook on which he found the coal seam, he describes as consisting of red and white sandstones and marls, "exactly like the new red sand-stones of England." The formations on the spot where the coal comes to the surface he describes thus: "On the west bank of the brook was some grey clunch and shale, on which rested a bed of hard, grey sand-stone, eight feet thick, covered by two or three feet of clunch and iron-stone balls, and two feet of soft brown sand-stone, with ferruginous stains, on which reposed a bed of coal three feet thick." This, he concluded, from the dip of the rocks, to be "only the lower part of a bed, instead of the whole. The quality of the portion thus exposed was good, being a bright caking coal." The coal area here Mr. Jukes calculated to be "twenty or thirty miles long by ten wide;" the tract being "an oval, forming the centre of the country, bounded by the sea coast on the north, and the ridge of primary hills on the south." It is also worth noting that at a short distance from this spot Mr. Jukes heard of a salt spring, and on tasting the water in several of the little rills in the neighbourhood, he found it quite brackish. The discovery of salt springs in this locality may thus be regarded as highly probable. As to the probable extent of the single seam near Crabb's River, Alexander Murray, Esquire, F. G. S., formerly one of Sir William Logan's colleagues in the Geological Survey of Canada, and for the last five years Geological Surveyor of Newfoundland, has laid down the position of the outcrop upon his map, in order to show where workable seams were likely to occur in St. George's Bay, and he calculates that the plane of the seam there drawn, supposing it to be only three feet in thickness, and occupying an area of thirty-eight square miles, would contain 54,720,000 chaldrons of coal. Of course it is not to be expected that the whole of this is accessible; but there is a high probability that much of it will be found within workable depth. Strange to say, though the existence of this extensive coal field was known thirty years ago, it was not till the present year (1872), when the high price of coal stimulated research, that capitalists were induced to turn their attention to it. Numerous licenses, securing right of search in the neighbourhood of the outcrop referred to, have been recently secured, some of

them by Canadian speculators; and boring operations will shortly be commenced. Explorers are at work at present; and at Indian Head, in another part of the bay, a seam of coal is reported to be discovered. A thorough survey of the whole valuable region is urgently required. Many other seams will probably be discovered in the area between Cape Anguille and the head of St. George's Bay. The excellent quality of the coal found is an important consideration. I am not aware that cannel coal, so valuable in the manufacture of gas, has been found elsewhere on this side of the Atlantic.

Bay St. George is not the only locality in which coal is to be found on the West Coast. Mr. Jukes has also established its existence on the north-eastern shore of Grand Lake, where precisely similar beds occur to those forming the south side of St. George's Bay. This series of beds is composed of red sand-stone and marl, passing upward into brown and yellow sand-stones, interstratified with beds of brown, yellow and blue marls, clunch and shales, and dipping at various angles of inclination, but generally moderate ones, toward the east and south-east. In exploring here, along the margin of a small brook, Mr. Jukes found a bed of *cannel* coal six inches in thickness. An Indian assured him that he had seen a bed three feet thick in the brook below this point, three years before. "This," says Mr. Jukes, "was probably true, as I saw many banks in the same brook where such beds might have appeared, but which were then covered with wood and rubbish that had fallen from above." There is a large extent of level country around this locality, and as they approach this tract, "the beds become more horizontal and regular. It is therefore highly probable that coal may be found over the whole or greater portion of it." "We went some distance further up the brook, but could find no more beds, though we picked up a lump of good coal six inches thick, and apparently a part of a larger mass; and as the current of the brook is very rapid, and its bed rocky, it must necessarily have come from above. What I have seen, however, was sufficient to prove that all these clays and sand-stones, extending through the flat country round the head of the pond, belonged to a coal formation, containing no doubt good beds of workable coal." This flat country, which has never been examined since Mr. Jukes paid it a hasty visit thirty years ago, is of very great extent, and stretches away towards the head of White Bay, on the north-east

coast. It may contain extensive coal seams more valuable than those of Bay St. George. The whole of this coal-bearing region is most easy of access from the head of White Bay. One day, its solitudes will re-echo the scream of the locomotive; a busy, mining population will bring its hidden treasures to the sunlight, and perhaps transform it into the Lancashire of Newfoundland. It is but a short distance from the copper-bearing region in which the now celebrated copper mine of Tilt Cove is situated, which has just been purchased by an English Company for £150,000 sterling. This metalliferous zone is believed to run through the centre of the Island, and is of great extent. Copper and nickel have been found at various points, although only the coast has been examined, the interior being yet unknown. There are indications of magnetic iron and iron-stone along the northern and eastern shore. It is of vast importance, therefore, that, at a short distance from these mineral treasures, this coal-bearing region is found. St. George's Bay, too, as I shall show presently, contains magnetic iron, and Port-au-Port, which is close at hand, lead, copper, and possibly petroleum. A country which possesses all these advantages has every element of prosperity, and with a fertile soil and a healthy climate, requires only the presence and industry of man to rise into greatness. Coal in proximity to minerals renders a prosperous future certain. When we take into account, besides, the position of these coal-bearing regions, their treasures are enhanced in value. St. George's Bay is on the highway between Britain and Canada, and passing steamers can coal here much more readily than at Cape Breton. Wood fuel is every year becoming scarcer and dearer in every town on the Atlantic border; hence the vast importance of those stores of fuel which nature has laid up in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Newfoundland. Should the Canadian Pacific Railway have its eastern terminus at St. John's, it will be of vast consequence that it should pass through a coal region in St. George's Bay, from which supplies can be obtained, as from the coal beds of Vancouver's Island, at the other extremity of the line.

Let us now glance at the agricultural capabilities of Bay St. George. More than a quarter of a century ago, the Surveyor General of the day paid a professional visit to this part of the Island, with a view of reporting on its resources. He estimated that it was capable of supporting in comfort, from one to two hundred thousand inhabitants, from the produce of the soil alone,

without taking into account its minerals and fisheries. "The soil," he said in his Report, "is deep and rich, and when the trees and stumps are removed from it, no further obstacles exist to prevent the land being at once brought under the plough: while the husbandman has at hand lime-stone and gypsum sufficient for the most extensive farming operations, and in addition to which, kelp, a most valuable manure, may be collected almost to any extent. To clear land near St. John's, and generally on the eastern shore, so as to fit it for the reception of a crop, costs from £4 to £15 per acre. To put an equal quantity of ground in a similar state at St. George's Bay would not involve an outlay beyond forty or fifty shillings." Mr. Murray, Geological Surveyor, estimated lately that the extent of land around the shores of St. George's Bay, without taking into account the interior, which was available for settlement, was 225 square miles, or 142,800 acres. In addition to this, Mr. Murray says that "On the north shore of the Bay there is a considerable area of fine agricultural country, equal to 19,200 acres." "The present settlement of this fine region is limited to some straggling farms along the coast, on either side of the Bay, on which excellent crops of grass, potatoes and turnips are raised." "Between the hills and the southern coast of St. George's Bay the land is level, or undulating for the most part, thickly grown over by a fine growth of mixed forest timber, and drained by numerous streams, several of which are navigable for small boats or canoes for several miles inland." "Winter wheat has been grown successfully on Mr. Romain's farm on the north side of the Bay, and the hardier varieties of the grain might no doubt be cultivated to a large extent." "Many of the small farms maintain good stock of cattle, sheep, horses, pigs, etc., the condition of all which gives ample testimony to the capabilities of the soil on which they are raised."

In confirmation of the foregoing statements, I may quote the testimony of the Rev. Thomas Sears, a Roman Catholic clergyman who has been resident in St. George's Bay for a number of years: "As the soil here is surpassingly productive, especially in the growth of various grasses, I believe there is no country, in our latitude, to surpass it for raising sheep or cattle. Of course the land will have to be cleared before there is much facility for grazing, although in many places, near the salt water, there are large tracts already yielding grass. I find that all over the peninsula

of Cape St. George, and the sea coast in general, wherever the trees are removed, either by fire, wind, or other causes, a spontaneous growth of grass springs up. This grass is good for grazing, and even, when protected, yields a good crop of hay." Mr. Sears gives an instance of a settler on a river running into the Bay, who, having cleared one square mile of land, raised on his farm last year 240 tons of excellent hay. The river on which this settler resides is fifteen miles in length, and the land is equally good throughout its entire extent. In the more favoured localities, he says, there are meadows giving hay for the last nineteen years, without getting a particle of manure, and the nineteenth crop is better than the first. "To my own knowledge," he adds, "there are plains on either side the Bay of St. George some thirty or forty miles long, and in some places fifteen or twenty miles wide, traversed by rivers, and quite as fertile as the one I have described." "The hay is so good that at St. Pierre it is sold for £8 per ton." "The want of mills prevents the people growing cereals to any extent." "The wood is abundant and of excellent quality, at least for all ordinary purposes of farmers. The birch, which is abundant, is an excellent article of fuel, besides its well-known use for ship building. There is another tree here called the balm tree. It grows so luxuriantly on the large interval tracks of the river-margins, that, viewed from a distance, this fine looking tree reminds one of the oak forests of the Old World, or the maple groves of the neighbouring Colonies. The timber is very light, something like that of the aspen, and is as soft to cut as the cedar. For inside work it combines the gloss or polish of hardwood, with the facility of being worked or dressed peculiar to pine. It covers hundreds of acres, and grows to a size of three or four feet in diameter."

On Flat Bay Brook, which falls into St. George's Harbour, at a short distance from the coast, stands Cairn Mountain, twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is so named from a Cairn erected on its summit by the celebrated Captain Cook when engaged in triangulating the coast. In the neighbourhood of this mountain the Geological Surveyor found so many detached fragments of magnetic iron, that he concluded there must be large masses at no great distance. The settlers call Cairn Mountain "Steel Mountain," from the belief that it contains masses of iron. Just now, various reports are current about the discovery of this magnetic iron ore "in place," and numerous mining licenses have

been taken out, with a view to search for this valuable mineral, which, if found so close to a coal-bearing region, will be doubly valuable. In addition to iron, gypsum is found in such quantities as to be valuable as an article of commerce, as well as for agricultural purposes.

All visitors to Bay St. George speak in rapturous terms of the beauty of its scenery. Mr. Jukes in his Journal describes it as "gently undulating, with a fine short turf, not unlike some English landscapes." From a a rising ground, at the spot where he landed, he saw "a tract of low, undulating land, covered with a rich sea of wood, stretching away into the interior for fifteen or twenty miles, backed by a range of blue hills in the horizon that rose towards the south-west, while toward the north-east they died away and coalesced with the hills at the head of the Bay." The rich-looking valley, with its bright waters winding away into the woods, he describes as "a most lovely and almost English picture."

The fisheries of St. George's Bay are exceedingly valuable, and to these the attention of the inhabitants is largely directed, to the neglect of the soil, in too many instances. Cod, salmon, herrings, seals and smelts, are taken in large quantities. Captain Brown, of H. M. S. *Danae*, engaged last year in the protection of the fisheries, says in his last Report: "The herrings in St. George's Bay are abundant, and the catch *unlimited*. Every man takes as many as he thinks he can cure. This year, about thirty thousand barrels are ready to go to Halifax and elsewhere. The inhabitants of St. George's harbour number about seven hundred, and are a well-to-do people, earning among them £35,000 per annum. This sum may seem excessive, but they catch herring in the spring, then salmon, and, later, cod. They have lately taken to go to Labrador for cod fishing. The salmon fishery they are doing their best to ruin. Dams, weirs and nets are set right across the rivers. Seals are sometimes caught in the Bay. Smelt is also taken every month in the year."

The climate of St. George's Bay is many degrees warmer in winter than that of Canada, Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, while the heat of summer is never oppressive. In an article in *The Canadian Naturalist* for March 1870, Dr. Bell, of Canada, says of the West Coast generally, "along the river-flats, in the valleys, and on 'the barrens,' when these are drained, and the country a little more cleared, there will be room for thousands of farms, and

the hills will afford walks for immense flocks of sheep, and pasture for countless herds of cattle, the surplus of all which will find a ready market at the ports and fishing stations, at the lumbering, manufacturing and mining establishments which, ere long, will make this old and neglected Colony one vast scene of active and profitable industry. The climate of the Island is favourable to the development of its agricultural resources of every kind. Instead of the cold, foggy atmosphere which is generally supposed to hang over the Island, quite the reverse is the case. The air is clear and warm, and the temperature during the year remarkably equable, the mercury in winter seldom falling below zero of Fahrenheit's scale, or in summer rising above 90 degrees, while the mean temperature of the year is about 44 degrees. I never saw finer weather than during the two months I was on the Island. It is only on the south-west corner that fogs prevail to any extent, from the proximity of that part to the Gulf Stream."

According to the census of 1869, the total population of St. George's Bay is 1,414, about half being resident at Sandy Point and Indian Head, St. George's Harbour. Notwithstanding the great disadvantages under which the people of the West Coast labour, from the want of roads and regular communication with the outside world, the increase of the population is wonderfully rapid. In 1857, the population of this region was 3,334; in 1869, it was 5,384, being about 64 per cent. in twelve years; while the population of the rest of Newfoundland, during the same period, increased only at the rate of 16 per cent. There could not be a more conclusive proof of the great natural advantages possessed by this neglected region. When its resources are really turned to account, what may we may not expect in the way of material progress!

From St. George's Bay we pass to the Codroy Valleys, lying between it and Cape Ray. The Great Codroy River falls into the sea in latitude 47° 50′ 14″; longitude 59° 19′ 55″, between fifteen and sixteen miles north from Cape Ray, and about six miles south-easterly from Cape Anguille. There is a narrow gut between the sea and the expansive, shallow estuary of this river. Banks of sand and gravel, which are frequently shifting, render this entrance difficult and dangerous even for small craft,—a contrast in this respect to the fine harbour of St. George. Were this channel cleared of its impediments, vessels of considerable tonnage could

enter, and would find inside the gut an excellent harbour sheltered from all winds. On the coast, four miles south from the outlet of the Great Codroy River, is Larkin Point, immediately south of which the waters of the Little Codroy River are poured into the sea. The fine valley, enclosed between these two streams, is bounded on the south-east by the Cape Ray mountains, rising in some places to a height of two thousand feet, and on the northern side by the Cape Anguille range, whose highest elevations reach thirteen hundred feet, and are richly covered by forest trees nearly to the summits." Of the Codroy Valley, the Geological Surveyor says, in one of his Reports: "The area occupied by level or gently undulating land, in the valley, amounts, by rough measurement on the plan, to about 75 square miles, or 48,000 acres, a very large proportion of which is available for settlement. For the most part, the country is well wooded with stout mixed timber, consisting chiefly of spruce, balsam firs, yellow birch frequently of large size, white birch and tamarack. The islands and flats of the lower part of the Great Codroy River yield a luxuriant growth of wild grass, affording an ample supply of admirable fodder for cattle. Notwithstanding the very rude process by which the land is cultivated, the crops produced of grass and roots highly testify to the excellence of the soil on which they are grown. Cattle and sheep are raised upon most of these small farms, producing most excellent beef and mutton, besides dairy produce of the very best description. The greater portion of the Anguille, and some portion of the lower slopes of the Cape Ray ranges also, are quite capable of improvement, and if cleared of timber, and sown in grass, would afford grazing land not easily surpassed in any country."

To this emphatic statement of such an intelligent and experienced observer as Mr. Murray, who spent nearly twenty years in the Geological Survey of Canada, we may add the no less favourable testimony of the Surveyor General, which he put on record nearly a quarter of a century ago: "The extent of land between the Great and Little Codroy rivers, and on the north side of the former, may, from the examination made, be estimated to contain an area equal to seventy thousand acres. The whole of that space consists of a rich loam capable of the highest degree of cultivation, and fit for the production of any description of crop. Limestone is readily obtained, and can with little trouble be made to contribute to the support of the land where it is so abundantly

found. Timber of the most valuable description covers, for the most part, the tract here referred to. Birch trees, measuring from five to seven feet in circumference, were found within a quarter of a mile of the shore; while others of a larger growth may be readily procured at a short increased distance from it. Amongst the birch is mingled spruce and fir of all sizes, suitable either for the erection of houses or the construction of vessels. From information obtained at Codroy, little doubt exists that coal may be procured, and that without much difficulty, towards the eastern end of the river. Lying to the north of the valuable tract of land referred to, is found a range of hilly ground admirably adapted for grazing; its natural productions consisting of a herbage which early in the summer attains a height of between two and three feet." "In closing the remarks on this river, it is doing no more than justice to say, that it would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful or picturesque scene than the whole presents; and whether with reference to the soil around it, to its fisheries, or its geographical position, forming as it does part of the Northern Head, and therefore commanding the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a more desirable and important place for a settlement could scarcely be found. Codroy is about three hundred miles from Halifax, and not more than double that distance from Quebec, and is nearly in the same latitude with the latter place."

In a letter dated "Little Codroy River, September 25th, 1872," the Rev. Dr. Howley says of this valley: "It is a vast plain, almost entirely covered with a dense growth of enormous timber, for the most part hardwood, birch, etc., some of which are more than twenty feet in circumference. This tract of land is bounded on the north and south by two ranges of magnificent mountains, wooded almost to the summits. It is about twenty miles wide at the sea shore, extending from Cape Ray to Cape Anguille, and stretches some sixty to one hundred miles inland. It is watered and drained by two beautiful rivers, running parallel through the whole length of it, about five miles apart, into which pour down innumerable tributary brooks from the mountain slopes at both sides, giving an alternation of interval and high or crop-land unsurpassed in its facilities for settlement, and presenting scenic views." This attractive spot has, however, been so entirely neglected and overlooked, that the settlers, numbering about one hundred families, are labouring under great difficulties. Dr. How-

ley tells us they have no roads, no schools, no available markets, no public grants; and that consequently they have made but a few rude clearings along the banks of the rivers, and content themselves with rearing such crops and live stock as are of use for their own consumption. He adds: "When we see the luxuriant crops, and consider the manifold produce of these few patches reclaimed from the primitive forest twenty years ago, *and never since manured*, we can form some idea of what might be done if these people had but the ordinary government aid to survey and allot their lands, to open up roads, and thus hold out to them the inducement of a market for their produce, I hesitate not to say that, in three or four years, they would supply the St. John's market with a sufficient quantity of hay and cattle."

There is a high probability that coal and other minerals will be found in Codroy valleys. Mr. Murray says: "The coal rocks were perceived to be distributed along the base of the Cape Ray mountains wherever visited, from Trevain Brook to the upper forks of the Great Codroy River." "Near the junction of the coal measures with the gneiss, on the Great Codroy River, some bands of a very ferruginous character were observed. These bands are of a reddish brown colour, are hard, brittle, and with a conchoidal fracture, the broken surfaces presenting occasionally a metallic lustre." "Gypsum," he adds, "abounds in the lower part of the carboniferous system, and is largely developed on the coast, near Codroy and in Bay St. George. The vast masses which come out in the cliffs, between Codroy Island and the Great Codroy River, can hardly fail to prove, some day, of *great value and importance.* Admirable building stone is found on Codroy Island. Some of the sand-stone beds of the coal formation, on the Great Codroy River, would produce good scythe-stones." Limestone beds he also describes as "occurring on the coast near Codroy, and thence cropping out at intervals near the right bank of the Great Codroy River." Thus rich in all that minister to man's comfort and material progress are these fine Codroy Valleys. A population of twenty thousand might find a comfortable home where now there are but six hundred settlers, too poor, indolent and spiritless to take advantage of the bounties at hand. Thousands of emigrants every year pass by this unknown region to seek settlement in far inferior regions further west.

Between the two regions I have described—Codroy and Bay St.

George—there is a considerable extent of country; but as there are no roads, it is rarely traversed, and little is known of it. An intelligent traveller, a native of Cape Breton, who had occasion to cross from Codroy to Bay St. George, recently furnished some account of his journey to a St. John's newspaper, from which I make the following extracts: "We passed through the settlement of Grand River, which extends some eight or nine miles from its mouth, this being as far as is navigable with a small boat. There are about fifty-three families settled along the banks of this river, on land which I believe is scarcely surpassed by any in the Lower Provinces for its fertility. But I cannot possibly conceive how these people can manage to farm without roads, mills, or any of the facilities which farmers deem so indispensable in other places." "We travelled some twenty-four miles above this beautiful and romantic river. There is a range of good upland, extending some nine miles above the settlement. This is studded with birch, spruce and fir; and then commences what is usually called 'the Big Interval.' This great tract of land I travelled for about fifteen miles either side of the river, some places extending over a mile in width. The extent and appearance of this splendid interval struck me so forcibly, that notwithstanding my ardent desire to reach my destination, I was seized with a desire to ascertain the nature of the soil. I could observe along the banks that the soil was exceedingly good, and four feet in depth, while the grass, balsam or balm of Gilead trees, and tall alders, gave abundant proofs of its surpassing fertility. I thought, as I passed over these neglected and uncultivated miles of rich and profitable lands, how careless the people of Newfoundland were to their own interests; and with what indifference they look on and see thousands of such acres, on this Western Shore, that might be yielding abundance, without an individual to appreciate their worth, or an effort made to rescue them from their pristine condition. As I ascended the mountain, previous to coming into the valley of Bay St. George, I took a survey of this vast and magnificent valley; and the same grand and pleasing sight was presented to view, unbroken by barrens or rocks, till the sight was lost amidst the dark and gloomy forest, which, robed in its sombre green, seemed to mourn the neglect in which the vale below was left."

The evidence thus adduced proves conclusively, that in Codroy and Bay St. George, there is a fertile belt of land of very consider-

able extent, easily reclaimed, covered with fine timber, much of it coal-bearing, and holding deposits of valuable ores, having gypsum and limestone beds in abundance, and possessed of excellent harbours. It would be difficult to find a more inviting region for settlers. The scorching summer heats and fierce colds which are so trying to the settler in Continental America, are here unknown. Fever and ague, the scourge of many parts of Canada and the United States, are unheard of here. Not one in a thousand is aware of the existence of such localities. The prevailing ideas about Newfoundland are gathered from such works as Warburton's *Hochelaga*, extracts from which are found in most popular compilations. How utterly erroneous are his statements may be gathered from the following extract, forming as it does such a contrast to the views presented in this article: "The barren soil and ungenial climate of Newfoundland defy the skill and industry of the husbandman; wheat does not grow; the scanty crops of barley and oats rarely ripen; from sheltered places near the towns a moderate supply of potatoes and garden vegetables is forced from the unwilling earth. There are a few cattle, the grasses being plentiful and nutritious. All else for the use of man comes from over the sea. During the summer, some of the lakes and bays are rich in a short-lived beauty. Few have penetrated into the interior for any distance: the hills as you advance rise into mountains, the shrubs into trees. There is an idea that the centre of the Island is a great valley, filled with numerous lakes and impenetrable morasses: none of the rivers are navigable far up the country, and there seems but little to tempt the explorer."

It would be difficult to compress into the same space a greater amount of misrepresentation regarding this Island than the foregoing extract contains; and it is a matter of regret that such careless statements should ever have come from the pen of the estimable author of *Hochelaga* and *Darien*. Thirty years have elapsed since Warburton visited St. John's. His stay was but of a few days continuance; and his knowledge of the country was acquired by a few casual conversations with the people he met; and yet, to this day, his chapter on Newfoundland is accepted as a standard authority on the subject.

North of St. George's Bay, between it and the Bay of Islands, extends the small peninsula of Port-au-Port. The few settlers here live chiefly by farming, the land in many parts of the Bay

being well wooded and good for agricultural purposes. The settlements are at West Point, Isthmus Cove, East Bay and Fox Island. Altogether, about twenty families reside in the Bay. They have a considerable number of cattle and sheep, and employ themselves, during the winter months, in making staves and herring barrels, which they dispose of to traders proceeding to the Bay of Islands. Halibut are taken in the Bay by American fishermen, and in the Boston market realise $6 per cwt. The best harbour is that of Piccadilly. This peninsula is almost unknown; and yet, the mineral indications which are reported ought to have ensured a careful exploration long since. The ores of lead and copper have been often met with, and in such quantities and positions as give reason to expect that a thorough search will be attended by successful results. Westward of Isthmus Cove, a deposit of lead ore has been reported, and copper ore abreast of Fox Island, on the other shore of the Bay. In his Report for 1866, Mr. Murray tells us that on the south side of the Bay of Port-au-Port, "galena or the sulphate of lead, is scattered in cubes or reticulates in strings associated with large rhomboidal crystals of calc spar." "The conditions in which this galena occurs are such as to warrant diligent investigation and trial on the part of mineral explorers, as there is great probability that, in some part of its course, the lode may be found to produce a remunerative supply of ore. Whilst in the neighbourhood of Port-au-Port, I was informed that native copper occurred in some part of the main coast farther north." Mr. Murray further states that there is evidence to show that in Port-au-Port, one of those detached troughs or basins of coal measures occurs, extending towards Bay of Islands; but he suspects the greater part of it is under the sea. He also mentions indications of petroleum having come under his observation. The events of the last few days have abundantly confirmed Mr. Murray's anticipations regarding the presence of lead ore. An explorer employed by the Telegraph Company discovered a large mass of lead ore, yielding, on analysis, from fifteen to twenty per cent. of pure lead, and having, it is believed, traces of silver. A block of this ore, two feet square, has been forwarded to St. John's, and gives promise that the discovery will prove to be of great value. The same explorer has also found copper in Port-au-Port. This is a striking proof of the value of a geological survey, and a remarkable instance of the prescience of the geologist pointing the way to a valuable

discovery. I may mention, in connection with this point, that it was on a hint from Dr. Dawson, of McGill College, Montreal, that an exploration of the north-east coast of Newfoundland was made, resulting in the discovery of the rich copper mine at Tilt Cove, the Doctor's opinion being founded upon the probable position of the serpentines which, in Canada, are copper-bearing, and the existence of which in Newfoundland, geology had indicated as highly probable.

About fifty miles from the north head of Bay St. George, the Bay of Islands opens, being fifteen miles wide at its entrance, where it is studded with lofty islands,—whence its name. This fine region, only second in importance to Bay St. George in regard to its agricultural capabilities, fisheries, timber and mineral treasures, contains as yet but two hundred families, the total population, according to the last census, being 947, settled along the banks of the Humber Sound and River. The Bay is spacious and easy of access, its length being about sixteen miles, with good and safe anchorage on the southern side. There are several arms extending from its eastern side, but these are as yet little known. The most important, however, is that arm which is known as Humber Sound, extending from the south-eastern part of the Bay about twenty-eight miles easterly into the country, with a width of more than two miles. At its head is the mouth of the largest and most navigable river in the Island—the fine Humber River. A range of hills called the Blow-me-down Hills, from eight hundred to one thousand feet in height, rises to the south of the Sound. The first or lower course of the river passes through a narrow gorge nearly three miles in length, having on each side lofty crags, which in some places shoot up perpendicularly from the water's edge to the height of a thousand feet. In flowing through this gorge, the river is in some places pent up to less than a chain in width, the current being strong and deep. Three miles from the mouth of the river a slight rapid is met, which is easily passed at high spring tides. Above this rapid the Humber opens out wide, flowing through a most beautiful and picturesque valley from three to five miles in width, with fine flat land on either side. The rise from the sea to the level of Deer Lake, Mr. Murray estimates to be only about ten feet. Deer Lake, through which the Humber flows, is fifteen miles in length and three in breadth. Around it, especially to the eastward and northward, is a fine

expanse of flat rolling country, reaching away, in the former direction, towards Grand Lake. "The land surrounding Deer Lake," says the Surveyor General, "is of a most fertile description, bearing on its surface pines measuring from three to four feet in diameter, with birch of scarcely inferior dimensions, and both these kinds existing in great quantities, and with such water-power within reach as would seem to invite the establishment of saw-mills, and at the same time to insure success to such an enterprise."

From Deer Lake to Grand Lake is an estimated distance of fourteen miles. The stream uniting the two, called Junction Brook, is rapid and difficult of navigation. The other branch of the Humber has a general north-easterly direction, till it comes to a fall ten feet in height, and ninety feet above the sea level. "Above this fall," says Mr. Murray, "the general course is said to be a little eastward of north for about eight or nine miles, where it reaches within less than ten miles of the head of White Bay; and then turning westerly for a few miles, runs along the base of the mountains, and finally turns south-westerly, and terminates at Adee's Pond, within about twelve miles distance from the head of Deer Lake, and some twenty miles from the eastern arm of Bonne Bay." The tract of country from Deer Lake to the western bend of the river, Mr. Murray estimates at an area of 429 square miles, or 250,000 acres, "at least one half of which is well adapted for raising almost any kind of agricultural produce."

Such then is the course of this noble river which, from its first rill in the gorges of the Long Range mountains to its mouth, is not less than 114 miles in length, and flows through a beautiful and fertile tract of country which one day will be thickly populated, its valleys waving with the yellow harvest, and hills covered with browsing herds. Through this region, now tenanted only by the bear, the wolf, the deer, the marten and the fox, will be one of the main lines of communication between the opposite shores of an Island which few are aware contains an area of 38,000 square miles, being nearly an eighth larger than Portugal. The river Humber is the outlet of Grand Lake, the finest sheet of water in Newfoundland, being fifty-six miles in length, and four to five in breadth, and enclosing in its middle a great island which has itself a length of twenty-two and an average breadth of two miles. Its south-western extremity reaches within sixteen miles of the harbour of Bay St. George, and its north-eastern end is but thirty or

forty miles from White Bay, on the north-east coast. Thus, from the Bay of Islands a communication can readily be opened which, passing through the Humber, Deer Lake and Grand Lake, will enter Bay St. George by a road of about sixteen miles in length. The country north of Grand Lake Forks is admirably adapted for laying out roads; and a road of less than ten miles from the northern bend of the river, would open up the whole country from the head of White Bay. There is sufficient water in the Humber and the two lakes through which it flows to float a schooner; but at present its rapids impede navigation. The difficulties thus presented can, as in similar instances, be readily overcome when once the country is settled.

The soil of the Humber district is deep and fertile, yielding, when reclaimed, excellent crops of all kinds. Limestone can readily be procured, and to any extent, for agricultural purposes. As to the extent of land fit for settlement, the Surveyor General reported, many years since, as follows: "The area of good cultivable land to be found on its banks and adjacent to it, it would be difficult to estimate, unless a more extended examination were made than has yet taken place; but from the resources which this part of our Island possesses in its herring, salmon and cod fishery, coupled with the great extent of land, which only requires the ordinary care of the agriculturist to insure a profitable return, it may not be extravagant to say that from a hundred to two hundred and fifty thousand persons could be readily located here, who would be placed in such circumstances and surrounded with such resources as would guarantee to the sober and industrious settler a comfortable maintenance." The Geological Surveyor, who examined this region in 1867, estimated the extent of land, more or less available for settlement, on the route through which he passed, at 250,000 acres. "Thousands of square miles have been laid out," he remarks in his Report, "in townships, and already partially settled, in Canada, either for purposes of lumbering or farming, on the northern shores of Lake Huron, and many parts of the Lower Provinces, far inferior in most respects to this region of Newfoundland, which, there can scarcely be a doubt, is capable of supporting a very large population." Captain W. S. Brown, of H. M. S. *Danae*, who visited the Humber last year, says in his Report: "Wherever the soil is cleared, crops flourish. Hay is very sweet and good, and the crops heavy. All sorts of vegetables grow

freely." An observant traveller, who explored this region two years ago, formed the highest estimate of it in an agricultural point of view, especially the district around Deer Lake. On the banks of Grand Lake he observed quantities of coal washed up, which had most probably been carried into it by some of the brooks,—a proof of its abundance in the neighbourhood. Many thousands of agricultural settlers, he concluded, might find a comfortable home in the valley of the Humber, while those living on the banks of the Sound could combine fishing, lumbering or shipbuilding with farming. In crossing the country from Hall's Bay he found everywhere an abundant vegetation, and the climate many degrees warmer than that of the eastern shore. The scenery too he described as splendid.

The lumbering prospects in the valley of the Humber are also excellent. The Surveyor General reported of the timber as follows: "The hard wood found here consists chiefly of the different descriptions of birch,—the yellow, called wych-hazel, within less than a quarter of a mile from the shore, was found measuring, at six feet from the ground, from five to seven feet in circumference; and soft wood, as pine, spruce, birch, etc., are to be had with as little difficulty: the whole consisting of a size sufficiently large for any kind of building, and in quantities abundant enough to become an article of export." Mr. Jukes describes the woods as consisting of "fir, larch, spruce, birch and pine, many trees being of good size and capable of affording good timber." Mr. Murray in his Report for 1867 says: "Independently of its agricultural capabilities, this fine tract of country seems to present inducements for other branches of industry and enterprise, in the quality of its timber, much of which is excellent. Tamarack or juniper is not rare; yellow birch of large dimensions is abundant; white pine and spruce grow in the greatest profusion, frequently of a size and quality not greatly inferior, if not equal to the best that is now largely brought into market in Gaspe and other parts of the Lower Province of Canada. Water-power to drive machinery is everywhere obtainable, either on the main river, as on the upper part of the stream, or on the numerous brooks that fall into Deer Lake and the lower reaches."

In an article in *The Journal of the Society of Arts*, Mr. Murray says: "The valley of the Humber is specially well wooded, and a large area of country appears to be provided with all the necessary

material for shipbuilding to a remarkable degree. With the exception of two inconsiderable rapids, there is no obstruction to the navigation of the river by large boats for thirty-two miles up its course, where the timber of the various species is amply abundant, particularly at and between it and the Grand Pond Forks, which might be procured without difficulty. The climate of Newfoundland is not by any means so severe as is generally supposed. The range of the thermometer is very much less than it is in any part of the Canadas, the heat in summer seldom exceeding 70° to 75° Fahrenheit, while the cold in winter is seldom very much below zero. The fogs, generally supposed, by those unacquainted with the country, to envelop the whole Island almost eternally, have but a limited existence in the interior, and are not by any means prevalent on the northern or western shores, although they certainly prevail on the southern shores generally, and at Placentia Bay particularly." The Surveyor General says: "To persons visiting the western shores of Newfoundland, after having been acquainted with the southern and eastern, the difference of climate between these places, and the different effects produced upon the weather by the winds, become at once apparent. The southern shore is frequently enveloped in fog; and as to the eastern, though not subject to that visitation to an equal extent, yet does the easterly wind almost always bring to it cold and disagreeable weather. On the western shore fog is rarely seen, and the climate is an ameliorated one." The only other evidence I shall quote is that of Capt. Brown, who says in his Report: "Up the main river, towards Deer Lake, the timber is very fine. Spars sixty feet, without a knot, have been cut, and thirty inches in diameter."

The carboniferous formation is distributed in the area of the Humber, in what Mr. Murray has named the "Inland Trough of the Humber River and Grand Pond." The western outcrop of this trough, he says, strikes inland from the lower end of Deer Lake, towards Adee's Pond at the head of the river, and then along the left bank of the river towards the western shores of White Bay. The eastern outcrop runs along the edge of the upper end of Deer Lake towards Grand Lake. The coal measures of this region have not yet been accurately examined. Mr. Murray says of them: "If the workable beds of Cape Breton exist at all in the central trough of Newfoundland, the country where they may be expected to be found will be in the region between the Humber River and Sandy

Pond, where there is ample room to bring in a sufficient accumulation of thickness; although the character of the country in that part is sorely against surface examination, it being in a great measure covered over by dense vegetation or marsh."

The following extract from Mr. Murray's Report contains the substance of what is yet known of the marble beds of the Humber: "Marbles of various kinds occur at certain parts of the Bay of Islands. The cliffs at the entrance to the Humber river yield white, black, and variegated white and red limestone, a large portion of which is capable of being used for many ornamental purposes; although the white variety seems usually to be too coarsely crystalline for statuary purposes. In one place, however, a pure white marble is obtained from beds which may prove to be of more importance. Some beds of black limestone of very fine grain, hard and compact, occur also in the lower reach of the Humber river, which are capable of receiving a high polish; and at a place called Cook's Cove, on the south side of the Humber arm, a beautiful and homogeneous sample of jet black marble was obtained from a bed about six inches thick, and in immediate contact with a conglomerate limestone. Still another variety of marble may be found at York Harbour, where a great mass of serpentine, which forms an adjacent range of hills, comes to the water's edge." Red ochre, which is used as a red paint, and red chalk are found on the Humber river near Beaver Pond, also red, green and brown jaspers, "which are frequently capable of taking a high polish, and might be cut into brooches, seals, and other personal ornaments."

The Bay of Islands is the most important seat of the herring fishery, next to Labrador. In quality the herrings are quite equal to those taken on the Labrador coast, and the supply is most abundant. They are taken chiefly in Humber Sound, and even up the Humber River at twenty-four miles from the entrance. The herring fishery commences in October and ends in May, broken only when the ice is forming or breaking up. When the Bay is frozen in winter, the herrings are taken in nets which are put down in holes and drains cut through the ice at different parts of the Humber. It is no uncommon thing for a crew consisting of seven men to bring on shore two thousand barrels of herrings during the season. Two men will often take from one to eight barrels per day. The fisherman is in the habit of saying that, as a regular

thing, "he expects to take a barrel of herrings each day out of the water." The herrings are exported to Canada and the United States, where they realize on an average four dollars per barrel in the market. This splendid fishery, which is carried on in a very imperfect way, by a few residents, is capable of indefinite expansion. The cod fishery of the Humber is prosecuted during the summer months, about the headlands at the entrance of the Bay, in punts and whale-boats. The catch averages from thirty to sixty quintals of cod per man. Salmon were once abundant, but that fishery is declining rapidly in the Humber, as elsewhere, owing to the reckless practice of barring the streams when the fish are ascending to spawn. The settlers in this fine region do not yet number a thousand. Captain Brown describes them in his Report as "healthy, orderly, industrious, and moderately well-to-do."

North of Bay of Islands another fine bay opens, named Bonne Bay. It is but recently settled, and has not yet been visited by the Geological Surveyor or any other professional Surveyor, so that little accurate information regarding it is attainable. From the reports regarding it, furnished by casual visitors, it is certain that all around Bonne Bay is a vast tract of land, well wooded, and admirably adapted for agriculture and grazing. The extent of land available for such purposes is not yet determined. The few who have attempted the cultivation of the soil speak highly of its fertility. The population is rapidly increasing, there being now about one hundred families in the place. The herrings here are of the same description as those of the Bay of Islands, and equally abundant. The settlers live mainly by the herring, cod and salmon fisheries. A very large population might find a comfortable home around the shores of this fine bay. No explorations for minerals have yet been made; but as the carboniferous formation is developed here, the probability is that the country around Bonne Bay will be found not less rich in mineral treasures than those I have already described.

Of the portion of the west coast north of Bonne Bay almost nothing is known. There are some French fishing stations along the coast, but no settlers at Hawke's Harbour, Port Saunders, or Keppel Harbour. What may be the agricultural capabilities and the mineral recourses of Ingornachois Bay, Bay St. John, and the bays along the northern coast is quite unknown. Visitors to some of the harbours and bays on the northern coast of the Island have

described to me fine tracts of land around the heads of those bays; and the probability is that nearly all of them will be found more or less capable of settlement, and many of them possessed of natural advantages not inferior to some of those already described.

Thus, I have succeeded in showing that Western Newfoundland presents a most extensive and promising field for emigration. The few sections along the coast, already surveyed in a superficial way, have been proved, on the most unquestionable evidence, to contain more than half a million acres of fertile land, well wooded, easily reclaimed, and within easy distance of good harbours. By penetrating farther into the interior, the area of land fit for settlement may be quadrupled. No doubt land more fertile, and more capable of producing cereals, may be found in the great prairies of the Far West, or on the banks of the Red River; but it would be very difficult to find a region presenting to the emigrant so many varied advantages as those of Western Newfoundland. The great arms of the sea penetrate far inland, bearing the finny treasures to the very doors of the settlers. The facilities for prosecuting the herring fishery are such, that were skill and capital employed, there would here spring up centres of this marine industry second to none in the world, especially that now, by the Treaty of Washington the markets of the United States are thrown open, free of duty, to the fish-products of Newfoundland. By due care, the salmon fisheries might readily be restored and rendered of immense value; while the cod fisheries might be indefinitely increased. In addition to farming and fishing, lumbering and shipbuilding might be prosecuted by settlers. No lengthened land-carriage would be needed to convey the produce of the land to the coast; and the markets of the United States, the Dominion of Canada, and Britain itself, would be within reach of settlers. To these advantages must be added the mining industries which will spring up in a country possessing extensive coal-fields as well as iron, lead and copper deposits. Where is the locality in Illinois or the back-woods of Canada that can for a moment compare with Western Newfoundland as a New Home for Emigrants? The climate is so salubrious and bracing, that no country is better fitted to sustain a hardy, enterprising race; and the pursuits of industry will be so varied as to afford scope for every variety of taste and talent. Only *men* are wanted to make this region a prosperous settlement, where the means of securing a healthy and happy physical existence will be abundant.

The question is, whether these fine natural resources, now lying waste, cannot be turned to account. When one thinks of the myriads in the British Isles who are every day finding increasing difficulty in procuring the barest means of subsistence, even with the utmost toil and economy, and of the far greater multitudes who are deep sunk in hopeless poverty and wretchedness, amid circumstances which degrade humanity and blot out its fairest features, the wish naturally arises that at least a portion of these struggling masses could be transferred to such a new home as I have been describing, or to others in the neighbouring Provinces of British America, where they could grow into a healthy and happy independence, under far better conditions than it is possible for them to find now in the over-populated land of their birth. In the case of Western Newfoundland, the new home is almost at the door of the old one. A watery highway, which can be traversed by steamers in five or six days, has only to be passed over, and the emigrant would at once find himself at his destination, and could enter upon his work. No long and perilous voyage would have to be undertaken; no tedious land journey, as in the case of emigrants to the Far West. The expense and toil of effecting a change of abode would thus be greatly reduced to the emigrant. Any quantity of land can be purchased from the local Government of the Island at the rate of half a dollar per acre. Not only so, but the Legislature of Newfoundland lately passed an Act, the provisions of which secure to all "poor settlers" on Crown Lands, eight dollars gratuity for the first acre cleared, and six dollars for each succeeding acre, until six acres are cleared, when the settler is entitled to a free grant of the portion he has thus reclaimed.

It is not difficult to see how emigration could be attracted to these shores. Few even in Newfoundland are acquainted with the capabilities of the western portion of the Island; and outside, not one in ten thousand knows that such a region possesses any attractions for emigrants. How great the ignorance that prevails regarding the Island of Newfoundland may be gathered from our popular geographies. I open one of the best of these—"Dr. MacRay's Elements of Geography"—and find the following statements: "Newfoundland is noted for its humid atmosphere, its dense fogs and the cold of its winters." "The soil is marshy and covered with a scrubby vegetation. The Island is very destitute of timber, and kitchen vegetables form the principal crops." To dispel these

delusions, which are calculated to place the Island on a par with Spitzbergen, as a field of emigration, accurate information regarding the country should be circulated. Surveys of the fertile lands and mineral localities should be made, and these laid out in blocks; the construction of roads commenced, and help afforded to industrious settlers. A local steam service should connect these regions with the capital. The Allan line of steamers now touch at St. John's, so that were intelligence diffused, and encouragement held out to emigrants, a promising commencement in the settlement of this fine region might speedily be made.

In earnest and eloquent words, Mr. Froude and others among our foremost thinkers, have been preaching to us the necessity of directing the stream of emigration to our own Colonies, and binding those Colonies to the Mother Land more closely, by the ties of interest and good will. This eloquent writer reminds us that in England there are but thirty thousand landed proprietors, and that as large estates are gradually absorbing the smaller, the number of persons owning land is becoming smaller. He points out that for such a state of things the remedy is found in England's Colonial possessions. He describes the Colonies as "enormous areas of soil in which ten times as many people as are now choking and jostling one another in our lanes and alleys might take root and expand and thrive: and the question is, whether these spaces may not be utilized; whether, without rude changes at home, we may not exchange England for an English Empire in which every element shall be combined which can promise security to the whole." "Two alternatives lie palpably open to us at this moment. Shall there be a British Empire, of which the inexhaustible resources shall be made available for the whole commonwealth? Shall there be tens of millions of British subjects rooted in different parts of the globe, loyal all to one crown, and loyal to each other because sharing equally and fairly in the common patrimony? Or, shall there be an England of rich men, in which the multitude are sacrificed to the luxuries of the few,—an England of which the pleasant parks and woodlands are the preserves of the great, and the millions, the creators of the wealth, swill and starve amidst dirt and disease and vice and drunkenness and infanticide?" "We invite our rulers," he adds, "to reflect that although the Colonies might be considered as embarrassment to us, if they were embedded in continents and

accessible only through the territories of other nations, yet that with a watery highway to their doors, they are so disposed as to contribute to a mercantile State like ours, not weakness, but enormous strength; that the ten millions by whom those Colonies are now occupied might become fifty millions, yet the addition be felt only in providing openings for yet vaster numbers; that the Sovereign of this country would be possessed of so many more devoted and prosperous subjects; and that by providing this outlet, the only sure measures would have been taken for the improvement of our people at home."

There can be little doubt that the time is at hand when these broad and enlightened views will meet with wide acceptance in England, and when the Emigration question will attract that attention which its gravity and importance demand.

THE NORTHERN LIGHT.

ABOVE a mighty Monarch's throne
Who dwells by the northern pole,
Where ceaselessly the sun has shone,
And the wintry billows roll;
Whose history, since earth was young,
Was never told by mortal tongue,
Or known to a human soul,

A bannered light is cast on high
On many million spears,
Lifting far up into the sky
The tropical sheen of years;
And storms sweep up from a shoreless sea
Where that Monarch holds high revelry,
With his star-crowned mountain peers.

And balefully the northern sun
Shines o'er that Monarch's head,
While many wrecks of ships undone,
Peopled by frozen dead,

Go sailing past thro' the spectral light,—
Pale ghosts of a day that have no night
In that lifeless sea of dread.

Far, far away from balmy isles
Those ships and men have come;—
They ne'er will answer welcome smiles
Who are for ever dumb;
While around the northern pole they sail
Before the breath of a ceaseless gale
That will never waft them home.

And round, and round the pole they go,
A weird and ghastly fleet;
The shrieking winds about them blow
The undissolving sleet,
And the Pilot stands beside the wheel,
And the Look-out, clad in ice, like steel,
Sightless keeps his frozen seat.

Sad watchers wait in distant lands
Each unreturning barque:—
Draw not the curtains, trembling hands,
Nor peer into the dark,
For the Northern King has bound them fast
In his icy sea. Their keels have past
O'er Ocean, nor left a mark.

But when upon the summer sky
Ye see the arching light,
And view the ships go sailing by
Like arks of hope and might,
O! pray for those who are far at sea,
And the lost ones may return, to be
Like angels, in dreams by night.

CARROL RYAN.

OTTAWA, ONT.

UP AND DOWN THE RIGI.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

IF you are at all interested, of course you will want to know why, when, and how I went at all.

I was a young woman in search of 'eye-openers,' that was Why.

Last August, that was When.

With your leave, most worshipful skimmer of these pages, I shall in them epitomize the How.

From Lucerne, lovable little Lucerne, hanging fondly over her own bright image in the Lake of the Four Cantons, my revered Uncle and I took steamer for Viznau one simmering morning in the month aforesaid, intent, with some four hundred companion tourists, upon interviewing the Rigi.

By the unanswerable argument of weight having obtained a footing under the awning, and wedged myself into a sitting posture, I gave up my soul to the enjoyment (?) of my surroundings.

A fat French lady with a fat French poodle in her lap, overflowed the chair beside me and caused me to absorb her surplus animal heat, making a surcharged blotting sheet of me; my left hand supporter, a pink, spectacled German, puffed aërated 'cigarreen' down my throat by the dozen; a sharp female from New England dug her knees into my back, and freely passed her remarks upon "them nasty foreigners;" and a Bullish masculine from Old England gave me his broad back to peruse, and trod out the corn of my writhing toe. Shoulders innumerable buffeted me. Umbrellas by the score hooked themselves into my head gear. Passing strugglers shamelessly flattened my face.

With these trifling drawbacks, I was perfectly happy.

Through niches in the human wall which prisoned me, I caught glimpses of a panorama which filled my soul with awe.

Under the double chin of the fat Frenchwoman I saw that the waters of Lucerne were blue and translucent as a turquoise; over the crown of the German's soft hat I saw Alp on Alp rising grandly from the gleaming marge. Through the apertures disclosed by the American's arms in the course of her gesticulations—and she gesticulated a great deal in the course of her arguments with her husband—I beheld the shining trail of blended pearls and opals which marked the way we went.

Of what stretched before us I cannot speak. I saw nothing but back, back encased in the fabric and the hue which Holborn loves to wear; back, very dusty, and bursting-out-at-seams; *toujours* back, aggressive, inevitable, omnipresent back.

We touched at Waggis, where a troop of abject little donkeys with scarlet chairs on their backs, invited adventurous equestriennes to make the ascent thus picturesquely; but alas! for the four hundred, "Few, few did part where (too) many (had) met," the novelty of an uphill railway ride having charms for most.

So we continued our squeeze up to Viznau, and disembarking on a crazy wooden quay at the feet of towering Rigi, there ensued a free fight for tickets.

Four railway cars, each seated for fifty, awaited our pleasure. It was the pleasure of four hundred persons to secure a seat, or die in the attempt. The one primitive little ticket office was attacked with unexampled ferocity, and in "less nor no time," two hundred tickets were sold, and the supply ceased.

All the men of weight and the women of pushing tendencies surged out in triumph and occupied the contested seats, leaving the polite people, the slim ones, the feeble folk and few, like the conies, ramping about the platform.

No more car for four hours, when these returned; nothing to do but sit in the railway restaurant or go out and get cooked by the sun. "Oh wasn't it nice!"

The French lady, left behind by no fault of hers, for sure her place was among the bullies, reduced us to comparative mildness by the bold power of her Parisian Billingsgate.

"Take in your vile Swiss sabots, ye miserable railway officials,—brutes! ye shall answer for this insult to a Frenchwoman yet: no, no, Messieurs, France is not to be trampled under *your* hoofs! Tremble to the centre of your beings, ye contemptible fellow voyageurs,—barbarians! ye have jammed the poodle Tarley, and Tarley is sick, adorable jewel! Shrink into dust, wretch of a *garçon*, who would dare to snatch the water tumbler from Tarley's dear dripping fangs, and substitute a tin mug! Oh wretches! savages! beasts of Germans! detestable Rigi! *Pauvre chien!* Angel! dying Tarley! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Seeing that making the worst of it only over-heated our too eloquent neighbor, we resolved to make the best of it; so lunched off "ros-bif," red-raw in honor of our supposed English taste, and

bread, hard in the shell and browned beyond compare, and drank the sour purple wine of the Rhine lands,—(ah, poets may rave of these delicate cups of nectar, but poets, like publicans, take (out) a license:) after which banquet we repaired to the bamboo pagoda by the brink of the lake, and dropped crumbs to the stickle-backs and baby trout, and swallowed countless pipes-full of smoke for three hours, when the cars reappeared and the fray recommenced.

At that long-looked for moment, a steamer, bristling with fresh arrivals, approached the quay, and oh, agony! the ticket-office still remained closed.

Friends and foes, we clubbed together. We stormed the citadel; we demanded fair play in the name of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Spain, Italy, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Turkey, Russia and AMERICA; we yelled in thirteen languages for our tickets, and—ha! ha! ha! we got them just as the invading army set foot on what must now be their limbo for the night, all unconscious (like ourselves four hours ago) of the vicissitudes in store for them.

It was our turn to triumph now; each with ticket in hand we hastened into the restaurant, which, like the poet's stocking, served "a double debt to pay," a "*salle á manger*" for the hungry; a "*salle attente*" for such as went away.

With the reprehensible unreason of imitation, the fresh arrivals streamed in after us, *sans* tickets, *sans* ceremony, *sans* bowels of compassion, *sans* everything but body, and when the bursting walls could contain no more, the doors were locked upon us.

O Dante, in all your infernal imaginings, you never thought of a torment more dire than this!

Each gasping mortal strove with his neighbors for the small boon of room to breathe; wedged each in his place, he strove but feebly against such an overplus of neighbor; men thrust their hands into their coat-tail pockets for a handkerchief wherewith to mop their purple streaming faces, and could not draw them out again for mob; women, too frightened to faint, lost all semblance of flounced, puffed, and frizzled femininity, and suffered for once in silence; we melted away with heat, yet did not decrease one hair's-breadth in bulk with it all.

After fifteen minutes of this probation, car Number One came into view from the platform where it had been depositing its down passengers in a leisurely and irresponsible manner; a squat Swiss

guard peered in at the glass door of the restaurant, and put his hand upon the key, whereat a mighty convulsion seized upon that throng. We threw ourselves *en masse* towards the hoped for deliverance—we moved an inch!

The grinning official withdrew a step to chat with a co-monster of indifference; a groan ran through that prisoned throng; he lit himself a cigar; he enjoyed it before us for a time; he glanced at the clock across the *salle attente*—the clock which said as plain as the hideous nose upon his own ill-favored face, that it was twenty minutes past the advertised hour for starting, and he again put his hand upon the key.

Awakened hope then gave that mob a giant's strength,—it heaved, it swayed, a mighty throe sent it forward another inch!

He turned the key; he opened the door, a score of desperadoes sprang at his throat; he waved them back, and standing in the aperture, delivered himself of a brief harangue in unintelligible German.

Shouts of triumph, mingled with groans of dismay followed; all who had tickets eagerly perused them, I among the rest, but quite uncomprehendingly.

"You're all right!" exclaimed a pleasant voice in my ear; your ticket is for Number One car, and so is mine; thank fortune we can get out of this at last."

Looking back, I beheld the owner of the pleasant voice, a young gentleman with a nice face, upon whose breast I had been laid by the exigencies of the past quarter of an hour; who now received my earnest apologies with the most agreeable frankness.

The door was now flung wide, and we brake forth as the waves of the sea, climbed into our long desired places, and sat complacently fanning ourselves, and looking, I dare say, as maddeningly selfish to those we left behind as our successful competitors had looked four hours ago to us.

And oh! beings of the Alpenstock and Bradshaw (mused I), learn now, if never before, that you can't eat nuts without cracking them!

With my Uncle on one side of me, regretfully examining the rents in his cherished umbrella, and the nice-faced young gentleman upon the other side, jauntily re-arranging the white scarf round his hat, with gay and appropriate observations upon the strange vicissitudes of Continental travel, we started upon the ascent.

Each car was propelled by an engine, whose smoke-stack was set at a forward angle favorable to equipoise, no doubt, but undeniably rakish in aspect; running on three rails, the centre one cogged. They mounted up the steep and tortuous incline by a series of jolts at the rate of seven miles in an hour and a quarter.

Over frail shelves, upheld beneath by iron bars to prevent their crumbling into the ravine; over slender bridges, supported by iron pillars, bridges which swung beneath our weight like a spider's thread, while the eye plunged horrified into the black abyss where trees a hundred feet tall seemed no bigger than a baby's toy; through tunnels boring upward into the heart of the mountain; and by foaming cascades leaping into unfathomable ravines we went, while down in the ever-deepening vale, lay Lucerne, smiling and blue as heaven.

Arrived at Staffelhöhe, the railway terminus, we alighted shivering in the rarified atmosphere, to be absorbed in a twinkling by a crowd most importunate of chairmen and horse drivers, all eager to assist us the remaining mile and a half to the summit.

Before I could say Jack Robinson, I found myself atop such a sorry jade as might fitly represent the nightmare, while my indignant guardian borne from my side despite his manful struggles, and hoisted to the back of a similarly staggering steed far in the rear, implored me as I valued my life not to trust my precious person to such a nag; but all the Scottish adjurations in the world would have proved unavailing where a determinate driver, master of but his mother tongue, and eager to be off with his prize, decreed that we must go: so we did go, started by a ferocious flourish of his whip, which, however, only ended in a crack like the report of a pistol.

We had not well got into the stream of equestrians, when a hat which I began to know by its white scarf, appeared at my side, and a pleasant voice which I had heard before, said with taking affability:

"If you are at all timid, I will tell the driver to lead your horse for you."

"You are very good, but I am not timid," I replied, wondering which of my manifold charms of freckles, shapeless sun-hat, crumpled travelling dress or frowsy hair, had found grace in his eyes.

"May I walk beside you then, as it is a luxury for me to talk English, I have been abroad so long," said he, so nicely!

"By all means sir," said I, thinking none the less of him, you may be sure, for his want of taste in his selection of a companion; and up we went, amicably *tête a tête*, and getting a great deal of amusement out of the grotesque antics of our fellow voyageurs.

Up we went on the narrow bridle path, crags to right of us, chaos to left of us; clouds coming down from the Rigi's brow to meet and greet us on the way, to fold us in their chill embrace, to hide us from the sunny earth below.

Up higher, while the pebbles from beneath my poor jade's heels rolled to the verge, slipped over and dropped into unfathomable depths; past grey rocks thrusting their menacing shoulders half across our giddy path, as if to jostle me out of my saddle, and after the dropping pebbles; past the ugly little blue bloused Swiss porters carrying ladies in sedan chairs; past equestrians astride such bloods as mine, "only more so," if that were possible; past the cold strata of vapors, and into a burst of sunshine and a gale of wind, and lo! we were at the Kühn of the Rigi.

Halting before an extensive *Gasthof* (and how they ever got building materials up there passes my comprehension), I bade adieu to my steed, no more to feel that gentle amble, versus jolt, and to my driver, no more to hear his hoarse "Hü!" or the innocuous crack of his whip, and was instantly sucked into a vortex of vociferous voyageurs, all dinning into mine host's ears the interesting news that they had telegraphed from Viznau for apartments, and apartments they should have if it was over his dead body.

By the time my uncle arrived, blessing his stars that he had not broken his neck, and spiritedly wrangling in Scotch with his guide, who kept up his side of the argument in German, and all about a couple of francs or so,—we were classified, numbered, and sent marching off to our quarters in the "Dependence," a spacious offshoot, raised to hold such as overflowed from the hotel.

In the blush of evening we went to view the sunset. Standing on the apex of an Alpine peak a mile above the plain; sweeping the eye over an area of three hundred miles; counting thirteen lakes lying stilly in the valleys, like water spilled upon the ground; seeing countless villages like handfuls of pebbles cast on the grass, is an awe-inspiring act.

A baby lake that seemed almost within reach of the scrap of paper I sent floating down to cover it, was fifty miles away!

Lucerne, no larger than a moon-bathed hand; Thun and Brienz, a tiny silver crescent; rivers winding from land to land, mere threads of light; cities but a cluster of daisies; mountains dwarfed to purple hillocks;—does our earth thus dwindle down in the sight of that All-seeing Eye, which is above all?

Sitting in a cleft of the rock, a few feet below the mountain's crown, sheltered from the gale, and secluded from the public gaze, my uncle and I enjoyed ourselves in our separate ways vastly.

He was engaged in comparing his chart of the scenery beneath us with the original, and in exulting by detecting errors. I employed myself in plucking and pressing between the leaves of my note book, such specimens of flora as I could reach.

An old man was toiling up the path with a strange wooden vessel full of water from the spring below, strapped on his shoulders; he sat down on the bank near us, resting his burden on the ground, and "took it easy" for a while.

Lured down the declivity by the stunted blue-bells that grew there, I passed the water-carrier, who, with great presence of mind, touched his battered hat, and then held out his hand for remuneration.

As I dropped a few centimes into it, I noticed the old man's eyes fixed upon the rings I wore, with an expression of such admiration and greed that I was glad to retire in a hurry to my rear-guard, followed by the old rascal's envious regards.

At that moment my friend of the ascent joined us, and in the interest of learning that his name was Hilstrey, his home Norway, his occupation a consulate there, and his nationality English, the avaricious water-carrier completely slipped from my mind.

When the sun went down behind a bank of clouds, and the land grew sadly gray; when the lakes gave up their light, and only the mountain peaks were visible, standing up like black sentinels, we housed ourselves.

The "Dependence" on the Rigi resembles in porousness of shell and simplicity of structure, the "Clifton House" at Niagara Falls. Whoever has slept there on an October night, when the wind blew a gale, and the thermometer was far below zero, will instantly take; and for the instruction of the uninitiated, I will record that our bed-chambers were infinitesimally small, yet excellently ventilated; that the window sashes made music all the night; that the muslin draperies hanging thereat waved ghost-

like in the air; that the down-bag which served for blankets and quilt seemed but "a trifle light as air," and that I could distinctly hear the lightest breath of my next door neighbor.

Under these circumstances it was in vain that I wooed Morpheus, until, at last, exhaustion overpowering me, I fell asleep.

At that supreme moment an eldritch screech resounded through the egg-shell establishment, followed by a resonant and obstinately flat *reveille* upon the "Alpen horn," which caused me most heartily to revile the ill-timed performance.

However, there was no help for it; it was the call to get up and see the sun rise; in the ascent of the Rigi, sunrise was an important feature; we were all there to go through the programme.

Up I got and clothed myself in my own possessions, being warned off the bed-coverings by the "Avis" pasted on the door, which advertised Messieurs, the strangers, that they were not permitted to take the bed-clothes to go to the summit in; a needless caution, as there was nothing to take except the down-bag.

The corridors became alive with the rush of many feet in a few minutes, and on all sides sounds suggestive of hasty toilet-making, went noisily on as the two or three hundred people around prepared to "get their money's worth." Fearing lest Sol should steal a march upon me, I flew to the window, threw it wide open, and stayed there.

The anticipated spectacle was something like the eastern hemisphere on fire, and the mountain peaks, one by one, rising from night's chaos and catching the burning glory, while the glittering lakes flamed resplendent at their feet: the actual spectacle was a wide sheet of pallid mist driving over the Rigi Kühn, a sky the color of a Quakeress' gown, and groups of eccentrically attired tourists standing on the apex, some with umbrellas, some with—were they *blankets?*

Five o'clock came, the moment when Sol should have been doing his prettiest; he gave one wrathful glare through a red gap in a sulphurous cloud, then down came the rain, scattering the gazers, and all was over.

In the language of some unknown poet, who has indited his experience in the album at the Rigi Kühn:

I.

"Nine weary uphill miles we sped
The setting sun to see;

Sulky and grim he went to bed,
Sulky and grim went we.

II.

"Seven sleepless hours we tossed, and then,
The rising sun to see,
Sulky and grim we rose again,
Sulky and grim rose he."

To this I can heartily respond Amen!

About ten o'clock of the morning, we girt our loins for the descent, maugre the steady down pour of rain.

From the windows of the *salle á manger*, troops of disconsolate tourists watched the hopeless sky; at the cascade-guarded *portes*, troops of drenched horses and chairs waited for their wretched burdens.

Waterproofed, over-shod, and umbrella-ed, I sallied into the covered portico, among the steaming crowd of guides, and supported by my uncle and Mr. Hilstrey, reviewed the ragged regiment. And when I considered the slippery way we had to go, and saw the proffered rosinantes which to-day hung their heads and drooped their switch tails like victims of the "epizoo," my courage failed me.

At this moment of doubt, an old man, edged up to me, and touching his hat, said something in German.

Said Mr. Hilstrey interpreting: "He says you can keep quite dry in a chair, and offers you that one, which is not engaged yet."

Scarcely had I glanced at the chair, with its gaudy scarlet trappings, and what was better, its plentiful wraps, when the two carriers strode to the spot and deposited it at my feet.

True, they were ugly as tritons, and spoke a horrible patois, which even Mr. Hilstrey could not make out; but what did it matter? Their arms were strong and the way was long, and they offered the chair for a mere song, so down I sat with a resolute air, and, "Uncle," I said, "I will take this chair."

If the reader can excuse this involuntary burst of poesy, I can reward his amiability by reminding him that Shakespeare himself disdains not to burst into rhyme at supreme moments.

This was a supreme moment,
Though then I knew it not.

My guardian commended my choice, selected a horse for himself and rode away under his umbrella—vision of equestrian grace! Mr. Hilstrey, who intended to remain for a few days at the Kühn, held my hand romantically, and romantically murmured:

"We shall meet again; till then good-bye—" (he paused so long and his eyes spake such volumes, that I thought he was going on with "sweetheart, good-bye!" but no) "I feel," said he with feeling, "That I am the better of having met you,—the grandeur of nature may fill the head, but you,—you have filled my heart!"

And with a pressure of my not reluctant hand, which made me for the moment painfully conscious of my rings (and I confess to having had a weakness for rings, and of wearing at that time four on one finger, all gem rings of great costliness and beauty), he lifted his white scarfed hat from his very nice forehead, smiled his most resistless smile and vanished, and I heard his pleasant voice no more.

He had scarcely got out of sight when two German ladies, passing from the *salon* to their own rooms, stopped and gazed at me with extraordinary interest as it seemed to me, considering that there was nothing more interesting to be seen than a young woman muffled to the chin, sitting in a sedan chair, while two hideous porters strapped her tightly in.

I returned the look, smiled and showed them my umbrella.

They shook their heads, approached, and one stooped close and poured a guttural German whisper into my ear, I shook my head and poured English into her ear, to the effect that I was not afraid of the rain, that she was a very kind lady, but that I did not understand a word of German.

The other lady took me by the arm and tried to make me rise. I laughed outright and informed her in the most emphatic English that I must go, that my guardian was already gone to Staffelhöhe.

Both ladies assailed both my ears with vehement German whispers; the porters having finished their preparations, stooped for the poles; the ladies seized my hands, and with tears in their eyes implored me; I appealed to a garçon, who, with napkin on arm, was darting past, and in halting French, desired him to ask the ladies what was the matter,—the garçon flew for a glass of water for me.

The porters picked me up and impatiently made a feint to go; the ladies threw themselves upon me and tried to drag me out of my ligatures; I struggled and cried "*Non! non! s'il vous plait. Nicht! nein!* No! YOU MUSTN'T! Go on men."

They relinquished me, and with looks of distraction flew to the *salon*,—the porters growled something to each other and bolted into the rain at a smart trot,—we were off.

Congratulating myself that the kindly frauleins had not detained me perforce, though somewhat curious to know what they meant, I gave myself up to the herculean task of balancing my umbrella against the attacks of the roaring wind and the flowing rain, and of admiring betimes the little *Suisse* porter before me, as with swinging strides he plunged down the rough defile, now swallowed up in mist, now looming forth in all his ugliness.

We were such a fast team that we soon caught up with the cavalcade bound for the train at Staffelhöhe,—nay, we passed them, nag by nag, chair by chair, my uncle in the midst, up to the eyes in argument with a half drowned brother *savan* over a muddy stone they had picked up, and all unconscious of the passing of his precious niece; we left the fastest of them far behind, and I was just beginning to dream of shelter and a seat by the stove in the waiting room, when my men abruptly turned from the path, and shot into a by-way dark and lonely.

It was with a sudden feeling of wonder and dread, that I looked around me; not a soul was in sight, the way was strewn with *debris* washed down by the floods; overhanging rocks shut out the light of day, leaving but a dreary twilight; we were traversing the new railway cutting, whose solitude was that morning as unbroken as if a workman had never set foot within its sombre precincts.

I began to review my limited stock of German, principally gleaned, let me frankly acknowledge, from "Baedeker's Manual of Conversation;" and oh! how I wished that much abused work was not locked up in my Saratoga trunk at Lucerne at that critical juncture, for rack my brains as I would I could not recall a single word that could possibly express "Why in the name of wonder, are you going this way, you inscrutable beings!"

On they toiled at full speed over the marl and stone heaps and slippery sloughs of mud, streaming with perspiration, casting now and then a panting word to each other; farther and farther from

the bridle-path, where my uncle was composedly jogging along, all unaware of the loneliness and fright of poor me!

Filled with vague forebodings, it was scarcely a surprise to me when they suddenly stopped upon the edge of a ravine, set me unceremoniously upon the ground, and addressed me with a rough change of manner, pointing significantly to my throat, ears, and hand.

It rushed over me with fell conviction,—they were robbers,—they intended to rob me of my jewelry, my beautiful jewelry, culled from every land through which I had passed!

The entreaties of the two German ladies recurred to me with a new and awful significance. They were warning me against these men; they were imploring me not to trust my life or property with them; they were whispering what they knew against them, and I understood nothing!

The vision of the old water-carrier gazing covetously at my rings, reappearing at the portal to offer me the services of these men,—ah! too well I saw the meaning, now that it was too late, of what I had passed indifferently by while there was time to save myself!

While these dismal reflections occupied my mind, the rascals were reiterating their demands in no gentle tones, and pointing meaningly down the frightful gorge by which we had halted.

I gazed with horror into the world of white clouds beneath me; the roar of a mountain cascade, swollen to a torrent by the storm, came up from those pallid depths; I turned my incredulous eyes upon the swarthy visages of my companions, and received their assurances in vigorous pantomime that unless I looked sharp, and handed over the plunder without making trouble, I should be pitched chair and all into those same depths.

At first I could not believe that they would dare to do it; I laughed in their faces, and in hysterical and ungrammatical French bade them be off; that they were not going to frighten me.

What a volley of *unds* and *achs* burst from them! how their eyes sparkled with anger and cupidity!

And what a bounce my heart gave when, snatching up my chair by the poles, they suspended me over the giddy verge!

Propitiated, perhaps, by the wild scream of terror which I involuntarily uttered, perhaps by the German sentence which came like an inspiration to me: "*Nicht so schnell!*" (not so

quickly!") they set me on the ground again, and impatiently waited for the signs of my obedience.

With lightning rapidity the whole of my danger and helplessness revealed itself to me; robbery apart, I began to realize that my life itself must be the forfeit of this attack; it was not likely that having robbed me they would allow me to go on in safety to Staffelhöhe, and inform on them, with such a convenient *oubliette* at hand to hide my poor corpse; I felt that my last moments approached, and overmastering terror possessed me.

In vain I tried to unfasten my brooch,—what cared I in that moment of anguish that it was an immense aqua-marine stone set in a rim of fine pearls, a well of glistering pale green light, price, a thousand francs? But my trembling fingers refused their service. I tugged in vain.

One of the robbers stooped and roughly assisted me. At the touch of his hand I uttered another scream of terror.

At this instant a hat glided into the path behind them,—a hat bound by a white scarf, I saw a face flushed with running,—a face beautiful as that of Genius leaning on Britannia's shoulder (see Monument in Westminster Abbey. I don't remember which, but you will know which I mean by the noble young face); surely, surely, this is too sweet—to be rescued by Mr. Hilstrey!

"Oh Mr. Hilstrey!" I sobbed, stretching out my arms to my gallant deliverer; and he flew to my side, while the wretches stood back and with incredible impudence grinned to each other.

"Something urged me to follow you and see you once more!" said Mr. Hilstrey,—your cries guided me to you, poor frightened child!" and he folded my trembling hands in his own, smoothing them tenderly (how I wished those rings were off my finger for the nonce, for they were sadly in the way) and pouring forth such gentle yet ardent sympathy, that I told him the whole story, with sobs and smiles of gratitude interestingly mingled.

At last he turned to the fiends who stood beside us as cool as two cucumbers, and said in a stern voice—I don't know what,—Baedeker doesn't furnish any dialogue for wayside robberies, but whatever it was, instead of taking to their heels as I expected, they replied with great calmness and composure; and of course I didn't know a word of what they were saying either.

Mr. Hilstrey turned to me indignantly. "The scoundrels!" said he, "they swear that they will have your money and jewelry

over my dead body, if I interfere; what a fool I was to leave my pistols at the Kühn! However, don't be alarmed, dear, *dear* Miss Mortimer, they shall not put a finger on your property until they have settled my account first."

"No! no!" I screamed, seizing his coat to prevent the chivalrous boy from pitching heroically into the two blood-thirsty ruffians on the spot; "I will cheerfully give all up rather than endanger your life."

"My darling!" he said to me, his eyes kindling with joy. Then he turned to them, "*Wie Viel?*" said he to them.

Baedecker says that you are to say *Wie Viel?* when you want to know how much? Why did Mr. Hilstrey say, how much? how much what?

They conferred together, and growled an answer which seemed to make him very angry. He pointed up the lonely path and said: "*Geben Sie Acht!*" which means, take care.

Dear fellow! I could not let him imperil his precious life any longer for my sake. I said warmly: "Don't dispute with them, please don't, they will murder you, and then I will always feel that I should have died too!"

He did not heed me, he was eloquently laying down the law to the two villains. When he had done, they sulkily nodded, whereat I could have sung for joy; my deliverer had prevailed! He hurriedly returned to me.

Said he, "I have done what I could for you, and I am ashamed to confess that it is in vain. For both our sakes you must give up the jewelry. You must also promise not to reveal this affair for three days, that they may let you go unharmed without risk to themselves."

Dismayed as I was at these tidings, I could not but sympathise with the evident mortification and fury of the high spirited fellow, until in the act of raising my grateful eyes to his, I caught him wink to my persecutors!!!

Oh my heart, how you sank then! Oh my spirit, how you revolted then!

Treachery! it all rushed over me at once.

Mr. Hilstrey was in league with the robbers, he was wrangling with them over his share of the booty!

Said the young Judas to me with soothing tenderness: "Thank

heaven that I came, though; it is sweet to know that I was in time to save your life."

Oh the pity of it! So handsome, so agreeable, so lovable—to be so vile! Oh incomparable traitor!

Seeing myself completely in these villains' power, and my archangel turned out a dark angel, I know not the rationale of it, but a burning indignation seized me, which completely put my fear to flight.

Without a word of answer, I unpinned my brooch, unclasped my ear-rings, took off my watch and chain, and my unique and splendid rings, drew my purse from my pocket and counted out some thirty or forty Napoleons, its contents; then I unstrapped the small satchel I wore at my waist, and the trio of exulting fiends watching every motion with glistening eyes of expectation, I dropped the costly handful into it, snapped it shut, and sent it spinning down the abyss.

Oh what a yell of impotent fury burst from the defeated rascals! Next moment they turned upon me, and with one accord seized the chair; I uttered one long cry of despair; I closed my eyes that I might not see my death; a wild shout struck upon my ear—the trampling of many feet approached; I was saved.

Panic stricken by the sudden interruption, my would-be murderers dropped me and made a bolt; the hat that I knew so well vanished down the pass like a white sea-gull. I saw my Adonis no more.

I was surrounded by a crowd of tourists, porters, and hotel waiters; my uncle dragged me out of my chair with hugs of affection at seeing me still in the flesh, interspersed with reproaches for getting myself into such a scrape; I was eagerly questioned in thirteen languages about my adventure; I was supported, half laughing, half crying, and trembling in every limb, into another chair, by two sympathetic gentlemen, who in choice Italian-Swiss and Dutch, condoled with me upon my perils.

Having seated myself, and hysterically assured "all hands" that I was all right now, I collapsed, and was borne off pathetically swooning, as every lady of sense should do *after* the danger is over.

To explain my rescue: the German ladies having failed in making me understand their warnings, rushed to Monsieur the proprietor of the Kühn with the startling tidings that they had

recognized in the two porters two Bernese thieves; having been present some time before at their trial for the burglary of a house in Berne, whose owner, an old lady, had been found murdered in her bed. In spite of every one's conviction that these wretches had committed both crimes, proofs being wanting, they had been acquitted, and had instantly disappeared.

Here then they were caught in the very act of murder!

In a short time, after a vigorous search and a stiff scuffle, the two thieves were captured, but the nice young gentleman was nowhere to be found; he had vanished like a dream.

In time, cowed by their imprisonment, they confessed all they knew about that erratic genius.

He had met them in times past; knew their little history, and sometimes gave them "employment." Having sighted a rich prize in the young American lady, he "employed" them to do the rough part, while he himself took the more delicate portions of the business in hand; a brother rogue, the old water-carrier, had been engaged to identify the lady with the fine jewelry, and to insinuate her into the power of the thieves.

I am happy to say that each of these rogues got his deserts.

I am sorry to say that I never recovered my jewelry, never!

Ladies, wear nothing but bogwood or lava trash when you go travelling; it scarcely pays to risk better.

I don't know whether I am glad or sorry that Mr. Hilstrey was caught at last, in London, picking the diamonds out of the Duchess of Gifford's diadem and substituting paste, in the character of a working jeweller at the celebrated firm of Bloom & Bjorkevahl.

And they say that his name is not Hilstrey any more than mine is— (heigh ho!) that it is Sligh, and that he has been recognized as a noted expert in the art of robbery, as clever a rogue as was ever hung. They say too that he is as rich as a Jew, and for the past few years, has, so to speak, retired from the business, and only done a little now and again from a love of adventure; that he has travelled so much that he is well informed, has a finished air, and is quite the gentleman.

It is very sad to think of him breaking stones on the roads, and dressed *a la* convict, with his nice face and pleasant manners and all, now isn't it?

RACHAEL AND JACOB.

A Quaker Story.

BY MAUD S. WENTWORTH.

COME sit thee down beside me,
For something I would tell;
Thee might be pleased, dear Rachael,
And it would suit me well.

Dos't thou remember last year,
'T was just about this time,
That Nathan wrote thee, Rachael,
From Baltimore, a line.

He told thee I had suffered,
And thou didst kindly say,
Thee felt so very lonely,
Since Jacob went away.

I kept thy brother's letter,
'T was dearer than my life;
I thought I 'd build a cottage,
And ask thee for my wife.

And I 'll give thee all I own,
If thou wilt follow me;
For my heart is wholly thine,
And I can love but thee.

I 've trained the roses, Rachael,
I 've made the garden grow,
And where thee wants to wander,
There I will also go.

Don't droop thine eyes so sadly,
Don't let thy cheek flush so;
Thou couldst not surely answer
A cold and heartless *no*.

Her lovely face was lifted,
She smoothed her Quaker dress;
And Jacob was a happy man,
For Rachael answered, *yes.*

HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

SUCH is the title of the book which Henry M. Stanley has given to the public. It is a large, readable, interesting, cheery production, which will do more towards bringing to the public a knowledge of Africa than Burton, Speke or Grant, twice over. But, inasmuch as the work is large and very expensive, it will need reduction to bring it within the space and time which most persons can afford. We propose to give a number of extracts from the book, which may, in some degree, satisfy the curiosity of our readers, till a cheaper edition of the work can be had. Of course we can only give some of the most remarkable and salient points of the narrative.

We need not tell at length what is generally known, how J. G. Bennet sent for Stanley, or relate the dialogue which passed between them, while the former gentleman was in bed. The chief points were, as all our readers will recollect, that Mr. Bennet was satisfied Livingstone was alive and could be found; that Stanley was ready to try whether he could find him, and received an unlimited credit from his patron to organize and carry out such an expedition as would bring the aged traveller relief and comfort. After this very short and satisfactory arrangement, Stanley starts, and is soon at Zanzibar, on the east coast of Africa. He was most agreeably disappointed with the appearance of the island and town. He had a melancholy foreboding of finding a miserable ugly place, which he thinks was produced by reading Captain Baker's account of it. It is indeed very likely, for certainly the Captain's description, as given in Blackwood several years ago, was not calculated to put the traveller in love with Zanzibar. "While I read it," he says, "I saw a lethal stream which drifted with me towards the eternal feverish region of Africa, from which a sicken-

ing presentiment said there was no return. But hail! to the blessed dawn that dispels the dreadful dream under which you groaned in agony throughout the night—hail to the verdant shores of Zanzibar that said to me 'things are seldom so bad as they are painted.'" Such were his reflections when he saw the island, distant about a mile, in the shadow of the dawn; and as he neared what appeared to him the fairest of the gems of creation. It was neither low nor flat. There were gentle elevations, with graceful cocoa trees lining the margin of the island, and, with the exception of a line of sand along the shore, the whole island seemed covered with verdure.

The Banyans are merchants sharp and shrewd, who carry on trade with the interior of Africa in cloth, beads, ivory and slaves. They are mostly all rich, as their trade is profitable. Mr. Stanley gives us a calculation, from which we find that five thousand dollars worth of goods taken to Ujiji (the place where he found Livingstone) would be worth fifteen thousand dollars; then five thousand dollars expended on slaves and their carriage would be worth thirteen thousand nine hundred and twenty dollars at Zanzibar; and three thousand five hundred dollars expended on ivory will give a net profit of ten thousand five hundred dollars at the coast. The profits of the merchant will thus be seen to be very great.

There is another class denominated Mahommedan-Hindis. Whether these or the Banyans are the greatest cheats was a debatable question, though he gives the palm reluctantly to the Banyans. Though dishonest as a class, they can show one honest merchant—one who is a proverb for honesty and business integrity, and who has two or three grown up sons whom he has reared up honest as himself.

There is also the Muscat Arabs, all travellers—self-reliant, self-sufficient, calm, independent. The half-castes and the negroes are the most contemptible part of the population.

Before leaving Zanzibar he went to see Dr. Kirk, whose name had so often been associated with Dr. Livingstone's, and who was then acting as British Consul. Without saying anything to him or to any one of his mission, he managed in the course of a conversation to find out what Kirk thought of the traveller. Having been called aside to inspect a rifle, Kirk spoke of some incident of

his travels while with Livingstone, which Stanley took advantage of to say:

"Ah, yes, Dr. Kirk, about Livingstone—where is he, do you think, now?

"Well, really," he replied, "you know that is very difficult to answer; he may be dead; there is nothing positive whereon we can base sufficient reliance. Of one thing I am sure, nobody has heard anything definite of him for over two years. I should fancy, though, he must be alive. We are continually sending something up for him. There is a small expedition even now at Bagamoyo about starting shortly. I really think the old man should come home now; he is growing old, you know, and if he died, the world would lose the benefit of his discoveries. He keeps neither notes nor journals; it is very seldom he takes observations. He simply makes a note or dot, or something, on a map, which nobody could understand but himself. Oh, yes, by all means if he is alive he should come home, and let a younger man take his place."

"What kind of a man is he to get along with, Doctor?" I asked, feeling now quite interested in his conversation.

"Well, I think he is a very difficult man to deal with generally. Personally, I have never had a quarrel with him, but I have seen him in hot water with fellows so often, and that is principally the reason, I think, he hates to have any one with him."

"I am told he is a very modest man; is he?" I asked.

"Oh, he knows the value of his own discoveries; no man better. He is not quite an angel," said he, with a laugh.

"Well now, supposing I met him in my travels—I might possibly stumble across him if he travels anywhere in the direction I am going—how would he conduct himself towards me?"

"To tell you the truth," said he, "I do not think he would like it very well. I know if Burton, or Grant, or Baker, or any of those fellows were going after him, and he heard of their coming, Livingstone would put a hundred miles of swamp in a very short time between himself and them. I do, upon my word I do."

This was the tenor of the interview I held with Dr. Kirk—former companion of Livingstone—as well as my journal and memory can recall it to me.

This information, of course, damped his ardor, and made him quite ready to resign his commission; but his order was "Go and find Livingstone," and so he determined to find him, if he were above ground, let him meet with whatever reception the eccentric Doctor might afford.

Passing over all he has to say of Zanzibar, its climate, drainage, lassitude of its inhabitants, exceptional activity of some one or two

persons, who have not been enervated by many years residence, he gives us a picture of Bishop Tozer, who calls himself Missionary Bishop of Central Africa, and who has got the soubriquet of the fighting Bishop, from having fought and severely punished a rowdy on his way to church, one day, with the fists, and offered to do as much for his companion; by pugilism thus converting his flock from wolves into lambs. The Bishop, though a muscular Christian, is greatly addicted to High-Churchism, and is great in the direction of ecclesiastical millinery.

But this High Church (very High Church indeed) prelate in his crimson robe of office, and in the queerest of all head dresses, seen stalking through the streets of Zanzibar, or haggling over the price of a tin-pot at a tinker's stall, is the most ridiculous sight I have seen anywhere outside of a clown show. I as a white man solemnly protest against the absurdity. A similar picture to the Bishop, in his priestly robes and a paper cap, in a tinker's stall, is the King of Dahomey in a European hat with his body naked, promenading pompously about in this exquisite full dress. Whatever the Bishop in his blissful innocence may think of the effect which it produces in the minds of the heathen, I can inform him, that to the Arabs and Wanguana who have settled in Unyanyembe he is only an object of supreme ridicule; and also, that most of his pale-faced brothers entertain something of the same opinion.

Poor, dear Bishop Tozer! I would fain love and admire thee, were it not for this exhibition of extreme High-Churchism in a place like Zanzibar!

He had to find out how much money; how many carriers or pagazis; how many soldiers; how much cloth; how many beads; what kinds of cloth for the different tribes, he required; and found out more from Sheikh Hashid, in a short time, than he had obtained from three months study of books on Central Africa. We are then told what and how much of all kinds of things are required in Central Africa—information vastly important to any one going to the interior of that mysterious land, but which may be dispensed with by us. We may merely say that cloth, beads, and wire were the principal articles of merchandise, but then there were yet to be procured, after all the great packages of merchandise, "provisions, cooking utensils, boats, rope, twine, tents, donkeys, saddles, bagging, canvas, tar, needles, tools, ammunition, guns, equipments, hatchets, medicines, bedding, presents for chiefs." The ordeal of chaffering with steel-hearted Banyans,

Hindoos and Arabs, was trying. After buying a lot of asses, he had to make saddles of his own invention for them, after the pattern of the Otago saddle.

He then hired two white men, Shaw and Farquhar, the latter of whom was a good mathematician, but continually fuddled; next, twenty men as guards or soldiers were enlisted, among whom were five of Speke's men. These he engaged at the rate of $3 per month, but Bombay, the captain, had at the rate of $80 per year. Boat frames also were taken, and canvas coverings for them, and a little go-cart, which was afterwards cast away. Altogether he had some six tons of stuff, and now the question was how to transport all this, some thousand or two of miles through a wilderness. On calculation some one hundred and sixty men were requisite, as each man would carry only seventy pounds.

Having submitted to a shave of about from twenty to twenty-five cents on each dollar of drafts which he had (he should have had gold) he had an interview with the Sultan, and having taken leave of him and the Consul, he started on the fifth of February, some twenty-nine days after his arrival at Zanzibar, for Bagamoyo, on the main land.

The distance from Zanzibar to Bagamoyo is about twenty-five miles, but it took the dhows ten hours to cover that distance. Being received with great distinction by some who had known Speke and Grant, but was much annoyed before getting pagazis or carriers. It is impossible to give any idea of the difficulties he encountered in getting the expedition under way. One would have thought that he had only to advertise, by some means, that so many men and asses were wanted, and they could be had, but it was not so, for what reason is certainly not very apparent. The packing of the goods in proper shape, and the getting of the parcels by themselves for tribute, were difficult operations. But his chief difficulties were scoundrels whom it was necessary to employ. Here is a picture of a smart young man whom he had employed:

"Soor Hadji Palloo was a smart young man of business, energetic, quick at mental calculation, and seemed to be born for a successful salesman. His eyes were never idle, they wandered over every part of my person, over the tent, the bed, the guns, the clothes, and having swung clear round, began the silent circle over again. His fingers were never at rest, they had a fidgety, nervous action at their tips, constantly in the act of feeling something;

while in the act of talking to me, he would lean over and feel the texture of the cloth of my trousers, my coat, or my shoes or socks; then he would feel his own light jamdani shirt or dabwain loin-cloth, until his eyes casually resting upon a novelty, his body would lean forward, and his arm was stretched out with the willing fingers. His jaws also were in perpetual motion, caused by vile habits he had acquired of chewing betel-nut and lime, and sometimes tobacco and lime. They gave out a sound similar to that of a young shoat, in the act of sucking. He was a pious Mohammedan, and observed the external courtesies and ceremonies of the true believers. He would affably greet me, take off his shoes, enter my tent protesting he was not fit to sit in my presence, and after being seated, would begin his ever-crooked errand. Of honesty, literal and practical honesty, this youth knew nothing; to the pure truth he was an utter stranger; the falsehoods he had uttered during his short life seemed already to have quenched the bold gaze of innocence from his eyes, to have banished the color of truthfulness from his features, to have transformed him—yet a stripling of twenty—into a most accomplished rascal, and consummate expert in dishonesty.

"During the six weeks I encamped at Bagamoyo, waiting for my quota of men, this lad of twenty gave me as much trouble as all the scoundrelism of New York gives to her Chief of Police."

Then follows an account of the thefts, etc., of this youth, and to the question why he did not at once dismiss him, his reply is: "I could not do without him unless his equal were forthcoming—without his or his duplicate's aid I must have stayed at Bagamoyo at least six months, at the end of which time the expedition would have been useless." Bad as this young fellow was, there was another who was his equal—Kanjee, of whom and Soor Hadji Palloo it was said "there is not the splitting of a straw between them." "Kanjee is deep and sly, Soor Hadji Palloo is bold and incorrigible; but peace be to them both; may their shaven heads never be covered with the troublous crown I wore at Bagamoyo."

While at Bagamoyo he visited the Livingstone caravan, which the British Consul had despatched 1st November, 1870, and which was lying there until 10th February, one hundred days, for lack of thirty-five carriers. Strange certainly, and inexplicable, that supplies on which most likely the life of the traveller might depend, could not be despatched by one with consular influence for more than one hundred days, and all for want of thirty-five carriers.

The expedition of Stanley was divided into five parts; starting at several days distance from each other—the whole number of

persons numbering one hundred and ninety-two. Stanley led the last division. Here is the summary:

"Three white men, twenty-three soldiers, four supernumeraries, four chiefs, and one hundred and fifty-three pagazis, twenty-seven donkeys, and one cart, conveying cloth, beads, and wire, boat-fixings, tents, cooking utensils and dishes, medicine, powder, small shot, musket-balls, and metallic cartridges; instruments and small necessaries, such as soap, sugar, tea, coffee, Liebig's extract of meat, pemmican, candles, &c., which make a total of 153 loads. The weapons of defence which the Expedition possesses consist of one double-barrel breech-loading gun, smooth bore; one American Winchester rifle, or 'sixteen shooter;' one Henry rifle, or 'sixteen shooter;' two Starr's breech-loaders, one Jocelyn breech-loader, one elephant rifle, carrying balls eight to the pound; two breech-loading revolvers, twenty-four muskets (flint locks), six single-barelled pistols, one battle-axe, two swords, two daggers (Persian kummers, purchased at Shiraz by myself), one boar-spear, two American axes 4 lbs. each, twenty-four hatchets, and twenty-four butcher-knives."

Then follows the account of the departure from Bagamoyo:

"We left Bagamoyo the attraction of all the curious with much *élact*, and defiled up a narrow lane shaded almost to twilight by the dense umbrage of two parallel hedges of mimosas. We were all in the highest spirits. The soldiers sang, the kirangozi lifted his voice into a loud bellowing note, and fluttered the American flag, which told all on-lookers, 'Lo, a Musungu's caravan!' and my heart, I thought, palpitated much too quickly for the sober face of a leader. But I could not check it; the enthusiasm of youth still clung to me—despite my travels; my pulses bounded with the full glow of staple health; behind me were the troubles which had harassed me for over two months. With that dishonest son of a Hindi, Soor Hadji Palloo, I had said my last word; of the blatant rabble of Arabs, Banyans, and Baluches I had taken my last look; with the Jesuits of the French Mission I had exchanged farewells, and before me beamed the sun of promise as he sped towards the Occident. Loveliness glowed around me. I saw fertile fields, riant vegetation, strange trees—I heard the cry of cricket and pee-wit, and sibilant sound of many insects, all of which seemed to tell me, 'At last you are started.' What could I do but lift my face toward the pure-glowing sky, and cry, 'God be thanked!'"

The first halt was at Shamba Gonera, three and a half miles. Leaving that place, they were eyed curiously by men and women, innocent of clothing. After a little, coming to the Kingani, they could not find means to cross till they made a bridge. While this

was being built, Stanley amused himself peppering the heads of the hippopotami with a Winchester rifle. This the hippopotami took as one would treat peas from a pea-shooter. An ounce and a quarter bullet from a smooth-bore, however, made one bellow with pain, and brought on the death agony.

We should very much like to quote the description of the hippopotamus, and his mode of bathing and stealing on foraging expeditions; of the country through which their route lay; of the watch-dog which he hoped would relieve him from the thieving, impudent Wagogo, but which unaccountably disappeared; of the tetse,—a fly whose bite caused intense pain to man, but which kills outright the horse; of hunting in the jungles while waiting for the fourth caravan, which had fallen behind; of the Chief of Kingaru, under whose smiling mask, bleared eyes, and wrinkled front, was visible the soul of trickery; of what happened on his burying a dead horse in Kingaru lands, which act appeared to amount to a taking possession of the same; of the belles of Kisemo; of the receipt of letters and file of late *Heralds*, and of a hundred other notable objects. Nor can we dwell long on the walled town of Simbamwenni at the foot of the Uruguru Mountains, with its population of three thousand, and one thousand houses:

"The area of the town is about half a square mile, its plan being quadrangular. Well-built towers of stone guard each corner; four gates, one facing each cardinal point, and set half-way between the several towers, permit ingress and egress for its inhabitants. The gates are closed with solid square doors made of African teak, and carven with the infinitesimally fine and complicated devices of the Arabs, from which I suspect that the doors were made either at Zanzibar or on the coast, and conveyed to Simbamwenni plank by plank; yet as there is much communication between Bagamoyo and Simbamwenni, it is just possible that native artisans are the authors of this ornate workmanship, as several doors chiselled and carved in the same manner, though not quite so elaborately, were visible in the largest houses. The palace of the Sultan is after the style of those on the coast, with long sloping roof, wide eaves, and veranda in front.

"The Sultana is the eldest daughter of the famous Kisabengo, a name infamous throughout the neighbouring countries of Udoe, Ukami, Ukwere, Kingaru, Ukwenni, and Kiranga-Wanna, for his kidnapping propensities. Kisabengo was another Theodore on a small scale. Sprung from humble ancestry, he acquired distinction for his personal strength, his powers of harangue, and his amusing

and versatile address, by which he gained great ascendancy over fugitive slaves, and was chosen a leader among them. Fleeing from justice which awaited him at the hands of the Zanzibar Sultan, he arrived in Ukami, which extended at that time from Ukwere to Usagara, and here he commenced a career of conquest, the result of which was the cession by the Wakami of an immense tract of fertile country, in the valley of the Ungerengeri. On its most desirable site, with the river flowing close under the walls, he built his capital, and called it Simbamwenni, which means "The Lion," or the strongest city. In old age the successful robber and kidnapper changed his name of Kisabengo, which had gained such a notoriety, to Simbamwenni, after his town; and when dying, after desiring that his eldest daughter should succeed him, he bestowed the name of the town upon her also, which name of Simbamwenni the Sultana now retains and is known by."

Before he arrived at Useguhha, he had his first attack of African fever:

"First, general lassitude prevailed, with a disposition to drowsiness; secondly, came the spinal ache which, commencing from the loins, ascended the vertebræ, and extended around the ribs, until it reached the shoulders, where it settled into a weary pain; thirdly, came a chilliness over the whole body, which was quickly followed by a heavy head, swimming eyes, and throbbing temples, with vague vision, which distorted and transformed all objects of sight. This lasted until 10 P. M., and the Mukunguru left me, much prostrated in strength."

They had now marched one hundred and nineteen miles from Bagamoyo to Simbamwenni in fourteen marches, extending to twenty-nine days—four miles a day. Now the rainy season came on while the site of their camp was a hot-bed of malaria. "The filth of generations of pagazis had gathered innumerable hosts of creeping things. Armies of black, white and red ants infest the stricken soil; centipedes, like worms of every hue, clamber over shrubs and plants; hanging to the undergrowth, are the honeycombed nests of yellow-headed wasps, with stings as harmful as scorpions; enormous beetles, as large as full grown mice, roll dunghills over the ground. Of all sorts, shapes, sizes and hues are the myriad-fold vermin with which the ground teems; in short, the richest entomological collection could not vie in variety and numbers with the species which the four walls of my tent enclosed from morning until night."

But we shall never get to the finding of Livingstone at this

rate, so we must pass over the journey to Ugogo and Unyanyembe, and the life at Unyanyembe, where the expedition was delayed a long time in consequence of a war, which the Arabs were carrying on with Mirambo, and in which Stanley was induced to take part. During this period his white men mutinied, and Shaw, he strongly suspects, shot at him through the tent. Finally he had to leave both of them behind, they having become thoroughly demoralized—Farquhar being also deeply diseased. Neither of them ever reached home again. There was another mutiny of the men against him on the Gombe river, in which he was in much danger. All this time he had heard nothing of Livingstone, but on the third of November they met a caravan, and having asked the news, they were told that a white man had just arrived at Ujiji from Manyuema—news which startled them:

"A white man?" we asked.

"Yes a white man," they replied.

"How is he dressed?"

"Like the master," they answered, referring to me.

"Is he young, or old?"

"He is old. He has white hair on his face, and is sick."

"Where has he come from?"

"From a very far country away beyond Uguhha, called Manyuema."

"Indeed? and is he stopping at Ujiji now?"

"Yes, we saw him about eight days ago."

"Do you think he will stop there until we see him?"

"*Sigue*" (dont know).

"Was he ever at Ujiji before?"

"Yes, he went away a long time ago."

"Hurrah! This is Livingstone! He must be Livingstone! He *can* be no other; but still;—he may be some one else—some one from the West Coast—or perhaps he is Baker! No; Baker has no white hair on his face. But we must now march quick, lest he hears we are coming, and runs away.

"I addressed my men, and asked them if they were willing to march to Ujiji without a single halt, and then promised them, if they acceded to my wishes, two doti each man. All answered in the affirmative, almost as much rejoiced as I was myself. But I was madly rejoiced; intensely eager to resolve the burning question, 'is it Dr. David Livingstone?' God grant me patience, but I do wish there was a railroad, or, at least, horses in this country. With a horse I could reach Ujiji in about twelve hours."

He had still to fight his way across rivers, and evade tolls by passing through jungles. At last they come in sight of the vil-

lage of Wakaranga, and then from a hill discern the waters of Lake Tanganika, "a burnished bed of silver." At last they see the people of Bunder Ujiji coming towards them, and try to make out the house in which the old man with the gray beard lives, of whom they had heard. They unfurl their flags, and fire a volley of fifty guns. They were soon surrounded with the inhabitants. Among the people one salutes Stanley with:

"Good morning, sir."

Startled—the reply is:

"Who are you?"
"I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone."
"What, is Dr. Livingstone here?"
"Yes, sir!"
"In this village?"
"Yes, sir."
"Are you sure?"
"Sure, sure, sir. Why I leave him just now!"

Susi was sent off to tell the Doctor of Stanley's coming. Stanley at last sees the object of his search, and lets us into the nature of his feelings:

"What would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it shall detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.

"So I did that which I thought was most dignified. I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, in the front of which stood the white man with the grey beard. As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a grey beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of grey tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; *

* "This Englishman, as I afterwards found, was a military man returning to his country from India, and crossing the Desert at this part in order to go through Palestine. As for me, I had come pretty straight from England, and so here we met in the wilderness at about half-way from our respective starting-points. As we approached each other, it became with me a question whether we should speak. I thought it likely that the stranger would accost me, and in the event of his doing so, I was quite ready to be as sociable and chatty as I could be, according to my nature; but still I

so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat and said:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," said he, with a kind smile lifting his cap slightly.

I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and I then say aloud:

"I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you."

He answered, "I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you."

I turn to the Arabs, take off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus of "Yambos" I receive, and the Doctor introduces them to me by name. Then, oblivious of the crowds, oblivious of the men who shared with me my dangers, we—Livingstone and I—turn our faces towards his tembe. He points to the veranda, or, rather, mud platform, under the broad overhanging eaves; he points to his own particular seat, which I see his age and experience in Africa has suggested, namely, a straw mat, with a goatskin over it, and another skin nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protest against taking this seat, which so much more befits him than me, but the Doctor will not yield: I must take it.

We are seated—the Doctor and I—with our backs to the wall. The Arabs take seats on our left. More than a thousand natives are in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity, and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji—one just come from Manyuema, in the west, the other from Unyanyembe, in the east.

Then there was talk, Stanley acting as news agent. The opening of the Suez Canal and Pacific Railway, Grant's Presidency, Cretan rebellion, Spanish revolution, all about Castelar, Prussia and Denmark, Prussia and France, the Queen of Fashion a fugitive, and the Man of Destiny a prisoner in Williamshohe, Bismark, VonMoltke—were the texts of Stanley's discourse to the one listener. Then there was a dinner and a bottle of Sillery Champagne in silver goblets, and

"Dr. Livingstone, to your very good health."

"And to yours," he responded.

And so, after a long time, Stanley went to bed, and the Doctor retired to peruse his letters.

---

could not think of anything particular that I had to say to him; of course among civilized people, the not having anything to say is no excuse at all for not speaking, but I was shy, and indolent, and I felt no great wish to stop, and talk like a morning visitor, in the midst of those broad solitudes. The traveller perhaps felt as I did, for except that we lifted our hands to our caps, and waved our arms in courtesy, we passed each other as if we had passed in Bond Street."—Kinglake's *Eöthen*.

There is another very interesting part of the book which we must slightly pass over—that which describes the journey up the Tanganika. They set sail in two canoes, followed the indentations of the coast to the northernmost part of the great lake, and found there the river Rusizi flowing *into* the lake, thus settling a much vexed question among the geographers.

The time at last arrived when Stanley should return. Livingstone accompanied him as far as Unyanyembe—half way to the coast, and then bade him farewell. Stanley had left Zanzibar in January, 1871, and returned to Ujiji from a cruise on Tanganika on 12th December, same year.

Stanley tells us how his admiration for Livingstone had been growing. He says:

The man that I was about to interview so calmly and complacently, as I would interview any prominent man with the view of specially delineating his nature, or detailing his opinions, has conquered me. Shall I tell you what I intended to do? It is true as the gospel. I intended to interview him, report in detail what he said, picture his life and his figure, then bow him my "*au revoir*," and march back. That he was specially disagreeable and brusque in his manner, which would make me quarrel with him immediately, was firmly fixed in my mind. Besides, he was an Englishman—perhaps a man who used an eye-glass, through which he would glare at me ferociously or icily—both amounting to the same thing—and like the young cornet of the Scinde Horse in Abyssinia, ask me deliberately, after retreating from me several paces, "Whom have I the honor to address?" or like that ancient general at Senafe, Sir —— ——, who snorted out, "Well sir, who are you? What do you want here?" Indeed, the results of my acquaintance with English gentlemen were such, that I should not have been surprised if he had said, "Might I ask you, sir, if you have a letter of introduction for me?" But what a question this had been on the shores of Lake Tanganika! I would have just ordered a retreat to the hill above Ujiji; there rested for two days, and then returned, to tell the world how I had been snubbed. But Livingstone—true, noble Christian, generous-hearted, frank man—acted like a hero, invited me to his house, said he was glad to see me, and got well on purpose to prove the truth of his statement, "You have brought new life unto me;" and when I fell sick with the remittent fever, hovering between life and death, he attended me like a father, and we have now been together for more than a month. Can you wonder that I like this man, whose face is the reflex of his nature, whose heart is essentially all goodness, whose aims are so high, that I break out impetuously sometimes: "But your family, Doctor, they would like to see you, oh! so much.

Let me tempt you to come home with me. I promise to carry you every foot of the way to the coast. You shall have the finest donkey to ride that is in Unyanyembe. Your wants—you have but to hint them, and they shall be satisfied. Let the sources of the Nile go—do you come home and rest; then, after a year's rest, and restored health, you can return and finish what you have to do."

But ever the answer was, "No, I should like to see my family very much indeed. My children's letters affect me intensely; but I must not go home; I must finish my task. It is only the want of supplies that has detained me. I should have finished the discovery of the Nile by this, by tracing it to its connection with either Baker's Lake, or Petherick's branch of the Nile. If I had only gone one month further, I could have said, 'the work is done.' But Dr. Kirk has kept on sending me slaves over and over again; and he ought to know, too, what slaves are. Why he should have gone to Banyans for men I can't make out."

Stanley had had fever a great many times, and on four of these occasions Dr. Livingstone had attended him like a mother. Hope had kept him healthful while he was advancing towards Ujiji, but after the great event of meeting with Livingstone, his energies relaxed; his mind was tranquil; and he became a victim.

He left the Doctor with as much feeling as one parts with a loved father. "God guide you safe home. Good-bye," and wringing of hands, and so they parted.

Stanley had still a terrible time to get to the sea coast, for the rainy season had set in, and they had to pass over flats and marshes, sometimes wading to the middle, and sometimes swimming, but at last his party—such of them as were left, arrived at Zanzibar. Shaw and Farquhar, the two white men who started with him, and who were left behind on the way, had both died; and the wonder is that Stanley was able to live through it all. The man who passes through the jungles and marshes of Central Africa, has need of a strong, hale, well-saved constitution, and even then the chances are somewhat against his return to the coast.

The enormous amount of interesting matter in this book, renders it impossible to give more than a bare glance at the contents. We may say in conclusion, that Stanley is a man not only of stern purpose but of kindly disposition. Of all the men in the world he seems to have been the one for the expedition on which he was sent. Perhaps there is some exaggeration in his accounts, but we do not think they are purposely magnified. The enthusiast sees things enlarged by his own way of viewing them, and yet we must

say that there does appear a versimilitude about all that he says, which keeps us from thinking that his statement goes beyond the just lines of truth. We would, in conclusion, say to those of our readers who have not yet seen the book, that a more interesting volume it would be difficult to find.

THE GRAVE-DIGGER.

GAUNT and grim and old—his trade
To ply the pick-axe, bar and spade:

He leans against the church-yard wall,
Where ghostliest shades at twilight fall,

And to himself he sings, and these
The words that reach me on the breeze.

"Homes for the homeless I provide—
The restless to their rest I guide,
And mine is sure a noble trade;
Unquiet souls find quiet here—
Eyes wont to weep ne'er shed a tear
In my domain of peaceful shade.

"What all men long for I bestow—
And yet they shun me as a foe;
Wide as they wander, here at last
Oblivion shrouds the troubled Past,
For unto me, by Fate constrained,
They turn when life's full cup is drained.

"No more by worldly cares perplexed—
No more by adverse fortune vexed—
No more bowed down by grief nor sin,
Nor crazed by Time's discordant din!

"Oh, slumb'rous land! oh, land of rest!
With poppies be thy bosom drest!

Breathe softly here, ye airs that sweep
From sunnier climes beyond the deep,
And rest, oh Dust! as ages wane,
Till fired with life when death is slain!"

Gaunt and grim and old—his trade
To ply the pick-axe, bar and spade:

He leans against the church-yard wall
Where ghostliest shades at twilight fall,

And to himself he sings—while you
And I our phantoms still pursue.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER OF PUNCH BOWL.

A Newfoundland Christmas Tale.

THE old schoolmaster of Punch Bowl had at length passed over to the great majority, and irrevocably joined the mighty nations of the dead. For more than a quarter of a century had he urged successive generations of young Punch Bowlers along the flowery paths of knowledge. Believing thoroughly in the entire depravity of human nature, he held that there was but one way of getting knowledge into the heads of the young,—a sharp application of the rod at the opposite extremity. The new fangled ways of smoothing the path of learning, and making knowledge pleasant and attractive, he despised as weak and contemptible. The very moderate success which attended his educational labors, he accounted for by the theory which he firmly held,—that the children born in Punch Bowl were all utterly and irreclaimably stupid —"the very scruff of Newfoundland." Grim and rough as he was, there were "streaks" of kindness in his heart if you could only strike on them. His temper, however, was sorely tried with the wild boys of the village; and if the instruction imparted by the poor old man was moderate in amount, his salary was proportionately small. Perhaps after all, amid his rude environments,

and sore discouragements, it might be said of him, "he did what he could;" and helped a little to pioneer the way for better things. One wintry afternoon, an hour before the usual time of dismissal, he gladdened the hearts of his scholars by saying, in gentler tones than usual, "Children, it's growing dark—get home before the storm comes." Next day he was reported to be sick; and before a week had passed, his coffin was borne to the little church-yard. Then people discovered his good points; and many a kindly word was spoken of the old man when he was quite insensible to human praise and blame.

"It won't do," said Parson Hurlbut to his wife, "to have the school closed. We must send to St. John's for a trained teacher who will be abreast of the age, and help to raise these people out of the ruts of ignorance." "Let him be a young man, and unmarried," said Mrs. Hurlburt,—"these old men with wives and children will not be advised, and make no improvement." In response to the Parson's application, a young schoolmaster was despatched to Punch Bowl. He was rather a well-favored youth, and dressed smartly. His accent and polished manners showed that he had lived in the metropolis of the colony. He never taught in his shirt-sleeves, like his predecessor; never was seen to smoke a pipe as he heard the lessons, and, to the astonishment of the Punch Bowlers, he discarded the rod, and announced his intention of trusting entirely to "moral suasion"—a mysterious phrase which the good people did not pretend to understand, and therefore reverenced the more as "a new discovery in larnin'." The Parson's wife was charmed with the young schoolmaster, and never tired sounding his praises. When he met her, he raised his hat gracefully, and always addressed her as "Madam." She was a woman "of a certain age, but very uncertain temper,"—sharp in features, and by no means prepossessing in appearance. The good people of the village respected her as their Parson's wife, but I am afraid did not love her. There was a hardness about her manner, and a want of sympathy with the feelings, wants and woes of the little community in which she lived. Perhaps if she had been a mother, the natural asperity of her temper would have been softened, and her better and kindlier nature fostered into activity by the clinging caresses of the little ones; but the patter of little feet was not heard in her dwelling—the Parson and she were childless. In the young schoolmaster she took an uncommon

interest, and declared that the school, since he came, was quite another thing, and so it was. Hands and faces were cleaner among the children; and to the astonishment of parents, the boys and girls liked to go to school, and could hardly be kept at home. The Parson declared the young schoolmaster was a treasure. His surname was not an uncommon one—it was Smith; but either because his parents were religious people, or in order that he might not be lost among the immense and indiscriminate mass of Smiths, they named him Melchisedek. After he had been a year at the St. John's academy, young Melchisedek resolved to aid the effect by changing his homely pantronymic into Smythe.

For a time all went on smoothly with Melchisedek in his new sphere of labor. His fame for learning spread far and wide. As in the case of Goldsmith's schoolmaster, the main source of astonishment was "how one small head could carry all he knew." It was even whispered that he could "tackle" the Parson in argument. On Sundays, his fine voice was greatly admired as he led the choir and uttered the responses. He taught the children to sing, to the great delight of the mothers. He organized a Lodge of Good Templars, and speedily had the gawky young fishermen adepts in the evolutions and ceremonial of the Order, and rejoicing in a whole alphabet of letters prefixed to their names. He had but one difficulty to contend with—he was remarkably short-sighted; and of this defect his scholars did not fail to take advantage.

Still young Melchisedek could not help feeling that life was rather dull in the stupid little village of Punch Bowl, after the glow and excitement of St. John's. When his scholars had taken their departure, and the hum of the little human hive had been followed by dead silence, he might be seen, at times, gazing out of the window, with a wearied and doleful expression of countenance. On one of these occasions, he became aware—short-sighted as he was, that from a window opposite, a pair of dark eyes were fixed upon him with a tender interest. There was something, he thought, altogether uncommon in the bayonet-flash that came from those dark orbs, and made a flame leap from heart to eyes in quick response. He was conscious of a new sensation. Somehow he found himself afterwards, even during school hours, watching that window; and if the black eyes shone there for a moment, as often they did, there came such a glow over the master's face as made sunshine in the school, and mightily helped the scholars in getting

through the lessons. It was evident that young Melchisedek had met his fate; and the fatal glance had come from the Parson's kitchen window. There, among Mrs. Hulburt's pots and pans, presided Mary Manuel, the eldest daughter of a small "planter," having taken service with the Parson, in order somewhat to lighten her father's expenses, who had what he called "a heavy family" of eleven children. Mary was the acknowledged belle of the village, —plump as a seal, rosy-cheeked, with a most bewitching smile, suggestive lips, and above all, a pair of glorious black eyes, which seemed to challenge admiration. It was no wonder those bright orbs set the schoolmaster's heart in a glow, for they had once drawn from an Irishman the compliment, "be dad, Mary, if ye would only look into my pipe, yer eyes would light it."

How acquaintance soon ripened into tender intimacy between Mary and the schoolmaster, may be safely left to the imagination of each reader of this true tale. Very soon the boys in school as they irreverently and unfeelingly termed it, "twigged" how matters stood; and commenced carving the name "Mary" on the desks, with their penknives. A precocious little girl of eleven was the first to make the discovery, by following the direction which the master's eyes took so frequently, as he gazed out of the window. "The course of true love never did run smooth." One thing which the Parson's wife refused to tolerate with her servants, was "followers." These were sternly prohibited under all circumstances, with the threat of instant dismissal, in case of a violation of the rule. Mary felt it to be a hard law, when one evening her lover came to the kitchen door after tea, and lingered longingly about the entrance. Almost before she was aware she had invited him "to step in," and nearly every evening after that Melchisedek paid a visit to the Parson's kitchen. Very sweet, it may be supposed, were those prohibited interviews; and to the lonely schoolmaster, life began to wear a different aspect, and the world seemed a kindlier, warmer place since Mary smiled on him. It was in the first weeks of opening summer, when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," that their acquaintance began, and it continued with increasing warmth till now the Christmas holidays had arrived.

Mrs. Hurlbut had no suspicion how matters stood, and never dreamed that her kitchen was haunted by a "follower." Christmas Eve arrived. The Parson and his wife had accepted an invi-

tation to take tea on that evening with Mrs. Solomon Dawe, the wife of the wealthiest "planter" in Punch Bowl. Having made all due preparation for Christmas day by "stuffing" a splendid turkey, a present from Mrs. Dawe, and constructing a magnificent plum-pudding, such as she knew the soul of her Theophilus loved, Mrs. Hurlbut took her husband's arm, and set out to spend the evening with a clear conscience. The Parson's heart too was at ease. He had finished one of his very best Christmas sermons that afternoon, with which he expected to make a great impression on the large congregation sure to be present on Christmas Day. Little did either anticipate the catastrophe which was at hand.

Melchisedek noted the departure of the Parson and his wife, and soon after, he was seated in close proximity to Mary, at the parsonage fireside. After tea, the conversation between the Parson and Solomon Dawe chanced to turn on the Washington Treaty, one provision in which is, "that all fish-oils" are to be admitted free of duty into the ports of the United States. The Parson argued that the wording of this section would exclude the seal oil of Newfoundland, as seals are not fish. "Not fish," exclaimed Solomon, in astonishment—"creatures as swims in the sea and lives there constant, not fish!—what be they then—are they four-footed beasteses? Parson, this book-larnin' puts your head astray sometimes—seals not fish! Don't we call it the seal fishery?" "Very true," said the Parson, "but it's a misnomer—seals are no more fish than sheep. Did you ever hear of a fish having warm blood and suckling its young? The seal is a carniverous, warm-blooded, marine quadruped, and belongs to the family called by naturalists, Phocadae." But Solomon would not yield; and the dispute ran so high that at last the Parson said he would step over to the parsonage, and bring from his library Buffon's Natural History, which would decide the question. To save time, he entered by the back door, and surprised the lovers sitting by the fireside in suspicious proximity. Mary looked guilty, and Melchisedek sheepish. The Parson smiled good-naturedly, took his "Buffon" under his arm, and returned to the party.

On his way home, he was indiscreet enough to tell Mrs. Hurlbut what he had witnessed. Instantly her wrath flamed up, and she vowed that Mary, after such shameful conduct, should never sleep under her roof. In vain did the Parson remonstrate and remind her that to-morrow would be Christmas Day, and that if she dis-

missed Mary, she would have to light the fires and cook the dinner herself, as they had but one servant. She protested that, whatever the sacrifice, she should "march that instant." So poor Mary, after having vials of wrath discharged on her head, was turned out of doors, and in tears sought the shelter of her father's cottage, where she received abundant comfort and encouragement from her mother. It was just as well that Mrs. Hurlbut did not overhear the opinion of her conduct expressed confidentially between those two women. It would not have sweetened her temper.

Christmas morning dawned gently upon a slumbering world, whispering of "peace and good will." The Parson's wife opened her eyes, and remembered, with a slight twinge of remorse, her treatment of Mary, which was, perhaps, quickened by the thought that she must thus early turn out of her warm bed and kindle the kitchen fire. Melchisedek had passed a sleepless night in fear of what might have happened to his Mary; and the moment he saw the parsonage chimney smoking, he resolved to pay her an early visit, and learn the worst from her own lips, not being aware of her dismissal the night before. In the grey dawn he stole quietly along, and seeing the parsonage kitchen door ajar, he crept in on tip-toe. At that moment the Parson's wife was on her knees before the kitchen fire, vainly trying to kindle the damp wood, her temper being by no means improved in the struggle. Melchisedek thought he would give his Mary a joyful surprise, never dreaming in the imperfect light, and with his short sight, but this was she. Softly he crept behind the Parson's wife, threw his arms about her neck, drew back her head, and before the astounded woman could utter a cry or make a struggle, he kissed her passionately, right and left, north and south. "Hip, hip, hurrah—hurrah"—exclaimed Melchisedek, by way of grace along with meat, accompanying every word with a more resounding kiss—"and a tiger," he added, as he finished up with a smack, which was heard up stairs by the Parson. "You impertinent scoundrel," exclaimed the outraged woman, at length getting her breath, "what do you mean by such conduct—get out of the house." In a moment the truth flashed on the young man, and muttering under his breath, "I declare if it isn't the old cat I've been kissing"—he fled from the house.

The indignant wife informed her husband of what had happened. "You see, my dear," he calmly remarked, "it was all a

mistake; he took you for Mary. You were out of your proper sphere." But her anger knew no bounds, and she insisted on the instant dismissal of the schoolmaster. In a most unenviable state of mind she went to church; but as the touching service proceeded, and the choir broke forth into "Hark! the herald angels sing," she began to feel a soothing influence calming her mind; other and better thoughts arose, and when the Parson closed his sermon with an earnest entreaty to his hearers to banish all angry passions and forgive all injuries, and to seek reconciliation with friends and neighbors where quarrels had arisen, and not to let this sweet day close till this was done, the Parson's wife was fairly overcome. Perhaps too the passionate warmth of those kisses that were showered on her, albeit intended for another, had some influence, reminding her of a time, some twenty-five years ago, when her Theophilus came a wooing. She began to think of the misery of the unhappy lovers whom she was about to separate, perhaps for ever. As the Rev. Theophilus emerged from the vestry after service, his wife placed her hand on his arm, and said, "let us go and call on Mary." Speedily all was forgiven; and on New Year's Day, Mary and Melchisedek were married, to the great delight of the entire population of Punch Bowl.

When Melchisedek ventures to find fault with his wife about any trifle, the old flash from her mischievous black eyes comes back as she sings, "the Schoolmaster kissed the Parson's wife—heigho."

N. L.

ABOUT THE HEARTH.

THE summer pranked with gaudy flowers,
Now sees her glory fade with grief,
And tears fall from the skies in showers,
But give her sorrow no relief;
A chill runs through her beauteous form,
And all her beauty shrinks and fades,
Till, 'neath the pelting northern storm,
She sighs for death, and seeks the shades;

Borne on the breeze the shrunk remains
  Of leaf and petal flee mid dust,
And not a flower its hue retains,
  Of all her beauty, last and first.
Old beldame winter shrieks with glee,
  And heaps white graves, where deep reposes,
On hill and dale, by bower and tree,
  The violets blue and sunny roses.

Let 's draw around the hearth the chairs,
  And heap the logs upon the embers,
While the weird wind-harp plays its airs—
  The melodies which each remembers.
The flames run high, the sparks leap out,
  While startle back the timid girls,
And at their fears the wild boys shout,
  What mischief lovers are those carls.

The giant storm, now hurling hail,
  Closes to wrestle with the wall,
The hearts within with fearing fail,
  Lest the athletic house should fall.
The contest lulls—'t is over—No!
  The blatant winds their forces rally,
Then come again with fiercer blow,
  Around the hill and up the valley.
They tug and strive, but all in vain,
  We happy sit within securely;
Let 's crack our jokes, and sing the strain,
  Both sportive lads and maids demurely.

Who cares for all their bullying now,
  They 've only strength to brag and bluster,
Come tell us, Jack, how simple boys
  The lasses put in such a fluster;
A love-song sing—the oft-told story,
  We never tire of its numbers,
A sure response will never fail,
  From every breast where passion slumbers.

SONG.

The summer is gone, and the flowers are faded,
  And Annie's heart sinks with alarms;
For the bower of love, in which she sat shaded,
  Is reft of its beauty and charms.

Young Josie is gone to the grave with the leaves;
  And her heart now lies under the clay,
No more may she think, 'mid the stocks of tall sheaves,
  To hear his strong voice tune the lay.

'T was the time o' the harvest she met with young Josie,
  The braid rig was reaped by the twa;
And Oh, but kind love, in the sair camp, made easy,
  The hardest work Annie e'er saw.

When e'enin' came on and night shed the gloamin',
  And the big moon shone bright o'er the lea,
What talk they had then while hand in hand roamin',
  Is a story as old as the sea.

Such happiness saw, with fell envy, black Death,
  And struck the strong man with his scythe,
"'T is harvest time, sure," the old tyrant saith,
  "I will reap the best reaper alive."

O where will I ever the like of my chield,
  In summer or winter e'er see?
The pride of the harvest is ta'en frae the field—
  Frae earth and frae love and frae me.

The ditty saddened every heart,
  And dimmed each dropping eye,
When mirth again is made to start,
  With "Milking o' the Kye."

SONG.

MILKING THE KYE.

I'll tell you a tale without any fail,
Of a lass that went out with her milking pail:
She sat on her stool, when the cow, the old fool,
  Kicked over the piggin and spilled all the milk.

"Oh what shall I do, for my mistress, the noo,
Will rail when she sees the piggin's no' fu'!
She aye will be dinnin'—while I sit a spinnin'"—
  "Ye're a poor careless lassie, ye're no' worth a whilk!"

She sat down to cry, when Jamie came bye—
Quoth he, lassie, ne'er grieve for the fault o' the kye,
Throw the piggin to chance, and come to the Manse,
We 'll soon be made ane by Mess John o' that ilk.

"Oh how can I gae in this druggit grey,
Nae shoon on my feet and my hair a' astray?"
"Mess John he will think you the pride and the pink
O' lassies that take nae their charms frae rich silk."

So awa they hae gane to Mess John down the lane,
And a bonnier lassie he ne'er married nane,
But next Sunday out ower, how her mistress did glower
At the bride now sae bonnie that spilled a' the milk.

A lad from town with braw new coat,
A pleasant winsome beau,
Amid the chat now crooned a note,
And sang them "Curly Joe."

CURLY JOE.

I was a little girl,
Just fifteen years ago,
When to our shop he came,
Young curly-headed Joe.

His curls were jetty black,
And mine were flaxen white,
But his were fairer far,
To my love-dazzled sight.

He carried parcels big,
Ran errands to and fro,
He swept the shop so clean,
We called him busy Joe.

His eye was bright as heaven,
His heart was true, I know,
Papa, who never spoke amiss,
Baptized him honest Joe.

But yet a very thief,
The boy he proved to be,
He stole—ah wicked boy!
He stole the heart from me.

Ah no, I gave it him,
And better far he gave,
His own boy-honest heart,
'T was I who was the knave.

When father found it out,
I thought he 'd storm and ban,
"Come hither Minx," said he,
"You love a poor young man."

Oh how I loved father,
Because he did not scold,
I threw myself within his arms,
He closed me in their fold.

A double parnership
I took him in my loving arms,
Was formed that day with Joe,
My father into Co.

The night had sped, the clock struck twelve,
And all may now retire—
For they must rise, with rising sun;
So Jerry rakes the fire.

N. B.

THE FAIRY BIRD.

HOW to sleep! I wish I knew how. I lie awake nearly half the night, and then I might, you know, indulge in an after dinner nap, but that I cannot lull my senses into unconsciousness. I was very tired a few days ago, and had eaten a good dinner. We had beefsteak, chicken pie, an apple pudding, and other good things. Everything was done to a nicety, and the cook was complimented. After we had risen from table the boys went out, and we went to our rooms. I thought how nice it would be to have a comfortable nap, and tried to compose myself for the impress of the sleep god, but do what I would I could not sleep. I thought I was about to succeed, when right out on the street some wandering minstrels struck up a song to the accompaniment of violin and harp, a sort of weird melody. I distinctly caught only one stanza. It ran thus:

The fairy bird is on the wing,
He hears what the maiden thinks,
And the tale
Will regale
The ears of Mrs. Binks.

The impudent creatures! How have they got the secret of my being the inamorata of Binks, and about our quarrel? Very likely they know our—my wretchedness. Without doubt they have found it out somehow, I wish I knew. And now they want to bribe me to send them away with their villanous insinuations. To be sure, what do I care for them. Let them sing what they please. I felt very much annoyed, so much so that I got up, and standing away from the window, you know, that they might not see me, I looked out. There were they—a gipsy-looking woman, and two sunburnt, be-moustached fellows with their instruments. They were again singing the refrain:

The tale
Will regale
The ears of Mrs. Binks.

Well, I did not know what to do. Of course, fairy-birds are all nonsense, and even if they were realities, what need I care though they should report the sum total of my thoughts to Mrs. Binks. Still, no one could tell what absurd things could be insinuated into

Mrs. Binks' head, regarding me. And then I am sure she does not like me, and would do anything to keep her son from making up the quarrel and taking me to his house, which might necessitate the going of the old lady to lodgings. So I began to think I would need to keep a sharp look out regarding my acts if not my thoughts. Well, I had thought just of enjoying my ease that Sunday evening. I forgot to say it was Sunday, and I had been at church in the morning, but now I thought it would be better perhaps to go to church in the evening, especially as it was just possible that Binks would be there, and probably would come home with me, and then who knows what might happen.

So I put on my things and sallied out into the street. It was a fine evening; the air was warm, and the shadows were just beginning to walk across the heavens. I saw in the distance the musicians retreating down a lane. What on earth are the police about, thought I, that they do not take up these creatures who are going about singing profane songs on the holy day? It was surely preposterous. Never the like was heard of, but then, what with garrotting, and sneak-thieving, and all sorts of crimes, we may expect that the good day will not be much respected.

Well, I got to the church when the service was just commencing. The various prayers were said, and the magnificat, etc., sung. The anthem came next. After the choir had gone through their parts, a strange, bird-like voice sang a solo:

It is the place of prayer,
All wordly thoughts abhorring,
Hast thou come hither where
Seraphs are God extolling?
Ah no, there cometh thither,
On worldly thoughts intent,
A soul devoid of fear,
With earthly love content.

I felt sure that this was aimed at me. I lifted my eye and saw Mrs. Binks just across the aisle eyeing me. A bird, that seemed alive, was hanging on a spray of flowers near her ear, and it also seemed to be the warbler of the strange melody. It was, without doubt, telling Mrs. Binks what I wanted to conceal. Oh the fairy-bird! Now I would not for the world that Binks would

know that I had any thought of meeting with him there, yet surely Mrs. Binks would tell him and poison his mind in regard to me. So I would not stay there till he could come after service to see me home, as if I had come to seek reconciliation, or, perhaps, refuse to look the way in which I was. I will go. So just before the sermon I slipped out, but I could not make up my mind to go home. I wandered into the church-yard and sat down on a tombstone.

The shadows had fallen deep and dark. There was no moon or stars. A various colored light streamed from the stained window above the altar across the tombstones, revealing their inscriptions. On one of them I read:

"Love dissembleth, Life fleeth, Death neareth."

This was on a scroll, held in the bill of a bird with gay plumage. The fairy-bird again surely, thought I.

Well, I sat, I know not how long, in a reverie. I was at home in fancy. Binks came into our little parlor, but he was quite shy and constrained. I also felt distant. I would have liked to tell him of what the wandering musician had sung, and what I saw in the church, and what I read on the tombstone, but I could not. He looked hard at me and said:

"Miss Mary, you are a little hypocrite."

"Thank you, Mr. Binks, you have guessed right."

"You love me and you pretend you don't."

"Like all the daughters of Eve," said I.

"You told me you did not care for me, and you came to the church to see me."

"You are a gentleman to talk that way," I replied.

And so Mr. Binks took up his hat and left me. But I was still there on the hard, cold tombstone. The people were dismissed, the lights were all out, and still I sat, while the click of the gate-lock smote on my ears—and now, how should I get out from the regions of the dead? Well, well, very likely I shall have a visit from some unshriven ghost. I must make my way out as best I can. The wall is not high, and surely I may jump over. If not, I must call out and some one will answer me, as it cannot yet be very late.

Before, however, I could carry my intention into effect, I saw approaching from the opposite side of the grave-yard, the figure of a woman, apparently enveloped in a long cloak with hood drawn over her head. When within a few yards, she opened her cloak,

shewing a lighted lamp which shone in one direction, the other sides being blind. She further placed with considerable care on the grave which was at her feet, a bird like a raven, and began an incantation to it:

"Go and find me the mandrake that shrieks,
Go and find me my hemlock slave,
Pick me a branch of henbane bitter,
And a dock that grows from a dead man's grave."

The bird went hopping about from place to place, examining the ground with a curious eye. Then it would pick at some herb, and as soon as it did so, the little woman would, with a little trowel, dig up the plant and put it in a pouch which hung by her side. After she appeared satisfied, she crooned in a low voice:

"I 've got the herb the weird ones love,
I 've got the root divine,
I 've got what will brew the good love philtre,
The jealous woman's wine."

"Ha! ha!" she chuckled, "won't this be a fine brewing, my pretty bird. But what have we here," said she, observing me for the first time behind the flat tombstone, where I had sunk down to avoid observation.

I was almost dead with fright, but could not summon courage to move. She came up to where I was, and held her lamp so as to throw its full reflection on me.

"Well, Miss, and what are you doing here," she said. "Ha! are you too looking for charms and philtres? Very likely in love—and unreturned. Never mind, if that's what you're after, I'm the lady for you. Come, let me see your hand. Oh, it's a bonny hand," said she, taking it unresistingly in her's, which was hard and bony, and looking not so much at it as at my face, as though she would divine my secret.

After I had recovered the first shock, finding that she intended me no hurt, at least of a bodily kind, I found strength to say:

"Who are you, and what do you want here?"

"Oh, who am I?—that's a question. Does not every one in the town of Doubleton know Jenny the gipsy. She's mad, they say. And what do I want? Did you no' see and hear what I wanted, and what I ha'e got? Oh! but I ken well what you want. You

want your fortune told, and Jenny the gipsy is the girl can tell it for you, but no' here. Come awa wi' me and tell me a' about it in my ain hame. Come awa'. I can help you."

I felt I could not resist her importunate invitation, and suffered myself to be led unresistingly towards a little side gate which I had never observed before. She had taken her bird into a little cage, which she set down, while she took a brass key which hung at her side, and inserting it in the lock, opened it. We passed through, and she again locked the gate. It was a narrow lane into which we passed, with low dilapidated houses. Up the lane we proceeded, for, it might be, a quarter of a mile. Most of the houses were closed and dark. Here and there, however, was one open with flaming light, and within revellers drinking and swearing. I was ready to fly away, but where should I go. I was absolutely unacquainted with the locality or the way from it to any of the known or respectable parts of Doubleton. When, as I said, we had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, she stopped at a miserable, dilapidated house which, however, had once been a fine dwelling. It was just on the outskirts of the town, and separated entirely by some distance from any of the other houses or shanties. Here she gave me her cage to hold while she opened the door. I asked her to take me to where I could find my way home. "No, no!" said she, "no' till ye see the philtre brewed. Jenny the gipsy maun tell ye yer fortune ere ye gang."

We went in, and she opened her lamp, which shed a glare through the room into which we had passed from the hall. It was scantily furnished indeed. There was a "dresser" with a few articles of delf and cracked china, a few rickety chairs and a greasy lounge. The walls were hung with pictures of an inferior class, and a large mirror stood against the wall between the windows. A mastiff and large cat seemed to be co-tenants, and to lead a quieter life than they are usually credited with. The gipsy remarked:

"Here we are now. Sit down while I light the fire."

She proceeded to heap a pile of sticks on the embers of a fire which smouldered on the hearth, and with a pair of bellows to blow till the wood crackled and sparkled. I was glad of the heat, for I had been very cold while in the church-yard, and the walk had not restored the warmth.

She then hooked on a little pot to the crane, poured into it

some water, then took out some herbs and put them in successively, chanting a spell:

"Plant that brings the phantasies
Over bright and burning eyes,
Root that makes the fond one jealous,
Leaves that secret fancies tell us,
Make a philtre for this maiden,
With the griefs of love o'erladen,
That with wonderous surprise,
Will shed a glamour o'er his eyes."

"Let it simmer there now," said she, "while I show the future. Now look here." She set me before the mirror, which was draped round with curious festoons of faded flowers, and began:

"You ha'e had a quarrel—a lovers' quarrel. Your are sad—you thought sleep and festivity and mirth would cure the ache of the heart. It winna, ye find that. Now mind what I say. I will make her, the mother, gi'e this to the son, as medicine for his ills—for he also is sad, and ye shall ha'e him at your feet again. Look!"

I looked into the mirror, and there I saw a form like my own—but as I gazed, it seemed to get older and shorter, and then other forms came into the scene—a portly man like what Binks might be some twenty years after, with gray hair and wrinkled brow, and then shadows of children flitting and going across the scene, while my own hair began to grow gray, and hard lines to appear in my face. I grew vexed and angry; all the while she was chanting some magic words, and throwing a powder on the fire which sent up blue, red, and purple flames. "Witch," I said, "cease your accursed incantations, and let me go from this place."

"Oh, the bonny lady. Is the future no sae pleasant? No! I too was young and handsome—aye, handsome as ye are yer sell. But see me now—I would na ha'e believed it. No! and let me tell ye what ha'es brought me to this—stories! lies! told by the mother o' him wha should ha'e ta'en me as his ain but didna. He went awa' to sea and I never saw him mair. And so I ha'e a sympathy wi' puir lassies like you wha' are in straits and difficulties. But ye dinna like your future mair than I mine. Ah! use and custom will make us reconciled to anything—old age, toothless gums, grey locks—and welcome will old death be when he comes alang."

I looked at her with wonder. She had assumed the style and air of a prophetess. There was a tone of sympathy running through her strain, though her voice became hard when she spoke of the mother of her old lover, who had deserted her. Her face lighted up, so that shadows of the former beauty came back, and her eyes became lustrous.

"You are no' in love wi' your future," she continued. "Well, say the word and it shall be changed—somewhat, she added after a pause. You can die young if you wish, and unmarried, in all your maiden beauty. Choose."

I looked once more into the mirror, and then I saw, but at great distance in the background, an old woman lying on her bed, surrounded by a large group of persons of various ages, who more or less bore a resemblance to her. She was evidently near the time of dissolution, and then in the near foreground was a young woman with the roses of consumption on her cheek, and wasted frame and thin fingers. Both bore a likeness to myself.

"Choose," said she.

"Hag," I said, "let me go from your abominable house. You promise me help, and you only put before me prospects of despair. You are surely mad, and I am mad to credit you, to follow you or to be here. I *must* go. I will go."

I rose with great determination, and was lifting the latch.

"Stay one moment," said she. "I sent the fairy-bird. Those who sung of it are in the next room. I knew what you would do. I wanted to help you. I will."

"Truebold," said she, addressing her dog, "go with this lady, home."

Truebold rose, shook himself, and then I knew that I had often seen this very dog round our way, and that I had been kind to him on various occasions. I thought, "well, I may trust myself to that dog."

Out we went into the darkness, and on through the black lane into the street where also darkness and silence now reigned, and around the square, so well known, and to my own door, which, strange to say, I found unlocked, went in, threw myself, weary and worn out, upon my couch, from which I had risen I know not how many hours ago. I was soon in a deep sleep.

When I awoke the sun was shining through the clematis and roses around my window. I was still lying on the couch. All the

scenes of the night came back, but in a confused way, to my mind. My wonder was whether from the way I left Jenny she would aid me, as she had promised. I thought I would rather marry and grow old than die young of consumption.

The next day passed, and the next, and the whole week, and then came Sunday round again. I had not dared to speak a word to any of our family about my adventure. Indeed I was very much afraid they would make some inquiry about it. But none made a remark. So I thought my secret was my own. I would not for the world any one should have guessed the truth. Besides, how could I tell such an improbable story. People would have said I was crazy.

Well, Sunday came. I was too unwell to go to church. Indeed after my recent experience there, I did not want to go. But mother and sister went, and sure enough when they came Binks was with them, and had been invited to stay and take dinner. He had come to them to make inquiries after me, but he had not said a word of my leaving church last Sunday evening. I was so glad he didn't. Well, at dinner he was quite gay and cheerful, just as he had been before our quarrel. He told us all about being quite unwell, but that his mother had got some potion from some strange character who dealt much in simples, and that he got daily better on it, and now felt really well. I blushed up to the eyes, thinking he was in the whole secret, and perhaps at the bottom of what he thought a good joke. Well, if he is, I said to myself, he shall never be mine. I wont be hocussed that way. I'd rather die of consumption—I would.

But I could not see how he could have anything to do with my visit to the grave-yard or the house of the gipsy. He was surely the victim of that woman, or rather the patient, and her doctoring had been eminently successful. At least so I thought when I glanced at Binks, who seemed in the happiest mood. Nor was I less certain that he was under benign influences when, after dinner, we were all alone and made up our quarrel—which I have not described, and don't intend to at present. He was really more loving, and gentle, and forbearing than I had ever seen him. So I concluded that it was better to become Mrs. Binks and be the old granny, sometime many years hence, than let consumption feed on my cheek. No, anything better than that.

Well, this is some months ago, and sure Binks and I have been

married. I told him somewhat of my experience that Sunday evening. Not just all. I remembered an old song which says:

"But aye keep something to yoursel
Ye dinna tell to ony."

Well, what did he say?

He said: "Why, child, you have been dreaming." I leave it to my readers to say whether this was at all likely. Besides, what about that powder which Mrs. Binks had from the gipsy, and which brought Binks to health and sense again. Suppose I had been dreaming, was that part of the dream? I put the case fairly before the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY, convinced that they will all agree with me, and laugh at the broad affirmation of Mr. Binks, that the whole of my experience that night was a delusion of the morbid fancy, worked up to a high pitch of excitement by fond affection and a hearty dinner.

ADA ST. EDMUNDS.

TOWN OR COUNTRY?

WHERE should we look for the best specimens of the human family? Neither at the poles nor the tropics, but in the temperate regions. So far the reply is plain. Extremes of heat and of cold are evidently detrimental to the perfection of the human plant. In Greenland the race is stunted, in Central America and Africa it is savage, and idle, and weak. But with this broad phase of the question we are not much concerned. Where in our own civilized land shall we find the best specimens of the human being? This question needs to be divided, as man is a complex creature, and what is best for his material development may be detrimental to his mental and spiritual organization. The man strongest in body may be weakest in mind. As to physique, Professor Forbes found that of the English, Irish, and Scotch students attending his classes, the Irish were the strongest, and weightiest, and tallest. There may have been some peculiarities which turned the scale in favor of the students from the Green Isle which would not be found if a more extended observation had been made. It is just possible that students from Ireland were

drawn from a more select portion of the community than obtained in the other nationalities; still, in the absence of other data, we must admit that the evidence is in favor of Ireland as the best habitat for the development of the human frame; and as it is generally conceded that it is the poorer country in wealth, and even in soil, perhaps the climate is to be credited with the difference. Or, is poverty itself a cause of development?

Leaving this, for the present, insoluble problem, we may compare the city with the country. There is no doubt, in the view of any accurate observer, that the country is far more favorable to physical development than the town. One has only to take a survey of the youth born and brought up in the city, and those who have breathed the free air of the country, to come to this conclusion. The observation will hold good as to all towns, but more especially to those which are devoted to manufacture. It is sad to look at the miserable specimens of humanity which pour out of the large factories. We have made it a point to observe them coming forth from mills, and foundries, and machine shops in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Philadelphia, Boston, and even in St. John, and in every case, while there were very excellent specimens of strength and stature, they were, as a rule, far below the average. We have gone to the surrounding rural districts, and in most cases the inhabitants were above the average—in many places *far* above it. On the Saint John river, in many places, you will find the men all giants. "Do you grow any men here below six feet?" we asked of a hotel keeper, who was himself a giant and surrounded with a number of others equally big. "No Sir," said he, "we wouldn't think it worth our while." The same reply would be given in very many districts of our country. Maine and Vermont would lead to the conclusion that somehow they got rid of all the dwarfs. It is true, however, that some districts of the country produce small specimens. The French districts will furnish instances. Whether it is the race that is to be credited with the size and strength in each case, may be a question; but then where shall we find any race hold out against the deteriorating influences of the pent-up city for any length of time? We are certain that a set of giants would soon find their progeny dwindle down in the smoke, and dust, and confinement of the factory system, wherever it obtains.

Nor is it in appearance alone that the people of the country

have the advantage. Their muscle and bone is of even a greater average than their height. We have seen men handle with ease great masses of matter which those subjected from childhood to city influences could hardly move. There are, indeed, many employed about our wharves and express offices who have enormous muscular power, but most of these have spent their youthful days in the country? The fact, we believe, will be found to be that strength comes from the bracing air and exercise of country life.

Then, too, is it not a fact that the greater portion of the business of the city is done by those who have spent their early days in the country? There is a tendency in the city to produce nervousness, and lassitude, and weakness. And so the strong, burly lads who come to our town, generally manage to get hold of its business, and become the directors of its commerce.

But it is said in an article which we lately perused, that the city, in consequence of drainage and the other appliances of modern civilization, is healthier than the country. This statement, however, is confined to those who belong to the better classes, it being admitted that for the masses of the laboring and manufacturing classes, the city presents no such favorable circumstances. Then, too, it is affirmed that many children of the better classes would die were it not for the preservative influence of their superior comfort, and grow up sickly and dwarfed. There are, no doubt, many whom disease would carry off who may be nursed up to lead a fragile life, who would, in less favorable circumstances, die. We are glad of this, though some philosophers, as Herbert Spencer, think it a regrettable fact. We do not so much admire the strength and stature of our race, as to think it is not a most happy thing that civilization has become the healer and the preserver of the weak and fragile. Whatever reduces the average of mortality is a blessing which we thank God for, and trust that sanitary measures may be carried still further, to the reduction of the averages of death, and the lengthening of the term of human life.

The town, however, is the place for the development of mind. There those influences concentrate which lead to the acquisition of knowledge. Schools there are of superior order, and colleges there concentrate their light; and museums, and reading-rooms, and libraries, surround the people with the means of knowledge. Yet it is a fact that boys who have had but few opportunities in youth in the country, very often carry away the prizes of learning.

The strength of body which is acquired in the mountain home, is often the balance power which gives scholarship its superior weight. Hence, in all the great seats of learning the authorities now seek to cultivate all those athletic exercises and sports which are calculated to give development to the bodily system. A strong mind is more dependent on vitality of body than we can well imagine. The body is a machine with which mind works, and it needs to be strong that the mental exercises may be best carried on.

There are many means of dissipation which are to be had in the town and which are absent from the rural districts. We need to be on our guard against their enervating influences. "God made the country but man made the town," contains for us a deep and important truth, but when we say this we do not ignore the fact that, after all, the city is a work of God no less because he builds it through human agency. Without doubt, however, he has given his great blessings to be enjoyed by those who are at the root and foundation of all the prosperity of the city—health, peace, competence, communion with nature, and with him through nature.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND ITS GAZETTE.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, long inert, has, for a good number of years, been an institution of earnest, intellectual work. We learn from its *Gazette* of January the eleventh, that Dalhousie gave its first degree of B. A. to two young men, "and the total number of students was fifty-six. The Faculty comprised six Professors, and a Tutor of modern languages. Since that time another Faculty—the medical—has been added to the University. In April last those receiving degrees were nineteen in number, ten Bachelors of Arts, four Masters of Arts, and five Doctors of Medicine and Masters of Surgery. This swells the list of Graduates to thirty-nine B. A's., ten M. A's., and five M. D. C. M's.—in all forty-four. The attendance this session is in Arts seventy-nine, and in Medicine twenty-six—in all one hundred and five. The Faculty now comprises sixteen professors and a tutor."

As to the quality of education, and the position of the students, the *Gazette* says: "Our Graduates are taking prominent places wherever they go. They are to be found in different walks of life, as ministers, physicians, lawyers, principals of academies, business men and engineers. Others are still pursuing their studies in the Presbyterian Theological Hall in this city, in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Harvard and Princeton. Several who studied here with but little success, have taken high places in other colleges, as McGill, Glasgow and Edinburgh. This fact seems to show that the standard of education here is not much inferior to that in these institutions."

The accommodation afforded at Dalhousie College is very far from the requirements. On this point the *Gazette* says: "What is our future to be? Already our college buildings have become inadequate to the comfortable accommodation of all who 'throng the hall.' In less than five years we must have new buildings and more money, or else we'll 'bust.' We have a growing —a rapidly growing—Medical Faculty which is forced to content itself with the use of three rooms. What will give us new buildings and greater conveniences? Money. How can money be obtained? By the Governors showing a little more push. About a year ago the Governors 'laid their heads together,' and after a great deal of 'palaver' secured by subscription the *immense* sum of *one thousand dollars per annum.* '*Montes parturiunt et nascitur* RIDICULUS *mus.*' Great were the rejoicings. So full were its hands that the Worshipful Board scarce knew how to spend this 'God-send.' In the United States every day rich men are giving thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of dollars towards the endowment of educational institutions. Here in Halifax—perhaps the richest city in America in proportion to population—Dalhousie has to go a begging and is expected to be well contented with the paltry contemptible sum of one thousand dollars per annum. Why, there are numbers of men in Halifax who could give that amount from their private purse and miss it no more than a Dalhousie student would a half dollar—perhaps not so much. It may be asked what is to be done with this money? Money is needed to keep us up with the spirit of the age. We want new college buildings which shall be a credit to the Province and the city. We want higher salaries for our Professors. We want more Professors. We want apparatus, additions to the

library, a musem, in fact everything that other colleges have and we have not. Give us money and we'll go ahead. While it is certainly true that Canadian generosity is inferior to American, nevertheless, we think that if the proper force were applied, more cash could be squeezed out of the Haligonians than we have yet received. Some share at least of the fault must lay at the Governors' door. Let 'the Board' do their best to get money for Dalhousie and a glorious future is in store for her. We can see, not very far away, Dalhousie as a Central University—a National University—with faculties of Law, Medicine, Arts and Science, and means of instruction in Engineering, with separate curricula for females with appropriate degrees—in short, as an Institution ranking among the first on this Continent."

MUSINGS IN THE WOODS.

THE tree! What is it? An individual, or rather a society. Each branch being a family. Each leaf an individual—but all interdependent. Then, again, each tree may be considered as a series, one member of which lives through a year, being born in spring and dying in winter, giving place to a new being with its families of branches and leaves. The sap that gave it vitality has retired, the leaves have been blasted and shrivelled, and the whole commonwealth has died. Then, again, in spring the whole body-politic revives, puts forth its functions, and plays its part in the kingdom of nature. It is a national institution, each year being an era in its existence.

We may consider each leaf as a distinct individual, the blossoms being themselves leaves of a peculiar kind for a special purpose—all united by means of wood and bark, and partaking, like the Zoophyte, of the same nourishment. Different parts have their special uses—some for nutrition, others for reproduction. But as in the nation, no part fails till provision is made for its successor, so it is with the leaf. The bud is formed before the leaf falls, and lies quiet till the breath of spring touches it, when it calls for the sap from the root to come up, for it is an hungered, and the earth like a kindly mother, sends the milk which the buds all drink, and

then they swell and blow into flowers and leaves again, in all the symmetry and beauty of their type.

It is not alone that winter is cold and spring warm, that makes us sad when the former comes with its icy breath, and joyous when the reviving time returns. We are called to mourn the death of the great kingdom of leaves which the cold blasts know not how to respect, but, as it were in wrath and vengeance, whirl about, and then to rejoice when the dread time is past and the new era begins. We think, too, of *our* time of departure in the fall of the year more than we do in the jocund spring—of the time it may be when our great natural tree shall shed its leaves, and another growth, after a period of reverses and sadness, and doom shall spring forth. We may even look forward to the utter destruction of the great tree of humanity by the sharp axe of judgment, when there shall be no more of those multitudinous nations, with their loves and hatreds, and joys and sorrows. Verily, winter brings us moodiness and sorrow.

At this season we stand pendulous between the dead and the living—our thoughts on the past, and our glances directed towards the future. What has been shall be. The beauty that is dead shall revive. The trees shall put on their gay green dresses again; the blossoms shall come forth fresh and many colored; the leaves shall delight us with their symmetry; the birds shall hail us once more with songs, and the bee and butterfly shall flit through the flowers. May we all be there to see the refulgent beauty of the coming spring.

THE LATE BULWER-LYTTON.

BULWER, more lately called Lytton, is dead. Almost every reader of fiction has some knowledge of the illustrious man who, for many years, almost annually sent forth some work of first rate merit. He constituted one of that brilliant group of authors of whom Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Tennyson, Wordsworth and Macaulay, were the brightest stars. These either have set or are fast going down, and others of, at least so far, less radiance, are coming up to the meridian. We do not fear that English literature will pale its splendor, when the authors whom we admire

shall all have gone down in glory. Others, no doubt there are, whose merits have been already partially recognized, who in another decade or quarter of a century, will seem as great and of as noble art as those who have recently left our sphere, or whose chief works here may be supposed to have been already achieved.

More or less, the literature of every nation has had its periods of brightness and shadow; its golden, silver, and iron periods; its origin, its perfection, and its decadence—if not its close. The Hebrews could distinguish the strong and originative period of Samuel and David, from the more magnificent period of the great prophets, and still more from that of the minor ones. The Rig Veda, containing a literature stretching over a vast period, is succeeded by a poorer and ever poorer kind. Greece had its glorious period, commencing with Homer and ending with the great tragedians and comedians, after which nothing worthy of note is to be observed. Italy, too, had its Augustan Age, and afterwards, but works of little worth. Looking to the past examples, we have been accustomed to hear prophecies of the decadence of English literature. We have high authority for supposing that every language, by the very necessity of its nature, must grow, and must stand so long apparently stationary, but in reality must always advance, and finally, like a tree that has lived out its term of years, it must then decay and fall, sending out, it may be, some shoots that for a time appear as though they would take the place of the original stock, but, short lived and useless, soon to wither and decay.

It may be that this inherent progress and decadence is the law of all language, and that the English, like the Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, and Sanscrit shall also decay. All we know is that there does not seem to be any immediate prospect of this at present. It was supposed that the Elizabethian period was that in which English literature rose to perfection, and that then it must begin to decline. Between the Shakespearian and Ben Johnson group and that of Pope, Steele and Addison, intervened a wide period, so that that generation supposed the good old English tongue henceforth was only to lisp and halt. Milton, indeed, made men pause when giving in their verdict at after dinner inquests, when it was supposed that they were sitting in judgment on the dead body of English literature. Afterwards rose the Johnson school, and after a very wearisome interval, the splendid

era of Scott and Byron and the Lake School, burst on the world. Fame said that there were to be no more splendid days. The autumnal years had past, and we could hope for nothing save forced plants of literature, got up in hot-houses and conservatories. Dickens, and Thackeray, and Bulwer, and Tennyson, and Carlyle and Macaulay dispelled this delusion, and now we have been so often so agreeably disappointed with renewals of the eagle age and wing of our old language, that we have begun to doubt the validity of these deductions from the rise and fall of dynasties and languages, as of any proper application to our dear native tongue.

We do, however, look upon the past works of English authors as hard to rival. Some of them can probably never be equalled —at least not in their own line. Passing by the ever-recurring name of Shakespeare and others in this connexion, we think it is not too much to expect that we may yet see poets equal to Wordsworth and Tennyson, and novelists equal to Dickens, Thackeray and Bulwer. The appearance of George Eliot's "Middlemarch" gives assurance that the great modern epoch of English literature is not past. Still, among the twaddle and sentimentality of the great tribe of novelists, one is apt to think that the art of writing is going into its senility among us, and we desire to retrace our steps a few years to live with the authors of the by-gone day, and listen to their words.

Among those whose works we would wish to re-read is Bulwer. His "Falkland" we did not admire, nor did he like it himself. It was a youthful effort of which he neither approved the style nor the morality. It was upon his "Pelham" that he depended to decide whether he should continue the life of authorship. In many respects this is a remarkable novel—probably the one which presents the greatest number of traits of the author himself. The elegant, the aspiring, the fastidious Pelham was, no doubt, the outbreathing of Bulwer's inmost spirit. For literary art it is probably not excelled by any of his subsequent works. It has abundant incidents, and some of the characters are admirably drawn. There is, however, not much "creation" of character. Lord Guloston is admirably depicted, and no doubt from life. We pass over "Devereux," "The Disowned," "Eugene Aram," "England and the English," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "The Student," "Athens, Its Rise and Fall," "Ernest

Maltravers," "Night and Morning"—to speak of some of his more mature productions. "The Caxtons," "My Novel by Pen-stratus Caxton," "What will he do with It," and "A Strange Story," are his latest and best productions. "What will he do with it," we consider equals almost any other novel in the English language for incident and character. "The Strange Story" is a wild, weird thing, dealing with the supernatural, hovering always on the boundaries of the unseen world. Very unsatisfactory in its conclusion, however, to the reader who has been excited with the hope of some revelation of the secret of life, but to be disappointed, as all such hopes are in philosophy, science and romance.

Bulwer was distinguished as a poet, but his fame in poetry will never equal that which he has attained as a writer of fiction. His "Lady of Lyons" we remember to have been most successful when it first appeared on the stage. It was one in which G. V. Brooke, who was lost in the steamer London on her voyage to Melbourne, delighted to appear. "Richelieu," too, was very popular on the stage. We have never seen his comedy entitled "Money," which is said to have attained great popularity. With his poetical writings, such as the "Siamese Twins" and "The Crisis," the public are not well acquainted. The "New Timon" and "King Arthur" are better known, and add to his reputation as a poet of no mean pretensions.

Bulwer was born in 1805, and was thus in his sixty-eighth year. His married life was very unhappy. Lady Bulwer, from whom he was parted, seems to have been somewhat vixenish. We know not what were her private griefs, but she took care to assail her husband through the press, and when seeking election previous to the time of the Derby Ministry, she, if we recollect aright, assailed him even at the hustings. The Irish blood of the lady seems to have curdled the happiness of their lives with its intense acidity. It is sad to think that with so much fame and genius, domestic felicity should have been altogether wanting. Their only son, Robert Edward, is the author of a novel called "Owen Meredith," and some poems. It is not likely that he will ever attain to his father's fame.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, 530 B. C.*

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

ONCE in the silent midnight hour,
When the great Bear, onward driven
By the hand of Boötes,
Is just turning down through heaven,
And the tribes of speaking mortals
All, o'ercome by toil and power
Of sleep, are lying stretched at ease,
LOVE stood beating at my portals
Fastened by strong bolts and keys.
"Who comes here so late now, knocking
Thus boldly at my door," I said,
"Driving my sweet dreams away?"
"It is Love," says he, (and mocking)
"I 'm but a child; don't be afraid;
Open; let me in, I pray:
I 'm wet; the moonless night is shocking
Murky, and I 've gone astray!"
Hearing all this, I took pity,
And having straitway lit my lamp,
Went, and opening wide the door,
Saw a boy there, winged and pretty,
Bearing a bow, and the young scamp
At his side a quiver bore.
Near to my hearth I placed his chair;
'Twixt my own palms I warmed again
His hands, and from his flowing hair
I wrung out all the dripping rain.
Then, soon as his chill abated,
"Come," he says; "let 's try this bow,
Whether the string, by being wetted,
Has got injured any now."
He stretches it, and shoots a dart
Straight at my breast: I feel a smart,

* It is assumed that the benevolent general reader will overlook, and that the acute critic will pardon, the slight anachronism involved in this title.

Sudden, as when a gadfly stings.
Then, laughing loud in highest glee,
The imp upsprings:
"Mine host," says he,
"Rejoice with me;—
My bow 's not hurt in any part;
But as for thee:—
Thou 'lt have a pain about thy heart!"

W. P. D.

SCIENCE---ART---NATURE.

DISINFECTANTS.

DISINFECTANTS may be divided into three classes: 1. Those that arrest fermentation. 2. Those that effect chemical decomposition. 3. Deodorizers. Those of the first class include the coal tar products, heavy oil of coal tar or dead oil. Carbolic acid and its preparations are included in these. The impure form is that best adapted for the purpose of disinfection, both by its low cost and its easy solubility. Its disinfecting power is most markedly shown in contact with putrifying nitrogenous matter. Carbolic acid, when mixed with chalk, is sold under the name of carbolic powder. This is a very poor disinfectant, not only because seventy per cent. of it is an inert substance, possessing no disinfecting properties whatever, but because, after a few hours, the carbolic acid passes off into the air. Carbolate of lime is a valuable preparation, however, for it contains two disinfectants of different orders. This substance is not, strictly speaking, a chemical salt, but is hardly more than a perfect impregnation of the lime. A very good preparation, and one that will meet all requirements, is the following: Crude carbolic acid, one ounce; sulphate of zinc, eight ounces; water, three gallons. Carbolic acid effects its disinfection by a coagulation of the albuminous matters.

Under the head of disinfectants of this order, we find sulphate of zinc, protosulphate of iron, and sesquichloride of iron. All of these enter, to a greater or less extent, into different preparations offered for sale. The Girondin fluid, so much used of late, is a

combination of the dead oil of coal tar, sesquichloride of iron, and other substances. For the disinfection of low damp places, cellars, and sinks, the sesquichloride of iron is invaluable. Condy's fluid, which can be made on a small scale by mixing together two ounces of red lead, two ounces of common salt, and four ounces of oil of vitriol, is a powerful antiseptic agent.

The second class, namely, disinfectants effecting chemical decomposition, may be enumerated as lime, chlorine, sulphurous acid, sulphate of copper, chloride of zinc, soda, permanganate of potash, bromine, etc. These substances work by oxidation of the offensive substance, or by destruction of the germ. This is seen most markedly when the permanganate of potash is used, when the black oxide of manganese is thrown down as a fine powder. Chloride of lime is one of the best disinfectants, either alone or with other substances. When it is used in damp places, it should be mixed with carbonate of soda. Sesquichloride of iron is especially indicated for privy vaults where there is evolution of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. The sulphur is precipitated, while the hydrogen is set free. The iron acts most energetically as a check to fermentation. Most of these disinfecting substances owe their efficacy to the chlorine contained, and probably those emitting the largest quantities are the best.

Sulphurous acid, formed by the combustion of sulphur, stands unrivalled as the most perfect disinfectant of rooms and buildings impregnated with the germ of the eruptive fevers. In small pox, scarlatina, and measles, particularly, the room occupied by the patient should be well fumigated by this substance. For the prevention of the spread of cholera and the inflammatory diseases of the alimentary canal, carbolic acid and chlorine are the best.

Absorbent deodorizers are the third class, and consist of substances that merely absorb the effluvia from putrid and decaying matters. Such are charcoal, both animal and vegetable, and dry earth. A cheap variety of bone charcoal has lately been used which is mixed with peat. All of these substances must be finely pulverized and dried. Dry earth has proved its extraordinary virtues in the patent earth closet, and in the hospitals of Philadelphia. At the latter place it was found not only to absorb the septic matter from wounds, but to destroy all traces of odor in the wards.

There are many household agents that are constantly used.

Among them are burnt vinegar, burnt sugar, pastilles and the like, but the bad smells are only disguised for the time.

Disinfectants may be used either in form of solution, or in the dry state. Either of the substances alluded to above should be placed in saucers, in the upper part of the room as near the ceiling as possible, and in vaults, privies, and other places of the kind, they should be liberally sprinkled on the surface of the offensive substance. Chlorine gas may be generated in a simple manner by exposing four ounces of the black oxide of manganese, moistened by eight ounces of oil of vitriol, and four ounces of water in a shallow earthen pan; this mixture will continue to liberate chlorine for several days. Cloths dipped in the carbolic acid solution and hung about the place to be disinfected will completely remove all bad odors.

Mr Darwin has eloquently painted the struggle thus successfully waged by the animalcule against the ocean. He visited the circle of reefs which forms the *lagoon*, or inner lake, of the island of Cocos. Into this lagoon he passed through a narrow channel which wound its way among delicately ramified corals. Having reached the further end of the lagoon, he landed, and crossed to the windward side of the island, to watch the open sea dashing in foamy breakers on its shore. The spectacle was one of imposing magnificence—graceful cocoa-palms, lines of verdurous shrubs, a broad margin of "yellow sands," an impassable barrier of enormous rocks, and the fringe of weltering waves which was carried all around the reef. These were the principal details in a very novel and impressive picture. The ocean, like an invincible and all-powerful enemy, hurls its waves against the rampart, only to fall back repulsed and conquered by the simplest means. Not, indeed, that it spares the rocks of coral, whose gigantic fragments cast upon the shore proclaim its power; it will make no peace, it will grant no truce; it is never weary, never in need of rest; the prolonged swell, raised by the gentle but continuous action of the Trade winds, blowing always in the same direction over this immense area of waters, gathers up in billows almost as high as those which are accumulated by the storms of our temperate zones. Looking upon their incessant fury you will feel convinced that the most impenetrable rock, be it porphyry, or granite, or quartz, would be demolished by a force so irresistible, while the humblest

shores would remain victorious. Another power has taken part in the strife. The organic force seizes one by one the atoms of carbonate of lime, and separates them from the boiling foam to re-unite them in a symmetrical structure. What matters it that the tempest sweeps away in millions enormous blocks of rock! What avails it against the unresting toil of myriads of architects, working night and day! Here we see the soft and gelatinous body of a polype conquer, through the action of vital laws, the immense mechanical power of the ocean-waves, which neither the art of man can resist, nor the inanimate works of nature.

The city of Berlin is built on a bed of living infusoria, about sixty-six mètres in thickness. We are speaking of microscopical animals, ten thousand of which ranged side by side will not cover a greater extent than twenty-seven millimètres, while it takes a million to make a milligramme.

In the heathery moorlands of Lunebourg a bed of the same kind is known to exist; but this does not exceed seventeen to eighteen mètres in thickness.

Some others are known of less importance, in North America; they are only six to seven mètres thick.

This explains to us how it is that certain ancient rocks, stratified beds of great solidity, and actual mountains are entirely formed of the shells of infusoria.

According to Ehrenberg, a cube of chalk of twenty-seven millimètres is made up of a million of these microscopic animals.

Schleiden estimates that the layer of chalk which covers the surface of a carte-de-visite represents nearly one hundred thousand shells of animalcules.

The *tripoli* of Billin in Bohemia, as well as that of the Mauritius, is entirely composed of siliceous shells so perfectly preserved, that Ehrenberg, to whom we owe the discovery, has been able to compare them with the shells of those living animalcules to which they present the greatest analogy.

Twenty-seven cubic millimètres of the Billin *tripoli* do not contain less than forty-one millions of infusoria!

Now the schists of Billin extend over a surface of thirty-two to forty square kilomètres, with a depth varying from sixty-six centi-

mètres to five mètres. Let the reader pause, and reflect upon the full meaning of these figures.

Certain tripolis of a reddish color are used in some European provinces for coloring the fronts of houses, and everywhere for scouring and polishing the implements of the kitchen; these houses owe their bright hue, and these utensils their brilliancy, to fossil animalcules.

We meet with them even in the most compact rocks. Mr. White particularizes twelve species which are found in the flints of the chalk.

Certain tribes, in Asia and America, include various nutritive clays in their alimentary regime; these clays are partly composed of fossil animalcules.

GOOD WORDS.

"How can I expand my chest?" asked a stingy fellow of a physician. "By carrying a larger heart in it," the doctor replied.

Every man we meet is a walking thought-hive. To our eye it is hidden; but to God's eye it is a hive of transparent glass.

We cannot enter heaven as those who pass in a crowd. God deals with souls as men deal with sovereigns, which they examine and weigh one by one.

He who begins by loving theology better than truth, will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end by loving himself better than all.

The voice of Selfishness—"Send the multitude away."
The voice of Compassion—"Give ye them to eat."

All thoughts have their germs. To kill a sin the surest way is to kill it in the egg. At the very moment when a wicked thought is born, is the right time to strangle it. These little snakes soon become the anacondas that strangle conscience, and destroy character.

"When my mother says *no*, there's no *yes* in it." Here's a sermon in a nutshell. Multitudes of parents say "No," but after a good deal of teasing and debate it finally becomes "Yes." Love and kindness are the essential elements in the successful management of children; but firmness, decision, inflexibility, and uniformity of treatment are no less important.

Griefs are like usurpers, the most powerful deposes all the rest.

Old No. 131] Old No. 131]

145 Granville Street,

J. B. BENNETT,

MANUFACTURING JEWELLER AND IMPORTER OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS,

JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS.

☞ The quality of all Articles warranted when sold. An immense Stock to select from. Job work in WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c., executed with punctuality and neatness. An endeavor to please never fails of success. Call and see.

CHARLES ROBSON & Co.,

OLD NO. 11, NEW NO. 135,

GRANVILLE STREET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

IMPORTERS OF

SILKS, SHAWLS, LYONS VELVETS,

MANTLES, MILLINERY, DRESS GOODS,

HOSIERY, GLOVES, SILK UMBRELLAS, &c.,

and a full Stock of Staple and Fancy

D R Y G O O D S ,

Wholesale and Retail.

PEILER, SICHEL & Co..

141 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

PIANOS.

STEINWAY & SONS, HAINES BROS.,

CHICKERING & SONS, VOSE & SONS.

Mason & Hamlin's. Geo. A. Prince & Co.'s

ORGANS.

Sheet Music and Musical Merchandize.

E. PEILER & BROTHER, St. John, N. B. S. SICHEL & Co., Quebec.

MAYFLOWER COLOGNE!

An elegant Perfume.

BROWN BROTHERS & Co., Halifax.

PRICE'S GLYCERINE CREAM,

FOR CHAPPED HANDS, &c.

BROWN BROTHERS & Co., Halifax.

BROWN'S

Concentrated Flavoring Extracts,

AND

FRUIT ESSENCES.

RELIABLE! PURE! STRONG! DELICATE!

BROWN BROTHERS & Co.,

Halifax, N. S.

P274.1

No. 3. VOL. I.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY,

A MAGAZINE

OF

Literature, Science, and Art.

MARCH, 1873.

CONTENTS:

	Page
Childhood's Happiness—a Popular Fallacy, by the Rev. W. P. Begg,	193
Only a Pair of Skates,	210
Myths and Myth-Makers,	221
At Mid-Day,	234
A Plot within a Plot,	236
Under the Palms,	248
The Seal Hunters of Newfoundland,	249
Rector Berthold,	263
John,	281
Keightly,	282
Current History,	282

J. & A. McMILLAN, ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. & W. MACKINLAY, 123 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.
DAWSON BROS., Montreal.

$3 00 per Annum in Advance.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS, SUCH AS COUGHS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

AMONG the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effectual remedy for all diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS. A vast trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of CONSUMPTION, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing COUGHS, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence: and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome INFLUENZA and painful BRONCHITIS, when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Sole Agency for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

H. L. SPENCER,

MEDICAL WAREHOUSE, 20 NELSON STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

GENERAL PATENT MEDICINE AGENCY FOR THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

MR. SPENCER would call the especial attention of Country Merchants and Consumers to a general assortment of PATENT MEDICINES, FANCY ARTICLES and TOILET GOODS, which by particular arrangements with the Manufacturers, he is enabled to supply to Dealers on the most FAVORABLE TERMS.

☞ *Correspondence and Orders solicited.*

No. 3.—Vol. I.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY,

A MAGAZINE

OF

Literature, Science, and Art.

MARCH, 1873.

J. & A. McMILLAN, SAINT JOHN, N. B.
A. & W. MACKINLAY, 123 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.
DAWSON BROS., MONTREAL.

1873.

W. MYERS GRAY,

Broker and Solicitor, &c.,

139 HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

Attends to the Sale & Purchase of Stocks, Shares & Debentures.

ALSO, TO SELLING AND LETTING HOUSES, LANDS AND PREMISES.

Collects Rents, Debts, and other monies on Commission, and makes prompt returns.

AGENT

For the Sale of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company's 7.30 Gold Bonds.

And for the Sale of the P. E. Island Government Debentures in Nova Scotia.

WILLIAM CROWE,

133 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

GENERAL AGENT FOR THE

"RAYMOND" SEWING MACHINES,

FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING.

PRICES FROM $15 and UPWARDS.

THE excellent reputation these Machines have attained, renders it unnecessary to do anything in the way of puffing their merits. The subscriber claims to be the largest importer of SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES in these Provinces. Dealers will find it to their advantage to send for a Price List before purchasing elsewhere.

NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, BOBBINS, &c., &c., &c., for all kinds of Machines, always on hand. Also—TWIST, SILK, LINEN, COTTON, OILERS, OIL, &c., &c.

All kinds of SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED, ADJUSTED, and put in order promptly, and at reasonable charges.

MACHINES HIRED BY THE DAY OR WEEK.

CONTENTS OF MARCH NUMBER.

PAGE

Childhood's Happiness—a Popular Fallacy, by the Rev. W. P. Begg,..... 193
Only a Pair of Skates, ... 210
Myths and Myth-Makers,..... 221
At Mid-Day,..... 234
A Plot within a Plot, ... 236
Under the Palms,..... 248
The Seal Hunters of Newfoundland, ... 249
Rector Berthold, ... 263
John, ... 281
Keightly,..... 282
Current History,..... 282

R. T. MUIR & Co.,

Wholesale and Retail Booksellers

AND

Manufacturing Stationers,

139 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

IN STOCK—

Every Description of Writing and Blank Book Papers.

PRINTING PAPERS, all Qualities and Sizes, White and Colored.

Printers INKS, all colors.

CARDS AND CARD-BOARDS.

Being the largest Importers of ROOM PAPERS in the Lower Provinces, we can afford to offer superior advantages to those who may favor us with their patronage.

WM. STAIRS, SON & MORROW,

HALIFAX, N. S.,

Merchants and Importers of

Cordage, Canvas, Chain Cables, & Anchors.

BAR AND BOLT IRON, COPPER BARS AND SHEETS.

Muntz Metal Company's Bars and Sheathing.

NETS, LINES, AND TWINES,

White Lead, Paints and Linseed Oil.

DARTMOUTH ROPEWORK COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CORDAGE and OAKUM.

☞ Address D. R. W. C., Halifax, N. S.

JOHN F. STAIRS, Manager.

THE MARITIME MONTHLY.

THE Proprietors have determined to make this a First Class Magazine. Writers of known ability in the Provinces are engaged to supply Sketches, Tales, Serials, etc.

Persons having suitable original Tales, Sketches, etc., are requested to forward them addressed to "The Editor Maritime Monthly, Saint John, N. B.," for approval, with the price. If approved, remittance will be made on publication; if not, manuscript will be held to order of the author.

The favour with which the Maritime Monthly has been received gives assurance of success.

Advertisements and other business matters may be arranged with Mr. David McAlpine, Halifax, N. S., or his accredited agents.

To Agents we propose the following terms:

For $10 we will send four copies to one address for one year.
" 18 " " eight " " " " "
" 25 " " twelve " " " " "
" 40 " " twenty " " " " "

Subscribers in St. John and vicinity will confer a favor by paying their subscriptions to J. & A. McMillan, St. John, N. B.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

IS CALLED TO

J. B. ELLIOT & Co's

Mantle Department.

NEWEST STYLE OF MANTLE CLOTHS

kept constantly on hand.

MANTLES made to order in the most Fashionable Styles.

A CHOICE STOCK OF MILLINERY ALWAYS ON HAND.

132 and 134 Granville Street,

HALIFAX, N. S.

JOHN HERBIN,

WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER,

191 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

Importer of and Dealer in all kinds of

CLOCKS, GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,

JEWELRY

of every description kept constantly on hand.

Manufacturing and Repairing done at shortest notice and warranted to give general satisfaction.

CHARGES MODERATE.

GEO. DAVIDSON & CO.,

WHOLESALE IMPORTERS OF

CHINA, GLASS, and EARTHENWARE,

CUTLERY, FANCY GOODS,

ELECTRO-PLATE WARE,

ORNAMENTS, LUSTRES, &c.,

79 UPPER WATER STREET,

(*Head Commercial Wharf,*)

HALIFAX, N. S.

J. & A. M'MILLAN,

Book and General Job Printers,

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS,

AND BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

78 Prince William Street,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

☞ Being provided with Steam Power, excellent Presses, and every requisite for promptly executing all work entrusted to our care, we are prepared to guarantee satisfaction.

☞ Particular attention given to orders from the country, and work speedily forwarded by express.

(ESTABLISHED A. D. 1840.) (ESTABLISHED A. D. 1840.)

M. S. BROWN & CO.,

Jewellers and Silversmiths,

128 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

OFFER A COMPLETE STOCK OF FIRST CLASS GOODS IN THEIR LINE.

Fine Gold Jewelry.

Elegant Suites of BRACELET, BROOCH and EARRINGS.
Rich Opera, Guard, Brooch, Albert and Neck CHAINS, &c.
A superb assortment of Ladies' Gem RINGS.
Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, Opal, Pearl, &c., including all the newest designs.
GOLD, WEDDING, and GUARD RINGS,
The new *Patent Safety Shield*, an elegant addition to a Lady's or Gent's Chain, rendering it impossible to be lost with one of these attached.
Our assortment of LOCKETS, STUDS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, SCARF PINS, GENTS' RINGS and the various small articles incident to a general Stock, will be found very complete.

M. S. BROWN & CO.,
Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

Watches.

First class English Patent Lever and Swiss WATCHES. Self-winders and other styles, from noted makers.
An especially good assortment of Ladies' Hunting and Open-Faced WATCHES in Engraved, Chased and Enamelled Cases. Really Good SILVER WATCHES are also offered at very moderate prices.

M. S. BROWN & CO.,
Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

Sterling Silverware.

A Stock of Table, Dessert and Tea SPOONS, Table and Dessert Forks, &c,, &c., of our own manufacture, always on hand at lowest rates.
The highest price given for old SILVER in cash or exchange.

M. S. BROWN & Co.,
Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

Electro-Plated Goods.

SPECIAL TO HOUSEKEEPERS, HOTEL AND BOARDING HOUSE PROPRIETORS.

Our Stock will be found most complete and includes everything needful for Table use.
Rich and elegant Tea and Coffee SERVICES, WAITERS, EPERGNES, FRUIT STANDS, BERRY DISHES, CRUET FRAMES, ICE PITCHERS, BUTTER COOLERS, &c., &c.
Our E. P. Spoons, Forks, Ladles, &c., by the test of actual wear over a series of years, are favorably known throughout the Province, and have proved a perfect substitute for Silver at a very moderate cost.
An unequalled stock of Plated Table, Tea and Dessert Knives and Fish Eating Knives and Forks.
Finest quality Steel Table CUTLERY, with superior Ivory handles suitable to use with Silver or Plated Forks.

M. S. BROWN & Co., Granville Street, Halifax.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. I. MARCH, 1873. No. 3.

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPINESS—A POPULAR FALLACY.

WITHOUT ever thinking about what they are saying, or whether they have reasons for making the averment, men and women, when they are looking upon children tumbling about and screaming with glee, and making all sorts of fun, seem all to say that "now's the time of life. Let them enjoy themselves, poor things, to their heart's content, for darker, harder times are soon to come. The cares of life will soon be upon them to subdue their laughter and sadden their mirth." Then sighs are heaved in attestation of the truth of the remark. "There's no time like childhood," one says gravely. "It's a real fact," responds another, quite as much in earnest. And so, go where you like, if you put the question, "What is the happiest time of life, do you think?" you invariably get the answer, "Childhood." I have asked the question often, just out of curiosity, to hear what folk would say, and I have always got the answer, "Childhood."

But somehow or other the answer is felt to be unsatisfactory. It has never seemed to me the right one, and I have often thought that people might lead more contented lives if their minds were disabused of such a belief. For if men believe that their happiest years are gone, they cannot but sigh for the past, and feel that they are comparatively wretched now. And if a man thinks that he is unhappy, he is really so, and is verily to be pitied, and the community in which he lives is to be pitied too; for he lacks one of the best incentives to activity in his work, whatever it may be. He who looks back into the past for all that is good can never

be expected to do great things in this world. Bright hopes and faith in the future give strength and animation—fit us for work and make us happy in it. Let this, then, be our excuse for asking attention to the discussion of a subject seemingly so trivial, (1), that we think the popular belief erroneous; and, (2), that like all other errors in theory or belief it must in some remote way at least, and in the long run, be injurious to life—its *tendency* must be bad.

But before entering upon the discussion of the subject, we must make a few more preliminary remarks. Our subject is "Childhood's Happiness—a Popular Fallacy;" but the question might be asked, what is happiness? how is it to be measured? and what is childhood? How do you determine when one is a child and when he is not? By years, or upon what principle? Now we shall raise no metaphysical difficulties as to wherein happiness consists, or what are the conditions of its realization,—questions which have puzzled men's brains since the very dawn of ethical speculations, and which are likely to do so till the crack of doom. We do not ask *what* one's outward circumstances must be in order to his being happy, or whether he may be happy in the midst of *any* circumstances, provided his thoughts be pure, and his acts and resolutions good and holy; we are content with understanding that happiness, as used in general conversation, and in the question asked above, vaguely denotes a kind of pleasurable state of excitement or emotion of longer or shorter duration, no matter by what causes or circumstances produced. This being the meaning of the word, it is evident that in order to come to a definite and truthful conclusion as to what is the happiest period of our life, we must take into account the *intensity* of the emotion as well as its *continuance*, or the frequency with which a subject feels it during the different stages of his history. We are perfectly well aware that feeling is one of the most immeasurable things, and that there is no proper criterion by which one man can judge of the intensity of another's pleasure; but, guided by the remembrance of what his own feelings once were, as compared with what they are now, and by carefully observing the signs of feeling shown by others at the different stages of childhood, youth, manhood and old age, any one possessed of a common amount of intelligence, we believe, may arrive at a pretty accurate conclusion as to the relative intensity of childhood's pleasures.

We may also premise that under childhood we comprehend that period of our existence which lies between our birth and the day of our forsaking our school-room playgrounds. That term, no doubt, will be of very different lengths to different individuals. But a line must be drawn somewhere; and, for all practical purposes, we think our limitation a fair one, and the best that can be made. We might fix upon a certain number of years as determining when one is a child and when he is not; but a limit made upon such a principle would be more objectionable, we think, than the one we have fixed upon. With respect to years a person may be a child; while, with respect to the exertions he makes for his self-support, or, in general, with respect to what he *does*, he may, to all intents and purposes, be regarded as a man. Childhood is the period in which we have nothing to do—no domestic or business cares to wrestle with.

With these remarks we may now proceed to inquire, what grounds have we for supposing that childhood is the happiest period of our mortal life?

Many grounds, it might be answered. For instance, there is no denying that we are fuller of animal spirits—more given to romping and boisterous mirth, than at any other time of our earthly sojourn. Our early days, like those of most other young creatures, are marked by playfulness. As exuberance of life impels the canty kitten to twist itself into every conceivable form of body, and play fantastic tricks continually, or as it sends the skylark to the clouds to scatter unbeholden its liquid notes of melody, so does it produce the ringing laugh which rises from the groups of merry children gathered in the play-ground, and fill with constant merriment the hearts of young humanity. When or where in after life, it may be asked, do you find so many signs of joy? All the year is full of life, and one glad holiday, compared with the graver times of manhood, or the fretful hours of senility. While men go crouching under a weight of years with regrets for the past and fears for the future; while they are plotting, and planning, and racking their brains, and consciences to boot, to the end that they may make both ends meet, and lay up for themselves a store against future contingencies,—while, by contact with the world, they may have lost that heavenly frame of mind which "thinketh no evil," or, as they might choose to say, have lost their "greenness," have become too knowing, and are even

haunted by suspicions of their neighbor's honesty and candor, and a dread that they may be circumvented, the child among his playmates, or alone among his playthings, is as happy as a bee among the blooming heather, and free as an oyster from distracting thoughts and corroding jealousies. "The cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches," have never yet disturbed his inward calm, nor cast a darkening shadow across his beaming features. Any little griefs which may arise from disappointed hopes or wishes crossed, may be quelled in a twinkling by the gentle word or tender embrace of a mother, or, at the worst, are soon forgotten amid the numerous objects, alike significant and worthy of attention to the opening mind, which press their claims to observation. For at this time of life, everything is a world of wonder to the eye, from the sheen of stars or swelling ocean down to the hideous mimicry of life exhibited by "piggy-wiggy" picture books, or houses made of mud, or dusty highways; and every tale is listened to with eagerness, no matter what it may set forth—be it the sublimely lowly life of Jesus, the conquests of Alexander or the exploits of Bruce; the wild adventures of Robinson Crusoe or the character and likeness of Gulliver's pigmy Lilliputians and gigantic Brobdignagians; the fun of Æsop's fables or the fate of Cinderella and her magic slippers; the marvellous feats of Jack-the-giant-killer or the happy luck of little Jack Horner. Every story as yet is credible, and comes like music to the ear, and the most common objects awake within us feelings akin to those which Buffon ascribes to "the first man" who was pushing his way through sensations caused by crystal streams, and singing birds, and whispering breezes, and "odorous savors sweet," to an apprehension of the important truth that there was something more in existence than himself— something not himself— something outward, external—a world, in short, intensely interesting, which he did not produce and could not annihilate. For surely it is not a mere poetic fancy, that with the lapse of years, there gradually passes away a glory from the earth.

> "Heaven lies about us in our infancy,
> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing boy,
> But he beholds the light and whence it flows,—
> He sees it in his joy;
> The youth, who daily farther from the east,
> Must travel, still is nature's priest,

And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Can anything more be urged with reason in favor of the popular opinion? We believe we have said as much in its defence as its most strenuous upholders would be inclined to say—at least as much as any one who wishes to represent things simply as they are, could say. And yet, with all that has been said, we cannot help thinking the belief erroneous, and we wonder why the gentle, stuttering Charles Lamb did not rank it among his "Popular Fallacies" and expose it by another charming essay. Certainly it would have been a more fertile subject for thought than some of those common proverbs which he has selected for an effusion of his genial pleasantry—more worthy of attack than the position that "Home is home, though it is never so homely." But we forget that Lamb himself, poor fellow, as might almost be expected of one who passed through many trials, seemingly was one of those who, clinging to a delusion, sighed for the return of childhood's years. On looking to his works again, we find him saying in his lines on childhood:

"In my poor mind, it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by—to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child."

These are touching lines to one who knows something of the life of him who wrote them. We can sympathise with their author in his reverie, and with every one who feels as he did, and almost shed tears along with them. And that he is not the only one who has been in such a mood, and felt and sung such things, is only too well known, and is fully attested by the following mournful wail of verses. They are from the pen of a lady, Emilia Lawson. The tender sweetness of the verses will be our apology for making such a long quotation. They will amply repay perusal:

Life's open book before me lies,
And as I turn its leaves back faintly,
The pictures of the past arise,
Strange forms go by—appareled quaintly;
Sweet voices whisper, and dear eyes
Shine as of old—divine and saintly.

Once more I hear the gentle rhyme,
Where falling leaves still waters dimple,
The woods' low murmur, and the chime
Of silvery streamlets as they wimple;
And live again the golden time
Of childhood's joys—so pure and simple.

What pearly pebbles paved the creek,
The clear old creek by mulberries shaded!
There the shy frogs played hide-and-seek
Through lilies—with rare spices laded;
And our wee shadows seemed to speak
From whispering wavelets, as we waded.

What leagues of nectar wooed the bees
To buckwheat hills or dales of clover!
What twittering birds on blooming trees
Cooed tenderly and played the lover!
While Time with odorous breath of ease,
Told the delicious idyl over!

We reckoned then each year a gain;
Now, they are counted with our losses;
Sharp thorns and thistles give us pain,
Where then we trod Spring's velvet mosses;
Then, of our flowery garlands vain,
And now, aweary with our crosses.

I gathered wild flowers yesterday,
But somehow flowers have lost their sweetness;
Some quail were startled—even they
Seemed to have lost their old discreetness,
And only hopped beside the way,
As if they had no need for fleetness.

But when I see the children meet,
Flower laden, from their plays returning;
Care, trampled by their heedless feet,
Their trustful souls all shadows spurning;
Their hearts, wild with impatience, beat,
And hope's bright fires within them burning.

I know life blooms the same, but I
Shall breathe its old time fragrance—never!
The dreary now, the dead gone-by,
The bridgeless floods of sorrow sever.
Ah, me! how wistfully I sigh,
For dream-time lost, and lost for ever!

We can sympathise, as we have said, with those who feel such things. But we think such sentimental moods spring from a false

view of the past—and we must now go on and try and make good our opinion, that it is sweeter "to muse upon the days gone-bye," as Lamb has said, than it would be really "to act past seasons o'er, and be again a child."

And, at the outset, we would exhort all those who speak in glowing language, and with doleful voice of the merry days gone by, to consider whether they are not misled in their fancies by their drawing for themselves *a purely imaginative picture* of childhood's years. We rather think that they do not compare their manhood or youth with their own actual childhood, but their present position and prospects, which may not be the brightest, with a *general idea* of a *happy* childhood. But it would be difficult, we believe, to find on terra firma any living, walking, concrete specimen of young, rational life, who enjoys one half of the Eden-like and enviable happiness of which they prate so volubly. Let them to the nursing, for a week, of one whose *les dents mâchelières* (grinders) are just beginning to force their way from out their fleshy envelope, or let them reflect upon the feelings of a child through all its courses of castor-oil prescriptions and head-washings and dominie discipline, and all the checks imposed on its spontaneous movements by foolish governesses and ignorant mammas, and we have little doubt that the secret utterance of their hearts would be: "From all these tribulations of the flesh, we thank thee, good Lord, that thou hast delivered us." Who can believe that that little pulpy infant which can hardly be kept from crying with all a tender nurse's care, and which is constantly being bandaged up, to its great annoyance, and fed from so many suspicious looking bottles, is happier than the mother who bends over it so fondly, and watches its every little movement with such exquisite delight that she must be always smiling and talking any amount of nonsense to it and about it—thinking it, of course, the most wonderful baby that was ever born. It lies passive on her lap hardly conscious of its own existence, yet she is sure it knows her, and nods to it, and coos, and smiles, and enjoys its recognition—though, of course, it no more knows her than it knows a "hawk from a hand-saw." Or, by and by, when it begins to coo and laugh for itself, she is sure to hear it say *pa* quite distinctly, though what it said sounded no more like pa than popery. Who, we ask, is the happier—the child or the mother?

But, perhaps, you say, it is not fair to take a two months' babe

and make it the representative of childhood. Take one who can run about and play and enjoy himself. Well, let us take one between two and six years old, and then, if that does not satisfy you, one between six and twelve, or between twelve and sixteen if you like. What man on earth, or woman either, is so often crossed and sorely perplexed as a child? It must go to bed at a certain hour whether it wants to go or not, and though it can see no earthly reason why it should not be allowed to sit up a little longer and enjoy itself like other people, off those clothes must come and away to bed it must be carried, and woe betide it if it cannot sleep after it gets there—wee Willie Winkie, or John Frost, or some other equally awful individual will invariably be called upon to frighten it to rest. And if that stratagem does not succeed, and the little urchin still persists in opening his eyes or making fun, the nurse or mother losing patience will wrathfully knit her brows and threaten to expose the "orthodox surface for birch correction" if he does not be quiet. And so at last, quite overcome with such kind treatment, the little thing drops over, but only to awake to a similar course of persecution. Having gone early to bed, of course it feels as if it should rise early too. But the drowsy nurse does not see why it should be disturbing folk so early, and calls in the aid of John Frost again, who takes all bad boys and girls. So having gone to bed against his will, our hero must stay in it longer than he wants to, and thinks it hard that it should be so. Or let him up. He thinks it would be jolly fun to run naked for a while, but that he is reminded is what must not and cannot be allowed. On those bothersome clothes again must go. He gets those on and thinks that *now* he'll have some freedom surely. But freedom in his case, it would seem, has not been bequeathed from sire to son. Before he goes two steps he sees something that he would like to have, and puts out his hand to get it, but he is told that he must not touch that—that's not for little boys to have. In his exuberance of life, he leaps and screams, but he is warned that he must not hollo so or ma will whip him. He wants something good at table, but the answer is, it is not good for Georgie, though Georgie thinks that nothing could be better, and so all day long, and every day, he is thwarted and crossed continually in his purposes and wishes, and feels as if he were the worst treated being in the world. It is the same with the school-boy and with childhood

generally all through. Of children, it may be said in general that they never are, but are always to be, blessed. The school-boy thinks when I'm a man, what will I not do? The girl wishes to be a lady, and soon begins to dream of how happy she'll be when she gets a house and husband of her own. In short, if we think that children are happier than up-grown folk, children themselves think that they never will be happy till they are men or women, as the case may be. And could they believe that they were never to be happier than they are, they would surely conclude that the sooner they were out of existence the better.

But let all this pass as nothing if you like. For we have no desire to try and gain our point by a counter exhibition of the pains and penalties incident to this period of our life; we merely sound a note of warning to those who are apt to overlook the existence of such facts.

The first argument that is put forward in favor of the position which we are combating, is, the greater *vivacity* of children. But though we grant the statement, it does not affect the question at issue very materially, we think. Children are more sprightly than adults generally—more sportive—play more, not because they naturally have a greater stock of super-abundant energy about them, which is not the case, but simply because the only channels through which their disposable bodily force flows off are running, leaping, shouting, gesticulation and grimace. Whenever adults, who have not seen the further side of fifty, have little or nothiug to do, they become as gay, as mischievous, and full of life as any child. They laugh and sing more frequently. They have all the pleasures which can arise from overflowing spirits, with a thousand other sources from which they can draw deeper draughts of bliss than infant heads can dream of. What is all the enjoyment derived by anyone from his thoughtless games of boyhood, compared with the maddening passions of a Romeo or a Juliet? Why, just listen to them as they sigh and talk together, and imagine their ecstatic happiness, if you do not already know it by experience. "See," says Romeo—

> "See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
> O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
> That I might touch that cheek!"

And when he really gets to touch the cheek, there is no parting

of them again; he sticks closer than the glove. What a business it is to get away from one another!

"'Romeo!' cries Juliet, to her departing lover.

'My dear!' says Romeo.

JUL.—At what o'clock to-morrow shall I send to thee?

ROM.—At the hour of nine.

JUL.—I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then. I have forgot—why did I call thee back?

ROM.—Let me stand here till thou remember!

JUL.—I shall forget, to have thee still stand there, remembering how I love thy company.

ROM.—And I'll stay to have thee still forget, forgetting any other home but this."

Time, however, and the world's movements don't wait for them any more than for others. Parted they must be, and then how they chide the lingering hours!

"Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging; such a waggoner
As Phæton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtains, love performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.
* * * * * * * * * *
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
* * * * * * * * * *
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night;
And give me *again* my Romeo."

After that, chatter about vivacity! What do children know of those rapturous hours when two human spirits mingle, and they

"Talk until thought's melody
Becomes too sweet for utterance, and it *dies*
In words to live again in looks, which dart
With thrilling tones into the voiceless heart,
Harmonising silence without a sound!"

In view of "the transports of a virtuous love," the pleasures of their play are no more than is the water trickling from a straw of a thatch roof on a rainy day to the mighty flow of the Amazon or Mississippi.

But, lest some malignant bachelor might say, I perceive that thou too, like other silly creatures, art in "the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity," I turn and ask once more, what, for depth of intensity, is the happiness of childhood compared with

that of an Archimedes or an Isaac Newton, aye, of any man of science who works his way successfully from point to point towards the solution of some important problem, not to mention the overwhelming gladness which makes him utter his *Eureka* when at last he has threaded his way through all its mazes? Or what is childhood's mirth compared with the pleasure which the student of philosophy receives from a re-perusal of his Plato, or his exercise of digging in the golden mines of Hegel? Or what, compared with the delight which any man of enlarged sympathies may draw from Chaucer's humorous page, or Spenser, "gentlest bard divine?" Indeed, the child's vivacity, we do not hesitate to aver, is but a poor offset against the pleasure derived by any good-hearted tradesman from the eager pursuit of his vocation.

But it is vain to proceed with further argument on this point. If we have lost a vivacity, we have gained in equability and depth; if not so lightly dancing on the surface, there is a broader and deeper flow beneath. We have lost the animal to win the man. We are more ourselves—more rational, nearer the attainment of our ideal, nearer in every respect to what we are meant to be and ought to be. Poets may tell us a different story. But let us remember that though they may truly speak of children as "similitudes of perfect beauty, innocence and bliss," as "gems leaping in the coronet of love," as "living jewels dropp'd unstained from heaven," etc., they are those things *not to themselves*, but *to us* who look upon them. We may say to any child sincerely—

> "O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God,
> The motions of thy dancing limbs are sway'd
> By the unceasing music of thy being!"

Yes; but it is a music to which the child itself is deaf—a music to others only whose eyes have been bathed in tears, and whose hearing has been made acute by sorrow. And so we may say that children are scatterers of joy rather than enjoyers—that they afford more pleasure to others than they feel themselves.

> "Talk not of pains!
> The childless cherubs well might envy thee
> The pleasures of a parent."

It is we, up-grown men and women, who can thoroughly enjoy the pranks and plays of childhood, not children. *We are apt*

to mistake the happiness derived from children for childhood's happiness.

Still, it is said that children must be happier than men, for the same reason that Burns thought the mouse happier than himself:

> "Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
> The present only toucheth thee:
> But, och! I backward cast my e'e
> On prospects drear!
> An' forward, though I canna see,
> I guess an' fear."

Children must be happier, it is thought, because they know little or nothing of evil, either by anticipation or reflection; they have no dark forebodings, neither have they heart throes springing from memories of the past. Now the question very naturally arises, would we have been capable of as high a degree of happiness as we are now, supposing that we had never experienced pain from either of these sources? Though anxiety and sorrow are evils when looked at in themselves, abstractly as states of emotion, may they not produce in us, do they not produce in us, a higher capacity of enjoying future good? And if so, may we not reverse the above proposition, and say that children who know nothing of evil either by anticipation or reflection, *cannot, for that very reason*, in ordinary cases, be as happy as those who have known it by both forethought and reflection? The fact, however, is, that Burns and all who countenance the above objection, sin grievously against the Science of the Laws of Thought. They are guilty of the most illogical procedure of inferring the presence of a good simply from the absence of an evil—the possession of happiness from the want of forethought and reflection. If freedom from forethought and reflection constituted happiness, then assuredly children would be intensely happy, and newly-born infants the very embodiment of bliss; while a man of far-seeing sagacity and historic lore, would inevitably be such a wailing grief as poets of all times, from Homer to Tennyson, have loved to depict our race as being.

But, reasoning upon the same principle, a mushroom should be happier than a child, and a china cup happier than either child or mushroom. It is lower in the scale of being, not so near the bursting into thought and conscious life, farther, therefore, from the pale of misery, in other words, nearer to the home of happi-

ness—absence of reflection. But who does not see the absurdity of such a mode of reasoning? It is exactly the reverse of rational. It is a way by which we may proceed swift and sure to the supreme felicity of Buddhism—nirvâna, extinction, annihilation, nothingness, *non*-happiness if you like, but never shall we reach by it a state of positive enjoyment. Not by *abstracting* from the inborn energies and capacities of our nature shall we ever increase the sum of human happiness, but by *adding* new powers and capacities and supposing them in free and harmonious exercise. The more numerous the points at which we come in contact with the things material and spiritual by which we are surrounded, the greater is the amount of our *potential* happiness, to use a philosophic term, and if we exert our energies aright, as a general rule the greater will be the sum of our actual happiness. As our power of thought develops, things multiply to us, and the ocean of being in which we float extends. Through thought, by which we can grasp the universe, we may reach the very height of ecstasy; without it, we could at best experience only the momentary thrill of a nerve.

But an increased number of relations (not particularly men and women related to us by blood, remember, but relations in the widest sense of the word) involves, on the other hand, the possibility of an intense degree of misery. None of the lower animals can experience one tithe of the afflictions that assail humanity, but neither can they know one tenth of all our joy. And so we shall find that man is at once the happiest and the most miserable of all the things which "breathe and crawl on earth." In his happiness he is the most blessed of earthly creatures, in his misery he is the most wretched. Through that spirit which is in us, we may reach the bliss of those who gaze on God unveiled, and shout hosanna, or we may endure the unutterable agonies of such as gnash their teeth in outer darkness.

The last and only other reason, we think, that can justly be assigned for the belief which we are combating is, that any little thing—the veriest trifle, may please a child, and that he sees the world in a more brilliant light than that in which a man can see it. As to the first of these avowals—that little things please children, we think it altogether useless. If little things please, little things annoy. A mind that is satisfied with trifles can't be otherwise than shallow. The latter idea, however, is more worthy

of attention, from the support it seems to receive from men of high position. It could not be more beautifully expressed than it has been by Wordsworth in his famous ode on Immortality, from which we have already quoted.

> There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
> The earth, and every common sight,
> To me did seem
> Apparell'd in celestial light.
> The glory and the freshness of a dream,
> It is not now as it has been of yore;
> Turn whereso'er I may,
> By night or day,
> The things which I have seen, I now can see no more!
>
> The rainbow comes and goes,
> And lovely is the rose;
> The moon doth with delight
> Look round her when the heavens are bare;
> Waters on a starry night are beautiful and fair;
> The sunshine is a glorious birth;
> But yet I know where'er I go,
> That there has passed away a glory from the earth.

The earth may still be gay, indeed, and beast and bird be joyous, but yet a certain tree and field speak to him of something that is gone:

> The pansy at my feet,
> Doth the same tale repeat,
> Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
> Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

Such is Wordsworth's language. We should probably go very far wrong, however, if we took it for granted that the earth really appeared to him in his boyish days in such a radiant form as he here would give it. Lyrics are not bound by facts. To most boys, we suspect, the tawdry, tinselled coat of some buffoon in a vagrant gang of show men would be a grander sight than any scene or landscape which nature could present, and his silly, vulgar jokes more deeply moving, and tenfold more worth listening to than all the lays of feathered throats together, the zephyr's sigh, the lullaby of rivers, or the roar of ocean. And we need not believe that Wordsworth's boyhood differed widely from the common type of boyhood in this respect. "We are not to suppose," DeQuincey writes, "that Wordsworth, the boy, expressly sought

for solitary scenes of nature amongst woods and mountains, with a direct, conscious anticipation of imaginative pleasure, and loving them with a pure disinterested love on their own separate account. * * * * * * * * * *

"Wordsworth, like his companions, haunted the hills and the vales for the sake of angling, snaring birds, swimming, and sometimes of hunting according to the Westmoreland fashion (or the Irish fashion in Galway), on foot—for riding to the chase is quite impossible from the precipitous nature of the ground. It was in the course of these pursuits, by an indirect effect growing gradually upon him, that Wordsworth became a passionate lover of nature, at the time when the growth of his intellectual faculties made it impossible that he should combine those thoughtful passions with the experience of the eye and the ear." So says DeQuincey, and so psychological phenomena, and, as we shall see, Wordsworth's own account of the matter, requires us to believe. Our powers and capacities are developed by degrees and perfected through exercise. At first we are open to impressions of the beautiful, simply from its lowest forms, and are quite unable duly to appreciate the swelling loveliness of nature as a whole. We may chase with glee the gaudily painted butterfly, and see a prettiness in the perfect rose; we may even look with interest upon the many colored richness of an autumnal wood, or like to gaze into the tremulous blue of a summer evening sky, and watch the changing outline of its intersecting clouds; but all the subtle analogies of things, all prophetic hints, and the deeper power of harmony escape us. Slowly we begin to catch occasional glimpses of nature's meaning, and learn to read her thoughts. We cling more closely to her, and hear her faintly murmuring in her dreams of sympathy and kinship. Mountain, wood and stream at length, no longer standing apart in hard disunion, begin to mingle in their grandeur with our blood, and fill us with "sonorous cadences" of things invisible. Now, more than ever, do they beam with glory; for all their heaving beauty seems a constant effluence from the central heart-love, and joy and song made visible. Now heaven does not merely lie *about* us as in *our* infancy, when our view of it was bounded by the over-arching sky, but is a power *within* us—its light no longer only light, but conscious life as well. If "the visionary gleam" has fled, a more substantial glory—a mightier power of joy, has come.

We need not search among his poems long to find that this was Wordsworth's own experience. In the very ode from which we have been quoting, almost uniting God and nature in his thoughts, he bursts into the passionate appeal—

"And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Think not of any severing of our lives!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight,
To live beneath your *more habitual* sway.
I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they:
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet.
The clouds that gather round the setting sun,
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality!
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live;
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears;
To me, the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

And turning to his Tintern Abbey, we find him reasoning with himself: What, though the coarser pleasures, the glad animal movements, the aching joys, and the dizzy raptures of my boyish days are now no more? Not for these

"Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity.
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime,
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things."

Those who drawl in dirge-like strains of childhood's happy days, should ponder on these lines till their troubled minds grow

"quiet by the power of harmony," and they "see into the life of things;" for now, me thinks, they see but superficially. "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

We think we have said enough to vindicate our charge, that the popular belief in the present instance is a popular fallacy. The belief, it may be, is a delusion, but it is not unique in its kind. There seems to be a strange propensity in human nature to look behind for happy days, and fill the past with dreams of glory. Formerly, poets used to sing of a Golden Age behind them, when nature dealt more kindly with her "foster-child, her inmate man,"—when winds of milder temper, fragrant with the breath of flowers, crept softly over field and flood, and honey dropped from every tree; when the earth, untorn by plow and unteased by rake or hoe, gave up her wealth of sustenance to man, and men had not yet learned the savage art of war, nor dealt deceitfully with each other; when, in fine, there was nothing to hurt nor destroy, but everything to delight the eye and please the ear, and fill the heart of man with gladness. Now, men may think that they have learned, with "rapt Isaiah," to place the golden age of peace and plenty where it should be, in the future. But fragments of the old delusions float before the popular vision still. How often do we hear old folks sigh over the degeneracy of the age, and express their wonder as to what the world will turn to? How many youths who have just escaped their teens, and men of middle age, look back with fond regrets to childhood's years and think that none are like them? To the past, to the past, all the world seems to cry, if you look for glory and the golden years. How can we account for this? Why are all men looking backward as they run? Is it because they still retain an indistinct remembrance of their former home, their innocence and bliss in Adam? and do they thus unconsciously attest the truth of the Mosaic record of the Fall? We will not say; but this we think, that if they walked with God as Adam did before the flaming sword appeared, the present would be the happiest time that ever was for them, and goodness greater still would loom before them in the future. The past, with all its wealth of memories, would pour into the present and enrich it, filling the heart with songs of thankfulness, while faith, with growing power, seeing things invisible, would lighten up their path and lead

them on with hope to bliss that passeth knowledge. Those who know in truth that God is Love, whose deepest being ever yields a ready Amen to His will, while they work and war with all their might against the evil which besets them, will find that *every time* is good, but that the *best* is *yet to come.*

ONLY A PAIR OF SKATES.

BY MEG DORTS.

"Hurrah for the steel of the skates,
Hurrah for the joy we feel."

ONLY a pair of skates! But such beauties! Forbes's very own patent, and here I hope that he will excuse my naming him as one of the philanthropists of the day. I must begin my story, however, or I shall never finish it.

It was Christmas Eve, and I sat alone in the family crowd, somewhat out of their noisy circle, and felt decidedly unhappy, which a young girl should not do at such a festive season.

One fact loomed large on my mental horizon, which, on a happier occasion would have afforded me unlimited satisfaction. There was excellent skating on the lakes. Then you will naturally inquire, "Why this sadness, skatist?"

On the table near me lay the wrecks of my hopes of a happy afternoon's enjoyment of this healthful amusement, and ever and anon my eyes rested mournfully on their severed proportions. A pair of broken wood and iron skates, ugly and abominable to the unprejudiced gaze; but they were my only ones, and "all the world to me."

I had relied on a brother's aid to mend those beloved skates. Alas! they were past cure, so in despair, I gave up all thoughts of future happiness, at least till Jack Frost had ceased to reign. The children chattered and laughed as they thought of the morrow, the beautiful ice and their unbroken skates. I winced at their lively remarks, and scorning their careless pity, I moodily rested my head on my hands, and also thought of the morrow. As in a vision, I saw all the world, with their wives and children, streaming past the house on their way to the lakes, like a gay

funeral procession. I seemed to hear their happy laughter, and hear the boys gaily shouting to one another, and worst of all, I saw our own family party starting for the same destination, with even Mamma accompanying them with something tremendously thick on her feet to keep out cold, and the tears came in my eyes at the pitiful vision of myself left standing disconsolately with my dimmed optics, looking hazily at the passers-by through a clear bit of the window. I felt that the anguish was greater than I could bear. Those who have experienced the pain of seeing friends depart to skim the glassy surface of the deep, and being themselves detained by circumstances over which they had no control, these suffering ones will, I know, give me their heartfelt sympathy at the recollection of this trying ordeal. My thoughts then left the future, and went back to the past to a former portion of the day. Once more in thought I "donned colors becoming, and my very best suit," also a very knowing fur cap made of the preserved skin of a deceased "Russian puppy," who, when in life, must have been a very nice little animal.

I started for the lake and felt tolerably jolly, because I looked very well for me, and that is a comforting fact, as young girls know very well. There was only one drawback to my happiness, and that was that I possessed only old-fashioned skates.

Now it is "vinegar and nitre" to a young girl to have to be old-fashioned in any way, as everybody knows. However, there was no help for it, so I trudged along up the road, and passed, with other sliding pilgrims, through that hospitable gate which is always open, and after passing through which you begin to ascend the hill difficulty.

Once on the summit, my gratified eyes beheld the myriad forms of the citizens of —— gliding over the glassy surface of their noble lake. Two or three years ago there existed no friendly mansion, with hot cooking stoves and hotter coffee, and still hotter fire-water. No Trot was there, nor any other comforting element. The ice lay stretched before you which way to choose, and a cold breeze blew to numb your fingers, while you attached the screw-propellers of childhood days to your tingling feet.

Shivering on the brink, I looked round eagerly for a small boy to assist me to bore my heels. I saw at length some familiar features, and hailed them with three cheers. That child knew that there was no escape, so he gave in, and came forward much agi-

tated by conflicting emotions; his playmates were calling him to a game of ricket, and I was asking him to assist me.

Chivalry, however, even in this degenerate age, is not quite exterminated in the hearts of the sterner sex, so the boy relinquished the ricket and devoted himself to my service. Everybody can guess how we screwed and unscrewed, strapped and unstrapped those obsolete monsters. When the height of perfection was attained, I agonizingly struck out from the bank, undergoing the torture of the boot and the rack combined; never was there more exquisite torture devised by fiendish ingenuity than that imparted by a pair of tightly-strapped skates. Every stroke an agony; every pause a cramp.

But, thank fortune, better days were in store for skaters, although then we never dreamt of such happiness as the "Acme" brought, after the leathern bonds had flattened our feet forever. You must not think that I was a poor skater. I was accounted quite a credit to the profession, but I had to be tortured with the rest of the old-fashioned crowd, who had not yet succumbed to the reign of the "first patent."

Past me, far past, flew the happy few on their new skates, while I scraped dismally along on my screw-propellors. My feet were numb and my tongue was dumb, for although a small share of enjoyment was falling to my lot, the favorite pastime smacked not of the relish of by-gone days. But we should never repine or give way to sorrow, or think that we have arrived at our worst state, for so sure as we do a worse will befall us, as was proved not greatly to my satisfaction that very afternoon. I attempted to cut a melancholy three. I overdid it, and fell. I rose again, but the wood of one skate was split from end to end. This was too much. I am afraid that I cried, but perhaps not. I know that I felt like it.

In vain for me the glassy surface spread in smooth beauty from shore to shore. In vain the merry voices of the Acmeites asked me to join them in a journey up the lake. In vain the little boy who helped me to screw the skates asked me if I was hurt, and offered to screw them again. I was not hurt, but the skates were, so I gathered up the fragments and went home. As my reverie reached this point there was a loud ring at the door bell. The family immediately sprang to its feet and answered it. I felt too desponding to stir. The family soon rushed back with a long pasteboard box in its one hand and a note in the other. "For

you, what can it be?" said a few tongues at once. I waved them back and opened the note. Its words were few and well chosen, but they revealed to me a great fact. I was the future possessor of the pasteboard box and its precious contents, a pair of Acmes. A gush of grateful tears blinded my eyes, and I could hardly see to open the box, and I furtively wiped them away before I looked at the silvery beauties. There they were, and no mistake, with a cold steely glitter suggestive of the dentist and trying operations, but lovely in my eyes beyond comparison. Ah! you dear, blessed friend, how much I thanked you that night and for many a day afterwards for your thoughtfulness and generosity. The family crowded round me and touched my polished treasures with profane fingers. I caught them up in my arms and rushed away to gaze on them in secret and compose a nearly unintelligible note of thanks to the donor. The rest of the evening I passed in a sort of trance, and all night I dreamt of Acmes and icy plains. Next morning I rose at an early hour, and with chattering teeth and trembling hands took another survey of my Christmas Box and its contents. How very, very beautiful they were! What a pity it seemed to dim their brightness even by a breath. Reluctantly I put them away and went to breakfast.

Before I partook of the morning meal, I satisfied myself that no snow had fallen during the night, an aggravating circumstance that often tries our patience sorely in this uncertain climate. It was a green Christmas, metaphorically speaking. In reality there was no verdancy in the day's appearance, everything looked brown and bare—trees, grass, roads, etc., but it was a gloriously fine day, with a lovely azure sky decked with a few fleecy clouds, a day of summer warmth and sweetness: a time that made you fancy that you would never more be frost-bitten; a lucid interval in the mad paroxysms of our maniac winter. The morning passed, the luncheon was discussed, and now approached the enchanting hour of three o'clock.

With eager haste I dressed and went to join the family company; alas! they had given me the slip, and were already far on their way to the "Happy Hunting Grounds."

I felt slightly mortified at the slight put on me, but the sight of my Acmes consoled me. I could soon catch up to them, I said to myself with a superior sneer, and off I went with a self-satisfied stride.

The walking was a little soft, and the hot sun on your back made you very warm, but that was a comforting fact in connection with the icy pastime. The hill difficulty was rather unpleasantly slippery, but I held fast by the kindly rail fence, and so *I* did not come to *grief* and *all-fours*, as an unhappy stranger did, who, thus reduced to the level of the brutes, swore fluently and in a beastly way in a foreign tongue. He was very muddy though, and I could hardly help pitying him in spite of his profanity. Once more I stood on the summit of the hill and overlooked the valley and icy plains below. Hundreds, nay thousands of people, old and young, rich and poor, dotted the surface like animated nine-pins. As I surveyed them I felt the fire of patriotism burning in my heart. "Breathes there a girl with soul so dead, who never to herself has said, these are my own, my native lakes." This was quoting Scott with a vengeance and a slight difference, but when my own speech fails me I always take some one's else.

I did feel proud, all-fired proud, if I may be allowed to use the expression, of the dear old lakes, and the gay crowd of countrymen and fair countrywomen, not forgetting the children that adorned, by their swaying and graceful forms, the icy platform that King Frost had built for us to dance on.

The banks of the lake were covered with skaters and spectators, and it was some time before I found a convenient resting place; and then, when I thought my troubles ended, they had only begun, for I realized at that moment the embarassing fact that I had no idea of the way to attach my skates to my boots. In my delight at their possession, I had forgotten to ask wiser people than myself to instruct me in the method of putting on Acmes. As I bemoaned my stupidity, a conversation that I had overheard some weeks ago in regard to the new patent, came into my mind. I was waiting at the ferry for "a boat, a boat," to cross the same; the cold wind drove me reluctantly into the station house; it was very warm and close there, but, seated near the stove were two men with an Acme apiece, which they were examining curiously, and one of the men was describing and dilating on its merits. "You see," he said, "whin anythin' goes wrong with it, you have your *wrinch* to put it right, but thin it 'tain't very *sildom* that you need your wrinch." "'Tain't very *often*, you mean," said the other. "I mean what I say," said the first speaker angrily, "'Tain't very *sildom* that you need your wrinch." I had to smile

and go out into the cold again, so I lost the rest of the discussion, but I often thought of and laughed about the "*wrinch.*" Now, it came to my mind, like an inspiration, that I *needed* my *wrinch.* But I *wrinched* and worked at them in vain, for I had not the faintest idea of how they went on. I gave up at last in despair, and you can imagine how mortified I felt with my beautiful skates lying idly in my lap while I sat on the bank, and the rest of the people were shod and off like the wind. I regret to say it, but for a brief moment I wished for my screw-propellers, that is, in their unbroken state. However, my better feelings soon banished such a treasonous wish, and I made up my mind that I would rather walk about and carry my Acmes, than not have them at all.

I sorrowfully rose and had walked a few yards in extremé terror of mind and body, for I never could get along on ice without rubbers or moccasins. I looked around for the family, or for a friend, or for an acquaintance, which should never be forgot on such an occasion. But I looked in vain; there were any number of people, hundreds of them, but gone, all gone, the old familiar faces. I had lost so much time, and I bitterly thought of my superior sneer when left behind at home.

Where was now the "wicious pride of my youth" evaporated to? And such a day. I looked up at the sky, which I should not have done under such unstable, not to say slippery, circumstances. I saw that the few fleecy clouds had all melted away, and that the azure dome shone clear, without speck or flaw, and then I saw no more, or rather I saw stars; for both my feet, in an unaccountable way, flew from under me, and my *chignon* made a kissing acquaintance with the ice. I guess I was stunned. Oh yes! for a brief space of time I was oblivious even of Acmes.

When I came to, I found myself supported tenderly, and a young, handsome face bent pityingly over me; the face had soft brown eyes and a nice little black moustache. It was not one of the family, not an acquaintance, not a friend, and not even the muddy foreigner, but an out-and-out stranger whom I had never seen before. I was ashamed of falling, and being stunned, and being supported, so I scrambled up and staggeringly thanked the handsome party for assisting me, and would have fallen at his feet again, I suppose by way of showing my gratitude, if he had not again assisted me. I felt ridiculous and huffed. I knew that my

face was very red and my appearance absurd; besides, he had put his arm around me to support me, and no one had ever done so before; I did not know whether I liked it or not.

I drew myself proudly away in spite of the danger of falling again at his feet, and turned to look for my poor skates which had been dashed out of my arms by the violence of my first fall. My friend in need observed the anxious glance, and skating off gracefully, picked up my Acmes, and handed them to me with a bow. I took them from his kid-mitted grasp, and again thanked him, and wished silently that he would go away: this may have been ungrateful, but the fact was that I did not want to make ice acquaintances, and I knew that my mamma would wonder and scold if she found me speaking with a stranger, however pleasant he might be. I began to walk off as quickly as I could, but being on skates, he very easily kept near me, and there was an amused twinkle in his eyes that made me nervous, and I nearly fell again on a piece of shell-ice. I did not look at him at all, but I felt that he was looking at me, and it annoyed me. I made for the bank where the road skirts the lake, and selecting a nice, smooth rock, I sat down to collect my thoughts and rest myself. The handsome party followed me, and he sat down, too, on another rock about a yard distant. This made me very angry. I could feel my face flaming under his merry glance. I was determined to withdraw from such an awkward situation, and I rose and began to ascend the bank. The clear, frank voice of the party stopped me. "Stay Miss, I did not intend to drive you from the lake, and make you lose such a glorious afternoon's skating." I turned, and our eyes met; his face was quite serious now, and he continued, "I saw you when you first came here, and I noticed that you could not adjust your skates; I wished to help you but did not like to offer as I was unknown to you. But when you fell, I only acted as a gentleman ought to have done. I have accompanied you, hoping that you would ask me to put on your skates, after that I should have rid you of my odious presence."

All this time I was silent and embarassed. I did not know whether to go away or let him put on my skates and stay. The temptation to remain proved too strong to be withstood, and then I thought to myself, "he will go as soon as I am ready to skate," for, strange to say, I implicitly believed him. So I sat down again, and the unknown *wrinched* my Acmes and fastened them

on, and led me clear of the rocks and shell-ice, and then, bowing low, he said "good-bye," and left me. So I was not mistaken; he was to be believed, and I felt glad of that, for I hated a liar, although, somehow, I was sorry that he went.

Well, after all, that first skate on Acmes was not unalloyed bliss by any means, for they require motion peculiarly their own, which you learn after one or two trials.

I skated up the lake for some distance, and not seeing anything of the family, I turned into one of the little coves in the smooth ice, on which I attempted to cut a three, but I missed the straps around my ancles, and they turned, and the figure on the ice was not accomplished. I merely cut a sorry figure myself.

Again I sought a friendly rock and rested. By this time I felt injured, and at variance with the world at large; everything had gone crooked with me in spite of my new propellers. A burst of happy laughter sounded from the cove above me. I got up from my rock and skated idly up to see what was going on, and why the laughter. I found a number of people trying to skate a quadrille in a sheltered nook, and there were many mistakes and many falls, and a great deal of merriment resulting from the attempt. The merriest among them was my unknown friend, the handsome party. His partner was a very pretty girl, indeed, but a poor skater, and he seemed to have fairly to drag her through parts of the figures of the dance. Other people were watching besides myself, and among them a young boy whom I knew by the name of Jimmy Hislop. This was not a very nice little boy, and I was not particularly fond of him, but I was pleased to see him on this occasion, from being so particularly left to myself that afternoon. "Ah, is that you Jimmy?" I said patronizingly. "Yes, Miss Brown," said Jimmy. "Oh, you've got the new skates. I wish I had a pair," he added ruefully, as his eyes turned wistfully towards my steel-shod feet. Then, after a pause, they went back to the quadrille.

"My, what a poor skater," said Jimmy in disgust, as the pretty partner fell gracefully down in the centre of the dance, as she endeavored to turn and go towards the handsome party.

I eagerly agreed with Jimmy, for the handsome party was just then lifting the pretty figure from the ice with tender solicitude. Ah! I thought to myself, "practice makes perfect. He is well used to that sort of thing, and that is why he can do it so nicely."

"But what does it matter to me?" I thought, with a shrug of my shoulders. I felt inclined to skate away, but just then I caught the handsome party's eye, bright like a bird's. He did not smile, but he looked pleased to see me, I thought, and then as his eye fell on Jimmy, he looked more pleased still.

"Do you know who that is?" I could not help asking the boy. He stared. "Whom do you mean?" "Ah!" I replied carelessly, "that nice looking young fellow in the quadrille?" "What, the one that stares at us so? Why, he's Harry Woods, and he's engaged to that girl that can't skate; that's why he has patience with her, I suppose, though it's more than I'd have. I hate girls that can't skate," the boy continued in a vindictive tone, "they drag and jerk a fellow till his arms are sore, and they always fall down and get hurt, and scold a person as if they could help it. I'm cute now, I dodge them," said Jimmy sagely.

I hardly listened to the boy's talk, for I can't tell how disappointed I was at Jimmy's account of my unknown friend. What business had I to be disappointed? None whatever, and yet I was. I could feel tears of pique and chagrin fill my eyes. Gracious, what a muff I had become, and all owing to those Acmes. I hated the quadrille, and I looked at it no longer, but Jimmy still watched it eagerly, and remarked on it from time to time. "Now, they are doing ladies' chain. There, she's down again! Now he picks her up; she laughs, so she can't be hurt. Ah! they are finishing; two of them have skated away. Ah! they are all going." They were going, but I was determined that I would not look.

Jimmy again commented on their movements: "Why, they are all going and leaving Harry Woods; he's taking off his hat and saying good bye. My eye, he's coming over here. Now won't she be mad." I could not help looking now, and sure enough, the handsome party was skating towards us with a pleased smile, and his bright eyes "staring at us," as Jimmy said.

I felt my heart go pit-a-pat when I met the bright glance of his brown eyes, and I held my breath, for I did not know what would happen next. Think of my disgust when he said to Jimmy: "Is your father here to-day?" "Yes," said Jimmy, "there he is," and he pointed to a group of elderly skaters, discussing politics or something of that sort. With a "thank you," the unknown turned away and glided off to the elderly group.

This was too much, and bitterly did I repent of taking any interest in his bright eyes or his attractions at all. I felt like a complete goose, and I speedily moved off, resolved to banish the handsome party from my mind forever. I had barely time to excommunicate him, when Jimmy called to me, "Miss Brown, my father wishes to speak to you." I mentally wished his father further, but with a very bad grace, I turned, and there, skating towards me, were Mr. Hislop and the handsome party.

They came nearer; there was the usual awkward pause; the usual intelligible splutter, splutter—honor, pleasure—my friend, and so forth, and we were formally introduced. Then Mr. Hislop made pompous remarks on the ice and weather, then went back to his group with a relieved air, and the handsome party and I were left together. We took a good look at one another, and we were, I am sure, satisfied with the result.

We skated together during the rest of the afternoon. During our journeys round the lake, we frequently passed the pretty partner and the remainder of the quadrille party. My companion, on these occasions, lifted his fur cap politely, and smiled to them pleasantly, but with no particular favor, I thought, and I can't tell you how glad I felt that it must be only friendship, nothing more.

Having proved a very, very agreeable person, the hours flew by like moments almost, and our merry talk and delightful icy stroll was only ended by the disheartening fact that we must part. The sun had sunk behind the western hills, or Citadel hill, or wherever he ought to sink, and little twinkling stars began to gem the sky; the skaters were gliding off by twos and threes, and this fact warned us that we should glide off too.

I had not seen the family during the whole afternoon, which apparently strange circumstance was accounted for by the family's eccentric idea of staying on an island in the second lake, making fires and otherwise disporting themselves as lively youngsters will. Mamma had gone off the ice at an early hour, and walked home by the road. So, by remaining on the first lake, I lost sight of them altogether. This fact now struck me as a very awkward one, but Harry asked if he could have the pleasure of escorting me to my dwelling, so I did not care so very much after all. I mentioned before that we saw the sun set, but how can I, with pen and ink, sketch the dying glories of the scene. We sat on a

projecting piece of land near the head of the lake, and Fairyland itself seemed spread before us. I will begin at the beginning, and try to describe the sky. As I mentioned before, during the afternoon it had been a vast ethereal azure dome, without a cloud or shade of any kind. Now that the day lay dying, there was a pale, pearly tint of green that spread half over its glorious blue, then from the vanishing sun was shed a half circle of faint rose that paled and paled till it reached the tender green, then blended in a purplish arch that, rainbow like, half spanned the sky. Towards the horizon, the rose deepened, and purple clouds rose like mist, and faintly wreathed themselves in strange fantastic forms. Around the lake the rugged banks glowed brown and faded green, and far above them rose the pines and firs with pointed tips, marked clear against the sky; their foliage caught the sunset's rosy glow, and seemed turned from green to dusky red.

Like a jewel roughly set seemed the circle of ice itself—a mixture of diamond, opal, and aqua-marine, with a thousand pent-up fires in its crystal purity, a thousand diamonds sparkled that brightened and died out on the glassy surface. Reflecting faintly and beautifully the tints of the sky above, it seemed another sky with the dim, misty tracks of the skaters, like a milky way or path of angels across its pure expanse.

All this Harry and I read in the sky, and we read more than this in each other's faces,—we read of a dawning love in each other's eyes. The earthly sun had set; the God of Day had gone to sleep, but our sun of life-long friendship had arisen, and the God of Love had waked us from the slumber of indifference. We were quite grave as we walked to my home together; we were happily, not morosely silent, and we said good-bye, as if we were. He asked leave to call; he did call; he was introduced to the family,—*they liked him!* From that moment the course of true love ran smooth—slid in fact.

Often afterwards we skated together; often we saw the sun set on the first lake, but never was it so beautiful, so glorious as on that happy Christmas day.

Of course it was love's young dream and all that sort of thing, but I won't describe it, because everybody knows all about it. Let it suffice to add that we are now married, and that we don't quarrel as we should do, but are unfashionably happy.

We have never regretted, but rather blessed the fortunate occa-

sion that made us acquainted. He says that it was all owing to the enchantment of the D—— Lakes (I was just going to name the place, and that would never do in print, you know.) But *I* say, and surely every woman should have an opinion of her own, that it was all owing to that pair of skates.

Of course it was all a mistake about the engagement to the pretty partner; so, nice young girls, don't let such talk discourage you, in regard to handsome parties from over the "Bay."

MYTHS AND MYTH-MAKERS.

THE ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN of Harvard University has had good opportunity to become acquainted with every species of literature—with that, therefore, which comes under the above title, and he has given a very interesting and suggestive exposition of that wild, grotesque, and apparently inexplicable chaos of imaginations which float as dim, weird shadows in the sub and supra mundane spheres. Mr. Fiske is not a mere editor of mythic lore, but a philosopher who attempts to reduce the innumerable incidents and instances of fable to classes, giving as far as may be their origins, and drawing out their fact from amidst the draperies of fiction, and showing us through what strange changes the fancies have passed, and how these germs have developed into tales, which took their form from the different times and places where they had been sown. He destroys much that to us was in place of knowledge, but he also endeavors to rear for us a structure of more certain fact. The heroic Tell, shooting the apple from off his son's head at the compulsion of the tyrant Gessler, vanishes into a thin mist,—no, not that exactly, but into an allegorical representation of the unerring arrow of Apollo, of the silver bow—rather still of the rays of the sun—for Apollo is himself a myth—the radiant powerful sun alone darting his beams being the simple germ or substratum of fact out of which the whole story, which has so stirred the hearts of many generations of youth, inspiring them with daring and the love of freedom, has been constructed. If it be asked on what authority the story is thus pronounced mythical, it is replied, that there is no mention made of the affair for one hundred and eighty

years after it is supposed to have occurred; that the chronicler of the battle of Morgarten, which happened a few years later, never makes any mention of Tell; that in the charters of Kussenach no one of the name of Gessler is mentioned as having ruled there; that those who describe minutely the acts by which the Swiss were goaded to rebellion, never mention the affair. It seems impossible to think that an act of such wonder should not have been noticed by these various parties. Whence then did the story originate? It is said that a man in the Canton of Uri was burned alive because he asserted that the story had a Danish origin, which, it seems, it had. There was a man who had boasted that he could split an apple a great way off, on a wand, the first shot. The King, hearing this, determined to punish him for his boasting by compelling him to shoot an apple off his son's head. This he did—the circumstances being the same as those usually related of Tell. This King is said to be Harold Bluetooth, and the occurrence to have taken place in the year 950. It seems however that the story makes itself known in England, Norway, Finland and Russia. We are all familiar with William of Cloudslee, in Ivanhoe, who says—

"I have a sonne seven years old,
Hee is to me full deere;
I will tye him to a stake—
All shall see him that bee here—
And lay an apple upon his head,
And goe six paces him froe,
And I myself with a broad arrowe,
Shall cleave the apple in towe!"

The same legend is found on the upper Rhine, and in Finland; is common to the Turks and Mongolians, and known to the wild Samoyeds. It is also told in a Persian poem of a Prince who shoots an apple off the head of a page. The universality of the legend leads to the conclusion that the story originated, somehow, at a time when the peoples were all one—that, in fact, we must look for its source to the time when the Aryan nations had not yet left Central Asia. But what is the foundation of the story? Did some tyrant enact the one part, and some hero the other, in that original nation ere it separated, so that each division became heir to this legend. It is held by Mr. Fiske that the story was not at first told of mortal men, but of the tyrants and liberators of the forces of nature. It is held by the author that it is from

the latter source that the story sprung. It is a *myth*, not a *legend* —that is, it is an explanation by the uncivilized mind, of some natural phenomenon. To apply this to the case of Tell, an origin for the story is supposed to be found. "The conception of infallible skill in archery which underlies such a great variety of myths and popular fairy-tales is originally derived from the inevitable victory of the sun over his enemies, the demons of night, winter, and tempest. Arrows and spears which never miss their mark, swords, from whose blow no armour can protect, are invariably the weapons of solar divinities or heroes." Such is the proposed explanation of the origin of the myth of Tell and the apple.

With all due respect, we must profess our doubts that this is the true explanation. We confess that we feel that the evidence is against the truth of the story as told of the Swiss hero. We cannot well account for the tale being told in so many nations on the principle that they borrowed from each other, nor can we well adopt the idea that, as a fact, it occurred in several nations, although that is certainly not past belief; and that the imagination of such an occurrence should originate among several distinct peoples would not tax our faith much. Archery was practised and brought to great perfection by all ancient nations. Nothing was more like than that very skilled bowmen should boast of their skill, nor is there one incident of the story which is unlikely. The tyrant was to be found everywhere. He was by no means unlikely to make just such a demand as that which Gessler made, and the concealment of the other arrows by Tell is also in keeping with what any one might suppose who knows what revenge is. The great difficulty with the supposition that the stories originated spontaneously among various nations is the closeness of the similitude. There would be more variety in the circumstances if this were the case. But why should we suppose that nothing of the kind ever happened at all in the original habitat of the Aryan race? or why should we suppose that the story is only a disguised representation of the sun destroying "his enemies—the demons of night." There is not much here, certainly, of similarity. Granted that our Aryan ancestors were in the habit of considering the sun as an archer of true aim, why suppose that that formed the ground of the story, rather than that the splendid archery of bowmen of their own should suggest the unerring archery of the sun-God?

It would require to be shown that not only were feats like those of Cloudslee and Tell impossible, but that the *imagination* of them was impossible, directly, without the intervention of the sun-God archer. A very absurd supposition indeed, since the thought of the sun as an archer is only secondary, the human archer being the primary term in the poetic conception. It is, in our view, sheer nonsense to talk of this story of Tell as a *myth*. It has all the elements of a *legend* and none of a myth that we can see. What tyrant compelled the sun to shoot? What is the apple at which his ray was directed? Who was the son of Apollo, endangered by his rays? No! No! The genius of myth-finding will fail to put its finger on one trait in the story that is not to be found in the then every day life of our Aryan ancestors, without ascending to the mysteries of the heavens for an explanation. It is a good plan not to bring in the gods into human affairs, save when there is some apparent necessity.

The story of Llewellyn fares no better with Mr. Fiske than that of Tell. We must say we do not feel so bad about the dispersion of the story of the deceived King, and feel a sort of joy in the thought that Gelert was not killed. Every one knows how the guardian dog, denying himself the pleasures of the chase, that he might protect his master's child, attacked the wolf that would have slain the boy and killed it; how, upon the arrival of Llewellyn, finding not his child, but meeting the dog with all the evidences of guilt on and about him, he puts the faithful creature to death, and, when he discovered his error, how poignant was his grief. Well, what is the evidence on which Mr. Fiske thinks we should relegate this story to the region of myths? Is not the story told, and the place called Beth Gelert till this day? But then a similar story is to be found in the fireside lore of almost all the Aryan nations. It is found in the Sanskrit fables, and in a Chinese work which dates A. D. 668. Usually the hero is a dog, but sometimes a falcon, an ichneumon, an insect, or even a man. In Egypt it takes the following comical shape:

"A Wali once smashed a pot full of herbs which a cook had prepared. The exasperated cook thrashed the well-intentioned but unfortunate Wali within an inch of his life, and when he returned, exhausted with his efforts at belaboring the man, to examine the broken pot, he discovered amongst the herbs a poi-

sonous snake." Now this story of the Wali is as manifestly identical with the legend of Gellert as the English word *father* is with the Latin *pater;* but as no one would maintain that the word *father* is in any sense derived from *pater*, so it would be impossible to represent either the Welsh or the Egyptian legend as a copy of the other. Obviously the conclusion is forced upon us that the stories, like the words, are related collaterally, having descended from a common ancestral legend, or having been suggested by one and the same primeval idea.

This conclusion it is hard to resist, and yet why should not the idea of faithful creatures suffering for their faithfulness, through the inadvertence of those whom they had protected and blessed, be found everywhere. Is there any country in the world, is there any generation passes in which such facts are not furnished as would produce the story? Similarity of circumstances will produce everywhere similarity of results, and dangers to youth, faithfulness in the dog or other animal, and rashness in man, may have become the subject of observation and story in a hundred places without our being forced to suppose either that the stories had one origin, or that they were borrowed. In regard to such facts as are of frequent recurrence, it is foolish to suppose that the history of them should be derived from one sole source. It is quite otherwise with respect to stories in which the supernatural appears. We are willing that these should be reduced to myths, but we see no reason whatever to suppose that stories regarding faithfulness, rashness, cruelty, or repentance for rash cruelty, should demand any such explanation. It may look wise to discredit everything that we once believed, but incredulity has its bounds as well as faith.

Mr. Fiske introduces here several stories which he thinks quite akin to the Welsh tale, but the relationship, it would seem to us, is very slight. That our readers may see for themselves, we quote a passage or two embodying one or two of these tales.

"Closely connected with the Gellert myth are the stories of Faithful John and of Rama and Luxman. In the German story, Faithful John accompanies the prince, his master, on a journey in quest of a beautiful maiden, whom he wishes to make his bride. As they are carrying her home across the seas, Faithful John hears some crows, whose language he understands, foretelling three dangers impending over the prince, from which his friend can save him only by sacrificing his own life. As soon as they land, a horse

will spring towards the king, which, if he mounts it, will bear him away from his bride forever; but whoever shoots the horse, and tells the king the reason, will be turned into stone from toe to knee. Then, before the wedding a bridal garment will lie before the king, which, if he puts it on, will burn him like the Nessos-shirt of Herakles; but whoever throws the shirt into the fire and tells the king the reason, will be turned into stone from knee to heart. Finally, during the wedding-festivities, the queen will suddenly fall in a swoon, and 'unless some one takes three drops of blood from her right breast she will die'; but whoever does so, and tells the king the reason, will be turned into stone from head to foot. Thus forewarned, Faithful John saves his master from all these dangers; but the king misinterprets his motives in bleeding his wife, and orders him to be hanged. On the scaffold he tells his story, and while the king humbles himself in an agony of remorse, his noble friend is turned into stone."

"In the South Indian tale Luxman accompanies Rama, who is carrying home his bride. Luxman overhears two owls talking about the perils that await his master and mistress. First he saves them from being crushed by the falling limb of a banyan-tree, and then he drags them away from an arch which immediately after gives way. By and by, as they rest under a tree, the king falls asleep. A cobra creeps up to the queen, and Luxman kills it with his sword; but, as the owls had foretold, a drop of the cobra's blood falls on the queen's forehead. As Luxman licks off the blood, the king starts up, and, thinking that his vizier is kissing his wife, upbraids him with his ingratitude, whereupon Luxman, through grief at this unkind interpretation of his conduct, is turned into stone."*

To the common understanding, it would never occur to combine these tales with that of Gellert, as of the same family. But when one has got a theory, the slightest resemblance will become proofs of its truth. The only similitudes between the last cited cases and the case of the dog, is, that there was faithfulness and suffering on account of faithfulness in each case. We should not object to the classing of these tales together, were it not that there seems to us a broad difference between them, the distinction being just the one which Mr. Fiske wishes to obliterate—namely, that the Welsh story is evidently, to us at least, a *legend*, while these latter ones quoted are very apparently *myths*. The same may be said of

"The Norse tale of the 'Giant who had no Heart in his Body,' as related by Dr. Dasent. This burly magician having turned six

* See Cox, Mythology of the Aryan Nations, Vol. 1. pp. 145–149.

brothers with their wives into stone, the seventh brother—the crafty Boots or many-witted Odysseus of European folk-lore—sets out to obtain vengeance if not reparation for the evil done to his kith and kin. On the way he shows the kindness of his nature by rescuing from destruction a raven, a salmon, and a wolf. The grateful wolf carries him on his back to the giant's castle, where the lovely princess whom the monster keeps in irksome bondage promises to act, in behalf of Boots, the part of Delilah, and to find out, if possible, where her lord keeps his heart. The giant, like the Jewish hero, finally succumbs to feminine blandishments 'Far, far away in a lake lies an island; on that island stands a church; in that church is a well; in that well swims a duck; in that duck there is an egg; and in that egg there lies my heart, you darling.' Boots, thus instructed, rides on the wolf's back to the island; the raven flies to the top of the steeple and gets the church-keys; the salmon dives to the bottom of the well, and brings up the egg from the place where the duck had dropped it; and so Boots becomes master of the situation. As he squeezes the egg, the giant, in mortal terror, begs and prays for his life, which Boots promises to spare on condition that his brothers and their brides should be released from their enchantment. But when all has been duly effected, the treacherous youth squeezes the egg in two, and the giant instantly bursts."

Mr. Fiske classes with these the stories of swan-maidens, werewolves, the seven sleepers, the dancers of Kolbeck, the wild huntsman, the phantom ship, the man in the moon, and Jack and Jill. There are some grounds for supposing the first of these to have had a mythic origin. Ovid tells us of Lykaon, King of Arcadia, who treated Zeus to a dinner of human flesh to try his omniscience, and as the reward of his trick was transformed into a wolf, that he might be compelled to subsist on such dainties as he had provided for the Gods; and from that time, it is related by Pliny, a noble Arcadian was yearly, on the festival of Zeus Lykaios, led to the margin of a certain lake, where, throwing off his clothes, he, on plunging into the water, became a wolf. Demainetos also, having partaken of a banquet of human flesh, was transformed into a wolf for ten years. This, possibly, was the origin of the horrible superstition which afflicted the imagination of the Middle Ages. The man-wolf had the power of transforming himself into the ravenous beast, with all its ferocity and strength. The phenomenon was supposed to be of daily occurrence, and in some places the belief is still cherished in these horrible transformations. The transformation is sometimes into

a hare—a woman taking the form of this animal by the powers of witchcraft. In some nations the man also is transformed into a bear, in other places a tiger. We need not dwell on the explanation which is given by Cox in his history of the Aryan nations; of the way in which, by a mistake of the name, Lykaios, which means "light-man," is transformed into wolf-man from another word of similar form. We would be content to accept the explanation that the light-God should by mistake become the wolf-God or the transformer into the wolf shape of such as displeased him, were there not other and far more potent principles in operation in producing the superstition. Is not the underlying principle the feeling, the belief, that those who indulge base appetites shall find them grow beyond rational control into bestial strength and ferocity? This feeling, combined with the doctrine of metempsychosis, which implied some similarity of nature between man and the brute, would readily make way for the imagination of the wildest transformations. But we are not left to metaphysical considerations. Facts are more sure foundations. Among a people whose chief business and pleasure, through eternity, was to hack and hew their enemies, the wolf-like rage for killing was likely to be developed. So the Berserkers from the Northland would sail forth to carry devastation everywhere. Sometimes, when at home, the rage for destruction would overcome them, when they would array themselves in the skins of wolves and bears, to crack backbones, smash skulls, and drink the blood of unwary travellers. Then strange, cruel propensities have developed in individuals of later ages. Mr. Baring Gould tells us of the Hungarian Countess Elizabeth, who, in the seventeenth century, enticed to her palace young girls, under various pretexts, murdered them, and then bathed in their blood. She used also to practice on them the most cruel tortures with her own hand, taking fiendish delight in their sufferings. Six hundred and fifty persons are said thus to have died by her, though we may hope that the number has been greatly exaggerated. The Maréchal de Retz, a man of culture and elegance, during seven years, continued to inveigle boys and girls into his castle at the rate of two per week, and then put them to death in various ways, feeling delight in their tortures, and bathing in their blood, yet experiencing, after each occasion, the most dreadful remorse, but led on by an irresistible craving to repeat the crime. We find also

cannibalism connected with murder. A tailor of Chalons, who was accustomed to allure children to his shop, that he might kill and eat them, was sentenced by the Parliament of Paris to be burned alive for lycanthropy. In 1850, a beggar in Galicia was proved to have killed and eaten fourteen children. The way in which the desire was developed was in his eating of a human body which had been charred in a burned house. From this time he could not resist the intense desire to eat human flesh. It is said he was suffering under no mental delusion. Others, whose cases are related by Baring Gould, thought themselves actually transformed into were-wolves. The case of Jean Grenier is cited, whose appearance was idiotic and canine, and who thought himself a were-wolf. Several children having disappeared, he was brought before the Parliament of Bourdeaux, when he stated that he had met the devil one night in the woods, and had signed a compact with him, and received from him a wolf-skin. Since then he had roamed about as a wolf after dark, resuming his human shape at daylight. He had killed and eaten several children whom he found alone in the fields, and on one occasion had taken a baby out of its cradle while the family were out. It was ascertained certainly that the missing children were eaten by Grenier, who had no doubt whatever, that he was a wolf. The ancient superstition, probably, furnished the peculiar *form* of the horror, but something in the nature of the man—a lycanthropic disposition and tendency, furnished the matter of the madness. The murderous propensity which existed, and was necessary to man in a state of savage nature, still returns in certain individuals, by what may be supposed to be a reversion to original conditions, horrifying civilization in solitary instances, which were normal, and common in the *Juventus Mundi*.

We have no difficulty now in explaining the many supposed transformations of men and women into wolves and other creatures. The hallucination is readily transformed into the fact, and in an age which was not remarkable for its capacity for investigation, but which yet tried to fathom the causes of things, and assign reasons for appearances, as men from the beginning have done, we are not surprised that the actual transformation should be held to be the cause of the hallucination, nor that the *modus operandi* should be described. The skin was inverted, it was supposed, and arms and legs have been cut off, and the criminal skinned to find

the wolf skin on the "turncoat," or "skin changer." A more rational theory was that the possessed person merely put on a wolf's skin or coat. One "skin changer" confessed to having used a magic salve. Another method was by a magic girdle—usually of human skin. Among a band of reapers resting, a man was observed to arise and gird himself with a strap, when he instantly vanished, and a wolf jumped up and ran from the reapers across the fields. The little son of a man, who possessed one of these girdles, got it on, when a raging hunger seized him, but his father met him, tore off the girdle, and restored his equilibrium. A man's wife left him one day, telling him that if a wild beast should come on him he was to throw his hat at it. He was attacked by a wolf, at which he threw his hat, but a boy stabbed it with a pitchfork, when the wolf vanished, but the dead woman lay at his feet. Another case had a happier termination: a man left his wagon, telling his wife to strike with her apron any beast that might attack her. A wolf shortly after came, at which she struck with her apron, off which the wolf bit a piece and went away. The husband soon came back with a bit of the apron in his mouth, and consoled his wife with the happy news that his enchantment had for ever left him. Another case is related of a person who, in a struggle with a she-wolf, cut off one of her paws and put it in his pocket. Meeting with a neighbor, he showed the paw, which was a lady's hand with a marriage ring, and which the friend recognized as that of his wife. Going home, the wife was crouching over the fire, hiding her arm beneath her apron. She was taken to justice and burned in Riom in presence of thousands of spectators. Similar stories are told of other persons. We all recollect reading such stories of transformations—of the husband who was doomed to be some beast part of the time, and a beautiful prince the other, the choice of night or day being generally given to the bride. Sometimes these marriages ended happily by the disenchantment of the afflicted one, and sometimes in sad disaster.

The swan maidens, as their name indicates, were beautiful females, who might be found bathing in some lake, with their feathered dresses laid on the beach. If any young fellow should come along and take a dress, the swan maidens would clothe themselves and swim off, but the one whose dress was stolen could not go but at the option of the youth who had it, and the

usual result was that she became his wife. Things usually went well while the tunic of feathers was kept from her, but if she got hold of it she would return to her native element. In some cases secrecy for some portion of time was a stipulation. One swan maiden took every Saturday to herself. She had strange hob-goblin children, and people did not like that she should act as she was wont, so she was watched through a key hole, when she was beheld with the tail of a fish disporting herself in the bath. Her husband afterwards called her a "vile serpent," when "she disappeared through the window, but ever lingered about her husband's castle of Lusignan, like a Banshee, whenever one of its lords was about to die."

The story of Undine is somewhat similar, save that the motive was different, that being that she might gain a human soul. This was frustrated by the cross temper of the husband. The Nixies are of similar nature. The sea-fairies also get husbands on the coast of Ireland. The seals around the Faro islands lay off their skins and assume human forms. If a man take away the skin of one of them, he may have the humanified seal for his wife. We have not heard whether the seals of Newfoundland are so intelligent. Likely they are so disgusted with the cruelties of the fishermen that they have no desire to become wedded to such brutal specimens of humanity. We commend this matter to the enquiry of Mr. Harvey.

The night-mare, no relative of the horse, is said to be related to the swan-maidens, etc. The word is night-*mara* or night-companion. It was latterly made a demon, but was not so at first. The monks said that the Maras were agents of the devil for ruining human souls. In the Danish accounts, however, we are told that the Mara was one of a large family of supernatural wives permitted to live with men on certain conditions, but compelled to flee when these conditions were broken. The Mara could come in or go out of a keyhole, and was very different from the being called *Indigestion*, with which the stupid and gluttonous modern age confounds it. She was cousin to the swan-maidens, the Mermaids and the Undines, and stood in some relation to the were-wolf. All these beings seem to have been human creatures, transformed by certain enchantments, or rather they are, in the eyes of the myth-expositors, but literal applications of the wonderful transformations which were observed going on in

the heavens. Mr. Fiske says: "The original were-wolf is the night wind, regarded now as a man-like deity, and now as a howling lupine fiend; and the original swan-maiden is the light fleecy cloud, regarded either as a woman-like goddess or as a bird swimming in the sky sea. The one conception has been productive of little else but horrors; the other has given rise to a great variety of fanciful creations, from the treacherous mermaid and the fiendish nightmare to the gentle Undine, the charming Nausikaa, and the stately Muse of classic antiquity."

We must say that we are by no means convinced that the were-wolf and the night-wind are of the same origin, nor even that the fleecy-clouds and the swan-maidens are so closely related as Mr. Cox or Mr. Fiske would have us to suppose. It may be that the changing winds and clouds helped the struggling conceptions of the Aryan imagination to body forth the changing nature of man and woman. We would remind Mr. Fiske of a caveat which he puts in against Mr. Cox's deductions, that similitudes alone prove nothing, and we can see no *proof* that these natural changes in the heavens, and the change from man to wolf, or from woman to swan-maiden, are in any way related, save by an analogy which strikes every one. The natural phenomena are, to our mind, simply illustrative, and do not constitute the germs of the conceptions themselves. We think that the stately structures thus built are literally "castles in the air."

Mr. Fiske, while criticising Mr. Cox's explanation by which he resolves each myth into some answering physical event, quotes Mr. Tylor, who observes that no household legend or nursery rhyme is safe from his hermeneutics, and illustrates it by what might be done with "The Song of Sixpence." "Obviously," Mr. Tylor says, "the four-and-twenty blackbirds are the four-and-twenty hours, and the pie that holds them is the underlying earth covered with the overarching sky,—how true a touch of nature it is that when the pie is opened, that is, when day breaks, the birds begin to sing; the King is the Sun, and his counting out his money is pouring out the sunshine, the golden shower of Danaë; the Queen is the Moon, and her transparent honey the moonlight; the Maid is the 'rosy-fingered' Dawn, who rises before the Sun, her master, and hangs out the clouds, his clothes, across the sky; the particular blackbird, who so tragically ends the tale by snipping off her nose, is the hour of sunrise." "In all this interpretation there is no *a*

priori improbability," Mr. Fiske goes on to say, "save, perhaps, in its unbroken symmetry and completeness. * * * * In short, the time-honored rhyme wants but one thing to prove it a sun-myth, that one thing being a proof by some argument more valid than analogy." So far good. But when Mr. Fiske goes on himself to illustrate the mythical character of the story of Jack and Jill, who went up the hill to draw a pail of water, we think he deceives himself in the way of "putting the car before the horse." It appears that in the Icelandic explanations of the spots on the moon, it is said that they are the two children, Jack and Jill, whom the moon seized when drawing the water, and ever since keeps in her disc. But is the story not the original, and is the Icelandic account of the theft of the moon not the gloss or explanation, not so much of the spots on the bright orb, as of the story? In other words, was not the nursery rhyme of Jack and Jill's mishap in existence before some mythicist bethought himself of the lunatic explanation? Mr. Fiske does not seem to have considered this question, though the instance which he immediately cites of the spots being caused by the man who gathered sticks on the Sabbath day, being placed there for his sins, might have led him to see at once that the position which he has assumed is untenable. Or would he have us to suppose that we must explain the story of the Sabbath breaker by the man in the moon, not the spots on the moon by the account of the stick-gatherer? The truth is, there is no foundation whatever for supposing the Jack and Jill story to have originated in a myth. The fact that an Icelander explains the story, is no support whatever to its mythic character, and it is, besides, a miserably poor explanation, for there is almost entirely wanting even the similitude which, in the case of the "pie," may be brought out by the help of a brilliant imagination. Where is the likeness between the two unfortunates falling and tumbling down the hill, and their being stolen by the moon? *There is not a particle of similarity?* No. Some good old dame, nurse, or grandmother, or perhaps some kind father among our Aryan progenitors, while dandling a two year old on the knee, broke forth into song and produced the immortal nursery ballad whose excellence, at once perceived by the baby critics to whom it was addressed, was at once stamped as genuine coin, to circulate during all the ages—a perfect tragic story.

While we acknowledge the excellence and worth of the labors of Max Müller, Baring Gould, Cox, Taylor, Fiske and others, who have cleared up many mystic thoughts and curious enigmas, we must take care lest we be misled by them. They are overfond of reducing all curious and fantastic things to order and regularity, to be safe guides. We would need to be on the alert while we hear them explain to us the Argonautic expedition, the labors of Hercules, the wanderings of Ulysses, by natural appearances of the heavens. They build up wonderful structures on exceedingly narrow bases. We would not wonder to find many of them topple over, being in very unstable equilibrium, indeed, like inverted pyramids, ready to tumble at the first touch of the hand of investigation.

AT MID-DAY.

I.

THE words are ringing in my ears:
"Quit you like men, rest will be given
At set of sun."

'T was morning with us both, my friend,
But darkness with the light did blend,
And cold and grey
The sky, flecked in the east with gold,
Full doubtfully our day foretold,
Or marked the way.

In twilight then our path we groped,
'Gainst doubt we fought and prayed and hoped,
And asked for light.
It came; but O the many paths
That open now! We walked by halves—
By faith, by sight.

Love wrought at last, and firm and strong
We stept the steeps, and reached along
The plain abreast;

The silvery air grew golden,
And our very eyes were holden,
Within life's quest.

II.

Ere noon thy voice of pain is heard—
Life's story in one aching word—
"I 'm sick for rest."

O, rude the blow that shakes so soon,
The stem, and branch, and topmost bloom
Of life's fair tree;
And bids the pathos of my soul,
Like dew, in pure, sad drops to roll
And fall for thee!

O friend and true, thus far we 've come,
Weaving our joy and grief in one
Rough garland braid;
I 'd take the thistle now and leave
For thee the rose, to give reprieve
Or ill evade.

Vain are my words! We wot of ill
No substitute, save One, to fill
The deeps of harm:
He bears the burden and the heat
Of life's round day, and at sun-beat
Lean on his arm,

For so
He giveth His beloved sleep,
And rest at noon.

A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

BY REGINALD HARVEY.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a bright May morning, and the heavy fog that had rolled inland over night from the broad Atlantic, lifted as if by magic, leaving every leafy spray and blade of grass shimmering and glistening emerald and ruby in the rosy dawn.

As Barney Bralligan lounged lazily forth from his cabin-door, and looked across the bay, greeting the first sun-burst, as was his wont, every morning, with a long-drawn and loud-resounding sneeze, piously crossing himself the while, he might have ranged far from his own Green Isle of the ocean before such another scene, at once so wild and so fair, would have gladdened his view.

The beetling crag before him that bounds the Eastern and opposite side of the long-retiring bay, forms but one among the many outlying spurs shot forth from the central hills of Munster, that look on the map like the fingers of a gigantic hand, stretched forth to bridle the fretting ocean billows. Occupying the place of the central knuckle of the supposed Titanic fist, the bluff we speak of protrudes threateningly into the flood, and by a grotesque fancy of the natives, ever alive to such chance resemblances, it is dubbed the *Dog's Nose*. And really, as it now appeared, looming darkly in mass, but with a clearly defined outline against the morning sky, it formed no bad representation of the object in question. At the water level it was fretted into a line of cavernous hollows, that sound in a storm like the gurgling and moaning of some monster throat, and are garnished besides with fallen masses of rock that stand in and out of the water like decayed teeth. Higher up, marking the old coast line, some deeply indented cavities do duty for eyes. Crowning all, the ruins of an old castle, that once looked proudly forth over the main, crop out like the pricked-up ears of the watchful sentinel hound that popular superstition still avers is here set to guard the land of Fingal. A fringe of the hardiest trees has crept out seaward along the jowls, and mantles the neck and forms the bristling

crest of the weather-beaten veteran. Altogether, the *Dog's Nose* is not badly named.

So, at least, opined our friend Barney, as scratching his shock-head, and winking his dazzled eyes at the blazing luminary, he indulged in another portentous sternutation that woke the thundering reverberations of the cliffs around.

Aroused at the well-known *reveillé*, a deafening chorus of cackling, squeaking, and squalling burst from the multifarious inmates of his dwelling.

"Sorra be an ye, ye slumbering haythens!" ejaculated he, tenderly; "Sorra be an ye! an' won't ye wake up at all at all? An' there's the blessed sun himself frizzlin' like a hot pratie, right forninst the ould Dog's Nose! An' it's meself, maybe, that wouldn't let the chance slip, if there was one laughin' in his jacket, anunder my own nose, this blissid minnit! Haste ye, Biddy *agra*, an' redden the bit turf, for I'm famished intirely." Here, for solace, he began diligently puffing, and rubbing, with his horny thumb, the *outside* of the bowl of his black *dudheen*; a process by which he was wont to charm a glow from the stubborn *dottle*, the residuum of his last night's smoke. Suddenly he paused in his occupation.

"Whoosht! Hould yer noise, ye onmannerly bastes," cried he, sending an indiscriminate kick among the clamorous crowd round his heels. "Whist! What's yon? Sure it's not the Squire out so airly for an airing, from the Hall beyant? or maybe it's the young Squireen is in it; more betoken, that kicking, ould grey brute he's astride of, knows well the differ atune the iron fist of the dare-devil Colonel himself, and the young master's light, lady-fingers. An' maybe he don't stick to him like a leech, though; an' it's harder to sit that same this minnit, than to ride my ould sow wid the dog afther her, chasin' through the pratie patch."

Thus soliloquizing, Barney peered curiously under his shading hand towards the advancing group.

The slight, lithe figure, whose curving grace and sinuous lines were set off to the utmost advantage, as with easy sway he met and frustrated the mad efforts to dislodge him off the blooded charger he bestrode, fully justified, on nearer inspection, the Irishman's oddly expressed encomiums on his horsemanship. With consummate address, the rider, whose slight weight and

force seemed ludicrously disproportioned to the size and mettle of his brawny steed, maintained his balance despite the plunging and rearing, till he arrived opposite the cabin, but there a mischievous cur, always on the look out for such an emergency, burst forth with a torrent of yelps, and a whirl of sand, that at once brought matters to a crisis. With one wild leap into the air, like a wounded buck, the infuriated brute flung himself backward and rolled over on his side. But the agile horseman, anticipating the throw, had disengaged his foot in time, and now, leaping from the saddle, he alighted unharmed.

"Well saved, by the powers!" cried Barney, enthusiastically. "But be the mortial! Masther Calvert, ye must hould yer neck chape to be ridin' that onchancy baste. Only two falls more like that go to a crumpler."

"That you, Barney?" responded the youth. "Old Inkerman is a bit bumptious this morning. Eh! old fellow, don't like that new bit, I'll be sworn," and turning, he patted the glossy neck of the now sobered animal that stood penitently rubbing his nose against his young master's shoulder.

"Couldn't think why he's been bolting and bucking ever since I backed him," resumed he. "Didn't throw me though, till he threw himself first."

"Let your father's son alone for that," interposed Barney.

"Oh! I'll save my own hide, and his too, I'll be bound," said Calvert. "Couldn't have picked out a softer spot for a tumble. But what makes you keep such a misbegotten cur as that about you, Barney?"

Thus suddenly reminded of his dog's agency in producing the mishap, the Irishman turned an ireful glance on the offender, and stooping, hurled a fragment of drift-wood in his wake, which the sagacious brute cleverly dodged, and repaid by a mocking yelp and a backward glance that said as plainly as dog language could convey it, "catch me, if you can."

"But what brings you out so airly, master Ansdell?" said Barney. "Sure it isn't for the likes o' you gentle folks to be thryin' races wid the sun this-a-way."

"Gentility be hanged!" echoed the youth, bitterly. "Much you know about it? To be always nag-nagged, morning, noon and night by a fellow like Delaval there! One thing he can't beat me at, though, and that is early rising. I am my own

master for two good hours yet. But hang it all! I am sick of being coached by a prig like that. The governor I can stand, though he does cut up rough at times; but that sneaking Frenchman, with his airs, and his graces, and his infernal politeness, and his everlasting smile like a grinning monkey's—"

"More like a spitting wild-cat's," I'm thinking, said Barney, "a laugh from the teeth out. Ware the claws, *ma bouchal*, I bid ye. He manes mischief, yon lad."

"Pshaw! He can't harm me if he tried. Besides, where's the use to quarrel with his own bread and butter? The governor, stiff as he looks, would soon send him packing if he found him at any of his games with me;" and as he spoke Calvert laughed uneasily.

"Shooch! have I nabbed ye at last, ye varmint?" cried Barney, somewhat irrelevantly, and, as he spoke, he made a sudden swoop of his hand along the sleek flank of the restive old Crimean charger; "an' it's little ye could tell, ye poor ould brute, what was a-stingin' ye; an' ye layin' it on the young master, an' cuttin' up, and throwin' him, and afther all it was only an ugly bit fly was in it; for all the wurruld like Mounseer wid the ould masther."

"Aye, so you really think he is up to some trick, then. Wouldn't I just like to see him trying it on with the governor, though?"

"Sure it wouldn't break his heart if *somebody* should chance to get a cast, and maybe it's not what he's been workin' in the dark afther, naythor, this while back? *Augh! millia murther!*" and a second flap of Barney's broad hand followed the exclamation, and as he turned up another flattened insect, he continued, "an' it's not wan alone that's in it, boddering the poor craythor, but the two of ye must be mates in the durty business. Varmints like flies and Frenchies, always hunts in couples, Master Calvert."

"Why, Barney? Surely you don't mean that Mam'selle ——" and pausing, his face flushed with conscious embarrassment.

"Well, yer haner, it ill sets the likes o' me to be blatherin' about their betters, so I'll say nothing about the Miss. But it isn't the first time a fair face, a false heart, an' a slitherin' tongue have gone together to do the devil's dirty work."

"Come, stow that, Barney!" said Ansdell, hotly. "I'll not stand by and hear the girl abused, if she *is* Delaval's sister."

"There now," expostulated his friend, "an' that's what Biddy

be's telling me manys the time, that my long tongue is sure to make the cravat that's to choke me yet. See what a poor boy gits for meddlin' wid the gentry! Throth, an' it's a thrue word for both of us. 'He would need to have a long spoon that sups stir-about wid ould Nick.'" And with this last Parthian shaft, having at once resented and emphasized his ill-taken caution, he turned into his cabin, muttering to himself as he went.

Ashamed of his momentary warmth, the youth was about to call his humble friend back again; but while he paused irresolute, he was startled by a loud commotion within the little hut, followed by an outburst of its whole contents apparently, human and bestial, in indiscriminate uproar.

At the instant, a non-descript tatterdemallion figure caught the youth's eye, tearing up the side of the hill from the rear of the dwelling, with the cur afore-mentioned hanging upon his rear, and snapping and worrying at the flying heels and fluttering rags of the fugitive. A stream of pursuers set up the incline after him. Cries of "Stop thafe! stop thafe! hould or I'll make ye," resounded in Biddy's shrill treble and Barney's hoarse bass, and the one waved her broom and the other a stout shillelah. A cloud of young *gossoons*, covering the advance like skirmishers, lay well out in front, and kept up a galling fire of stones and bits of turf, that annoyed not a little the retreating foe.

Calvert, following the lead, put his horse at the steep, but speedily found he could make nothing of it, and so drew rein.

The fugitive had now topped the crest, and ere he finally disappeared, he turned upon his pursuers an evil face, grinning with hate and triumphant malice. An instant more and he was gone.

"Augh, ye ugly baste! Away wid ye! An' soon may your brogues clatter in the air to the tune av the hangman's jig," cried Biddy, as a parting salute.

"What's up, Barney?" said Calvert, as soon as he could command an instant's attention.

"Throth, an' I dunno' rightly," responded Barney, "but Biddy there caught the bla'guard wid his fist stuck through the pane av glass, instid av the ould hat I put there; and sure he *cud* be afther no good wid that *gallows* look on the face av him."

Unable to get any further light on the singular circumstance that had just transpired, Calvert turned his horse's head, and rode off without further parley. Besides, there was that in the hints

and inuendoes thrown out by his humble friend in their previous discussion, which made the youth utterly oblivious, for the time being, of all other subjects of interest. Little did the well-meaning but somewhat obtuse Hibernian think what a shock his rude hand had given to some of his young friend's most cherished illusions.

His had been a lonely and neglected boyhood. Early bereft of a mother's care, during his father's long campaignings, he had been entrusted mainly to the hands of strangers. The last few months which had been spent by the youth at home, were, beyond question, the happiest period of his existence. Despite a stern, almost a chilling demeanor, there had sprung up in the youth's mind a chivalrous admiration of, and a firm reliance on his father's sterling qualities of head and heart. Thus the mere hint of its ever being possible that an interloper might eventually succeed in putting between them, appeared to him an outrage and a sacrilege. But was this the thought that spread the hot flush over his forehead, and sent him now madly careering over the sands, and anon suddenly dashing into the heaving swell, as if on purpose rather to cool his own than his horse's rebellious blood? Far from it. Those tears of wounded pride and sensibility, that he dashed indignantly away, told how keenly and cruelly that last shaft of his blunt, though well-meaning friend, rankled in his bosom.

To be deceived, to be deceived by *her*, the one bright vision of womanly beauty and grace that had ever shed its glory over his desolate pathway; that she, whom he had been ready to adore as the embodiment of all that is pure and saintly, should be in league with her scheming brother to cheat him of his heritage and his father's love—the thought was agony; to dwell on it was madness!

Ah! those early flowers of youth, its ready trust, its confiding tenderness—how fair, yet how fragile they are! At the first breath of suspicion, at the least taint of unworthiness clouding the beautified object of its shy and fastidious regards, these first blossoms of the sensitive heart shrivel away like premature blossoms at the chance touch of a frosty east wind in early spring!

CHAPTER II.

At the head of the bay, three miles further inland than the humble cabin where opens our scene, stands Ansdell Hall. There, at the confluence of the fresh water of the lake with the salt water of the bay, where the hillside curves melt into the broad meadow-lands that girdled it round, is situated Calvert's home. With a moody brow the youth rode homewards through giant boles of beech, plane, and occasional scattering oak trees, past the lodge-keeper's house, and along the shady avenue, till he arrived at the broad, grassy terrace to the west of the mansion. Pre-occupied with his own sombre thoughts, he was sweeping round, unnoticing aught, when he was startled out of his reverie by a silvery laugh, and the challenge ringing out:

"What, is my *preux chevalier* then so oblivious of his allegiance that he has not even one look to bestow?"

Glancing upward, the vision that met his gaze was one whose grace and charm were such, he might well be pardoned if his pulse beat more quickly and his heart leaped to his mouth. Picture to yourself a figure slight, seemingly tall, but really under the medium height, instinct with vivacity, yet every rapid gesture toned down into a witching undulation of movement, seldom seen in girls of the clumsier British mould. A light morning *negligée* covered her, whose studied simplicity was admirably suited to the elegant outlines it served to shroud. The face was purely oval, rather dark, but lighted up to a marvel by eyes whose changeable, iridescent lustre—now dark in the shade, now blue in the sunlight, and ever and anon shooting forth a greenish, electric gleam,—it would have puzzled a beholder accurately to define. Those eyes! How they hold you, magnetize you! One forgets to analyze the other features, though they are, each of them, sufficiently telling in their way. The nose fine, rather long, but with sensitive nostrils; the upper lip short, thin, with a sarcastic curl about it, at times revealing the white teeth, almost like a snarl; the under lip pouting; the ebon hair starting low down on the high, rather narrow forehead, and shining in glossy coils back of the small elongated head; the mobile hands, perfect in a language of their own; a dainty, high-arched foot, seen under the casually lifted robe, and coquettishly tapping the broad upper step of the terrace. Such was the apparition that glittered before the eyes of

the untutored stripling! What wonder that the clouds of suspicion and distrust were lifted as by magic from his lowering brow, and that self-reproachful and eager he leaped from his saddle, and imprinted a shy kiss on the outstretched, welcoming hand! Subtle and irresistible were the siren's lures, and well did she know their power; bnt it piqued her that, thus early in their intercourse, she should be driven to employ them. His tell-tale countenance had revealed to her womanly intuition the dawning suspicions that had been engendered with regard to her; and so that was a dangerous gleam that shot forth for an instant from the wonderful eyes, and the raillery wherewith she overwhelmed him had in it rather too caustic a ring, so much so, that could he but have read her as she read him, more would have been betrayed than she cared to reveal, and this whole history had been left unwritten. But love is proverbially blind, and calf-love!—well, we will not decry what we all are ashamed of, and yet linger over with a loving remembrance, even as a mother twines round her finger the silken curl, sole relic of her first-born!

"Ah, faithless!" cried the lady in her liquid French accents, and drawing the youth, an easy captive, within the folding-window of her boudoir, "whither hast thou been straying? And why that cloud of care on thy brow? Stay! I will chase it away," and a touch of her ripe lip was impressed, light as the fall of a rose-leaf, on the candid brow, whose golden curls she was tenderly thridding through her supple fingers.

"Oh! it's nothing," answered Calvert; "I've only been a little out of sorts—had a touch of the blues, you know."

"Yes," said the girl, "thou hast had an ill-humor against all the world. Monsieur the father hath been stern with thee. Monsieur our brother, in his *rôle* of tutor, hath, for thy good, been exacting,—polite always, but exacting. Is it not so?"

"Well, something like it; but I'll let him see he has no child to deal with," answered the lad defiantly.

"Ah! that is it then. Thou would'st prove thyself man and no longer boy. And so thou hast been hard, almost rude, with the little cousin who hath always befriended thee. Fie, then! Is it thus thou would'st approve thy manliness?"

"Forgive me, Marie, I didn't mean you—at least—" and he paused with an uneasy consciousness of his recent suspicions.

"At least, thou would'st say thou wert only *ennuyé*—a little

tired of the silken string wherewith the little cousin would draw thee! Ah, but I will bind thee fast in thy own despite!"

And, suiting the action to the word, she caught up a light silken tissue from the lounge, and with a swift motion, enveloped both herself and her victim in its folds.

"And now, break loose, if thou hast the heart," said Marie, with an enchanting smile.

What could the poor, silly bird do, thus vainly fluttering in the net? What, but yield to the seductive blandishments of the siren's light, wreathing arm, and beaming smile. With quivering lip he pressed the first shy, burning kiss of adolescence on her carmine cheek. An instant more, and she was up and away, radiant, *railleuse*.

"*Fi donc!* but thou art bold thus to abuse thy cousinly privileges. Besides, thou dost smell of the brine; thy garments are soiled with sand, and thy brow with sweat. The big war-horse hath proved too many for thee, and hath treated thee to a roll in the dust. Eh! Is that the secret of thy ill humor? Away! get thee to thy toilet, *grand niais* that thou art! I am ashamed to have troubled myself about thee."

When finally released by Marie, the poor beguiled youth withdrew to his apartment, looking and feeling supremely foolish, yet happy.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Reader, the exigencies of our story demand your indulgence whilst we tear out a leaf of the past, and lay it before you.

It was in those dark days when the pride of France and England's glory were shattering themselves in vain against the impregnable walls of Sebastopol. The immortal attack over which the world wondered, had been boldly dared, and as nobly done and died for. And still the Russian foe came swarming on—on through the grey dawn, and the dense fog—on in endless masses, ceaseless, countless, remorseless as the storm-billows—on up the steep acclivities—on, and in, and over, and around the comfortless, ill-entrenched quarters of the over-tasked, out-numbered, outgeneralled, yet sternly, stubbornly resisting English soldiery on the heights of Inkerman.

An officer, gathering around him a few heroes, dashes forward into the impenetrable gloom, and finds himself beleaguered by countless hosts. Still, the darkness favors him, and he makes

good his foothold. But soon the mist-cloud begins to rise. The enemy mark the feebleness of his band. He feels he is lost, yet resolves on a dash for life and liberty. Calling around him the few survivors, he charges where the ranks seem thinnest. His good sword, and the rapid bayonet thrusts of his veterans, clear the way for a brief space. But the odds are too great. Soon he and his charger are alone, and at bay in the surging mass; he, frantically slashing around him, the good horse rearing, plunging, biting and kicking. Incessant motion alone saves him from being brought down. Suddenly there is a loud "hourra!" and the sound of the *tambour*. The Russians hesitate for an instant. That instant is his salvation. With a loud neigh, and a mad plunge, his gallant grey bears him half way towards his deliverers before he reels and falls from the saddle. The quick eye of the French leader has marked his peril, and with a chivalrous dash he is in before the death, and makes gallant play over his fallen *confrère*, till his swift *chasseurs* burst in to the rescue. The two officers are Ansdell and Delaval; the steed is our redoubtable friend Inkerman. Ye who know how the brave feel towards the brave, judge what must have been the friendship between these two!

And ye, who have read of the mutual dalliance of Mars and Venus, do you wonder that the wounded warrior, brought home by his preserver to the shelter of his own *marquée*, do you wonder that he felt his heart going from him as he found himself surrounded for the first time in his life by the kindly offices of womanly tenderness and pity, and by the tokens of that feminine refinement and sensibility that know so well how to hide under a flowery mask the stern details of the combat?

In brief, his host's new-made bride had a sister, the beauteous Angélique, who proved to him a special ministering angel. After brief wooing, the maiden was won, and the dull camp-life was enlivened by a gay wedding-scene, thus for one bright moment

"Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy."

But this friendship and these ties of love were doomed to as sudden and tragical an ending as had well-nigh marked their commencement. A year had barely elapsed. A fierce sortie on the French lines had been met and successfully repulsed. Ansdell, anxious for his friend, whose division had been in action, was

riding over the field of combat, when a sorrowful sight met him. A lady, young and fair, his friend's bride, had fallen back in a deathly swoon, her lord's shattered head in her lap, her lips smirched with gore from the red wounds she had been kissing—wounds that had caused his death. Her riding-habit and horse standing by shewed she had been out on the same sad errand as himself; and all too fatally successful had been her quest.

Though Ansdell had her carefully borne off, and tenderly cared for, she never rallied from the shock. Brain fever supervened, and within the week she had gone to rejoin him she loved so well.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Three weeks afterwards, a steam transport was signalled in the roadstead off Quimper in Brittany. Pausing some leagues short of her destination, and opposite an old castle of the Courtenays, that hangs like an eagle's nest over the billows, her flag was seen to hang half mast, and the deep boom of her minute-guns responded to the flare of the bale-fire that of a sudden leaped forth from the topmost turret of the ancient fortalice. Soon the sea was encumbered with barges that, with muffled oars, glided solemnly and slow to the strand. A guard of honor deployed, the funeral *cortége* was formed, and thus, in sad procession, and with the doleful strains of the dead-march sounding, Ansdell brought home the mortal remains of his brother-in-arms and his hapless bride, to the resting place of their fathers, in the antique chapel of the domain. But what new grief was here? Another bier and another funeral *cortége*—fifty peasants in black, and fifty girls in white, headed by the old Count himself, his silver hair floating on the breeze—this is the sight that met the new comer's astonished gaze, winding forth from the portcullised gateway, and taking the same sad route as themselves. What did it all mean? Nothing amiss, surely, with his Angélique? She had returned home months ago, and even now he looked to be welcomed by the glad title of father. Yet, for whom were these people chanting the funeral psalm, the awful notes of the "*De profundis*," making sweetly responsive, but terrible accord, with the lugubrious "*Miserere*" of the military band?

A cruel anxiety weighed on the Englishman's heart.

Arrived within speaking distance, a dead pause was made on both sides. The aged veteran advanced, and holding forth his two hands, gazed silently in the face of his son-in-law.

"Sir Count," said the latter, "I bring you the body of your son, my brother, who bravely died on the field of honor; likewise that of my sister, your daughter, who crowned her life of love with a death of devotion."

"Yea, my son, I know it," responded the Count. "Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and in death they are not divided! But see!" continued he, turning to the bier behind him, "see! I am doubly, trebly bereaved—bereaved of *all* my children at one full swoop!"

Reeling back as if stunned, Ansdell hoarsely articulated:

"My God! not *all!* not *her* too! Not Angélique!"

"Alas! it is even so, my son; I am now alone;" and bending his head, the tears coursed down the furrowed cheeks of the aged mourner, as he meekly whispered: "The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Thus, and so sadly, did Ansdell learn that his bride of a summer was gone; she from whom he had parted so shortly before in high health and hopes. And thus, amid a treble gloom of sorrow, did our hero first see the light.

Side by side they laid their dead in the vaults of the ancient chapel, and with them lie buried the last flowers of love, of friendship, and of hopes that ever bloomed in the seared heart of the father, who cared little to look on the child that had cost him the life of his bride. The romance of his existence was gone. For long years he never reappeared on the scene of his sorrow save once, when he followed the old Count, the last of his race, to the tomb of his fathers. His son, hitherto left under the guardianship of his grandfather, was placed at a public school in England, and thus he was left free to return to his camp life. Henceforth, wherever his country's flag flew foremost, his name figured proudly —at Delhi, at the Peiho, in Abyssinia. Tired at last of wandering, he returned to the land of his birth, and averse to society, settled down on his estate, with none to keep him company save his fair-haired boy, whose eyes reminded him so of his mother. After a time, he called to mind the little girl, orphaned at the same sad time the star of his own life had set, and so sent her a summons to come and share with him his solitude. With no surviving relatives, save her half brother, some seventeen years older, son of Marshal Delaval by a former marriage, the invitation was thankfully accepted. A few weeks before our story

opens, Marie appeared under the escort of her brother, and he, speedily ingratiating himself into the good will of the Colonel, was with small beseeching prevailed on to stay and turn his manifold accomplishments to account for the behoof of the young heir. Thus had the Delavals become firmly fixed as part of the household at Ansdell Hall.

(To be continued.)

UNDER THE PALMS.

PROUD is his heart, and strong his limb
As his own desert's tiger brood,
And all my soul is lost in him!
What recked he then, my fierce Mahmoud,
Of turbaned Sheik or belted Khan,
When, 'neath the date-palm spreading wide,
With beating heart I saw him ride,
Along the road to Toorkistan?
Ah me!
Beside his saddle-girth to be!

Beneath the noonday's breathless heat,
The whitening sand-leagues flame and glow!
At eve the oasis odors sweet
Across the darkening desert blow.
But ne'er my hungry eyes may scan,
By garish day or evening tide,
The war-troop of my hero ride,
Along the road from Toorkistan.
Ah me!
The night-birds haunt the rustling tree!

Up to my scarlet-woven tent
The wayworn warriors journey slow.
Why is yon silent rider bent
Upon his horse's saddle bow?
Each eye is dim, each cheek is wan,
Why pale before your chieftain's bride?
The 'broidered burnous falls aside—
The bloody mark of Toorkistan!
'Tis he!
They bend their spear points low to me! K.

THE SEAL HUNTERS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

THE fisheries of Newfoundland rank among the greatest marine industries of the world. The cod fishery on the Banks, which is now carried on exclusively by French and American fishermen, is valued at a million and a quarter pounds sterling per annum. The value of the fisheries of various kinds, which are prosecuted by the inhabitants of Newfoundland, around the shores of the island and on the coast of Labrador, may be estimated at $8,000,000 per annum. In 1871, the value of fish products of all kinds exported from Newfoundland, was $8,154,206. Of this amount, the seal fishery of that year yielded $1,652,460, and employed about 10,000 men. I propose to give some account of this great marine industry, as it is prosecuted from the shores of Newfoundland.

The first of March in each year is the time for starting on the seal hunt. As the time draws near, the streets and wharves of the capital assume an appearance of bustle and animation which contrasts pleasantly with the previous stagnation. The steamers and sailing vessels begin to take in stores and complete their repairs. Rough berths are fitted up for the sealers. Bags of biscuit and barrels of pork are stowed away; water, fuel and ballast are taken on board; the sheathing of the ships, which has to stand the grinding of the ice floes, is carefully looked to. A crowd of eager applicants surround the shipping offices—powerful looking men, in rough jackets and long boots, splashing tobacco-juice over the white snow in all directions, and shouldering one another in their anxiety to obtain a "berth for the ice." The competition is great, for far more men present themselves than can possibly obtain berths. The great anxiety now is to get a place on board one of the steamers, the chances of success being considered much better than on board a sailing vessel. The masters of the steamers are thus able to make up their crews of picked men—young, hardy, stalwart fellows, well fitted to cope with the hardships, privations, and perils of such a voyage. Each steamer has on board from one to two hundred men, and it would

be difficult to find elsewhere a finer set of men, so far as physique is concerned, than the crews of the sealing steamers. Second-rate men are obliged to content themselves with a berth on board a sailing vessel, and, after all, many hundreds are left ashore without any employment. The steamers thus manned by the *elite* of the sealers, and aided by all-powerful steam, are almost certain to win in the seal hunt. They can bore their way through "slob" and heavy "packs" against the wind; they can double and beat about in search of the "seal-patches," and when the seals are found, they can hold on to the ice-fields, while sailing vessels are liable to be driven off by a change of wind, and can do little, in comparison, when beset with ice. It is not to be wondered at that steamers are rapidly superseding sailing vessels in the seal fishery. They can make two, and at times even three, trips to the ice-fields during the season, and leave behind the antiquated sealer that is dependent on the winds.

Although the cost of a steamer is heavy, from £8,000 to £10,000, it is found, of late years, that the investment of capital in steamers is more profitable by far than in sailing vessels. A few years ago, the sailing fleet for the seal fishery numbered one hundred and twenty vessels from St. John's alone. This year not more than half a dozen sailing vessels will leave the same port, while from St. John's and Harbor Grace, twenty-one steamers will take their departure for the ice-fields. Just as in other departments, the employment of steam in the seal fishery has thrown numbers out of employment, and is concentrating the business in the hands of large capitalists. The steamers can capture the same number of seals with half the number of hands as formerly. Fewer men are required for the work, and thus, so far, the employment of steam tells unfavorably on the interests of the fishermen. In the long run, however, things will find their level. Fewer hands will be employed, but these will be better paid, and the remainder will find other employments. Joint-stock companies will enable men of small means to obtain a share in the profits of the seal fishery. In a few years the fishery will be entirely carried on by steamers, fitted up with every modern improvement, and the most skilful appliances for accomplishing the work. Whether the multiplication of steamers may result in an overworking of the fishery, and the ultimate extermination of the seal, time alone can tell.

The young seals are born on the ice about the middle of February, and as they grow rapidly and yield a much finer oil than the old ones, the object of the hunters is to reach them in their babyhood, while yet fed by their mothers' milk, and while they can make no effort to escape. So quickly do they increase in bulk, that by the twenty-second of March they are fat and in perfect condition. The great Arctic current, setting out of Baffin's Bay, bears on its bosom hundreds of square miles of floating ice, which are carried past the shores of Newfoundland. Somewhere, amid these floating masses, the seals have brought forth their young, who remain, during the first period of their growth, on the ice for five or six weeks before taking to the water. The grand aim of the hunters is to get among the hordes of "white coats," as they are called, during this period. For this purpose they take their departure about the first of March; steer north-east; dash in boldly among the ice-fields, and beat about as they can, in search of their prey. How uncertain is the hunt, may be judged of from the fact that the floating masses are frequently two hundred miles in breadth, and the *locale* of the seals depends on wind and wave. The most skilful hunters often fail. Great dependence is placed on "luck," and, in fact, the adventure has much the character of a lottery, though the employment of steamers has greatly increased the chances of success, and will more and more tend to reduce the number of failures.

The sealing vessels, on leaving port, as a rule, steer a north-east course, and in one or two days sail find themselves amid these floating ice-fields, and frequently work their way to fifty-two or fifty-three degrees of north latitude. The surface of the ocean is one vast ice-field; and the scene in which the ancient mariner found himself is fully realized:

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts, the snowy cliffs,
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men, nor beast we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound."

When a storm arises amid these icy solitudes, the scene is grand and awful beyond all powers of description. The unbroken swell of the Atlantic, rolling in huge, continuous ridges, heaves the pavement of ice on its mighty folds, and alternately lifts up the vessels, as playthings, on its broad domes, and swallows them up in its deep hollows. Speedily, the broad ice-field, several hundred square miles in area, is broken up into countless floes, or smaller pieces, which, dashing against one another with resistless violence, are piled into "hummocks" or hills of various shapes and sizes, under the tremendous pressure. Or, under the force of the storm, the field-ice is piled in sheets, one on another, to the height of thirty or forty feet, in what is called the "ice-pack." In this terrible war of elements, the wild confusion, the growling and roaring as the ice-giants smite one another and dash each other to death, and the crash of meeting floes and fields of ice, may be more easily imagined than described. Frequently, the ice-fields acquire a rotatory motion; and when we consider the immense weight of these ponderous masses, we may form some faint conception of the blow delivered by such a body when set in motion by the tempest's wing. Scoresby calculates one mentioned by him at ten thousand millions of tons. How wonderful that the frail barque constructed by human fingers, dare venture into the very thick of this battle of the frost-giants! At times, the gigantic iceberg takes part in the fray, and borne along in its unswerving course by the deep-sea current, heedless of wind and wave, it smites the ice-floe as with the hammer of Thor, rending and tearing the mighty mass, and sending its fragments flying in all directions. Such are the scenes amid which these daring seal hunters have to gather in the "precious things of the deep." It is not wonderful that, at times, their vessels are crushed like walnuts, by these ice-monsters. During the seal hunt of 1872, which was peculiarly disastrous, one hundred men perished.

The scenery of the ice-fields, however, is not always terrible and sublime. At times, when the sea is at rest, it presents a strange wild beauty of its own, which has a wonderful fascination. It is at night that this beauty flashes out most brilliantly. Beneath the mild light of the moon, and contrasted with the deeper blue of the sky, ice-scenery is always seen to greatest advantage. In daylight it is too dazzling, glarish, and monotonous. The moon, the stars, and the quivering aurora are its fittest accompaniments.

After a north-west wind, the evenings amid the ice-fields are, at times, very lovely, and the atmosphere has that dry crispness and elasticity which make every breath send the blood dancing, with fresh vigor, from the heart. The clouds have cleared away, unfolding a lovely sky studded with stars, and adorned with the presence of the young moon, and the brilliant, flickering streamers of the aurora. Then the ice opens in all directions, and the voyager finds himself sailing gently through calm water, amid numerous fairy islets of glittering ice, with shining pinnacles and fantastic forms floating calmly around. The novel beauty of such a scene is said to be enrapturing, and realizes the poetic visions of youth, in its dreams of the unearthly loveliness of fairy land. The magnificent displays of the aurora, on such nights, amid the ice-fields, are such as can hardly be conceived by those who have seen them only in more southern latitudes. An immense curtain of light is spread over the sky, having a border of the richest colors and most vivid brilliancy, waving its folds like the canopy of an ample tent, when agitated by the wind. At times the aurora is splendidly colored with blue, green, and red hues; and occasionally the whole sky is flushed with intense crimson, which, being reflected from the snow beneath, gives it a blood-red hue, awful though beautiful. Vast flame curtains seem to open and close with inconceivable rapidity, and columns of purple, pink, green and orange, sport about the heavens, swelling like waves, and then streaming and radiating:

> "Dimm'd by superior blaze, the stars retire,
> And Heaven's vast concave gleams with sportive fire."

Amid these glittering ice-fields, the intensity of the aurora is sometimes little inferior to moonlight. Flashes of light, in quick succession, dart from side to side, the sky being at one time dark, then lighted up with fitful gleams. Long, converging pencils of light of various colors, range themselves round a blank space near the zenith, and form a corona, and then suddenly vanish, leaving the upper sky unoccupied.

The enormous extent of the ice-fields that drift past the coasts of Newfoundland in the spring, may be judged of from what is recorded of the exploring ship "Resolute." This ship became hopelessly entangled in a vast field of ice in Melville Bay, and was at length abandoned. She was afterwards found in Baffin's

Bay, having been carried one thousand miles from her former position by the drift of an ice-field three hundred thousand square miles in extent, and seven feet thick. A similar occurrence carried Captain de Haven, of the United States navy, in an immense ice-field, about an equal distance south of his position in the mid-channel of Wellington Straits. Some idea may be formed of the immense ice-covered area in which our sealers plough their way, by supposing that the German ocean, the English channel, and the Irish sea were blocked up with ice-floes, and that a traveller might start from France and walk, *via* England, Ireland and Scotland to Norway over the ice. Such an extent of ice-laden seas would about equal the area over which the Newfoundland seal hunters pursue their perilous avocation.

As the first of March, the time of starting for the seal hunt, approaches, the roads leading from the various outposts to St. John's begin to be enlivened by the appearance of the sealers, or "soilers," as they are called in the vernacular, marching towards the capital, each with a bundle of spare clothing over his shoulders. This light wardrobe he carries on a stick six or eight feet long, which is called a "gaff," and serves as a bat or club to strike the seal on the nose, where it is vulnerable, and also as an ice-pole in leaping from "pan" to "pan," as well as for dragging the skin and fat of the seal over the fields and hummocks of ice, to the side of the vessel. To answer these purposes, the gaff is armed with an iron hook at one end and bound with iron. Some of the men, in addition, carry a long sealing gun on their shoulders. These are the "bow" or "after gunners," who are marksmen to shoot old seals, or others that cannot be reached with the "gaff." These men rank before the "bat-men," and obtain a trifling remuneration additional by the remission of their "berth money." The outfit of the sealers is of the simplest description. Seal-skin boots reaching to the knee, having a thick, leather sole, well nailed, to enable them to walk over the ice, protect the feet. Coarse canvas jackets, often showing the industry of the wife or mother in the number of patches which adorn them, are worn over warm woollen shirts and other inner clothing. Seal skin caps, and tweed or moleskin trousers complete the costume, which is the reverse of handsome or picturesque. Thus they file in to reach their respective vessels before the first of March.

On board, their fare is none of the daintiest, and no man w o is

squeamish about what he "eats, drinks, or avoids," need attempt to go "soal hunting." In the forecastle of each vessel, or other parts of the ship, rough berths are constructed. The sealers have to furnish themselves with a straw mattress and blanketing. The men are packed like herrings in a barrel---two or three occupying each berth; and it is currently believed the bulk of them never undress during the voyage, but sleep in the clothes they wear during the day. In the rare event of putting on a clean shirt, it goes over its predecessor without removing the latter—a method which saves time and trouble, and is moreover conducive to warmth. The owner of the vessel supplies the provisions In sailing vessels, half the proceeds of the voyage are divided among the men as wages; in steamers they get but a third.

The food of the men consists of biscuit, pork, butter, and tea sweetened with molasses. On three days of the week they have pork and "duff" for dinner—the latter item consisting of flour and water, without any seasoning or fatty intermixture to lighten it, and boiled till it is almost as hard as a cannon ball. It may be imagined what splendid digestive powers these men must have, to dispose of a dinner of pork and "duff," without any dyspeptic symptons. On the other days of the week, they subsist on three meals of tea and biscuit—the latter article being often as "hard as the nether millstone," and requiring grinders of forty horse-power. Such is the rough and scanty fare on which these stout fellows go through the hardest work. As soon, however, as they get among the seals their diet improves. They cook the heart, liver, and "flippers" of the seals, and feast on them *ad libitum*, and come ashore in excellent condition, and with an odor radiating from them that does not remind one of the "spicy breezes from Ceylon's Isle." When out on the ice, it is a common practice to string on their belts a dozen or two of seals' kidneys—like beads on a rosary—and eat them raw, as appetite prompts. The hearts of the seals are used in the same way. The use of fresh meat, in this fashion, is an excellent preventative of scurvy, and highly conducive to health. Very little sickness occurs among the men who are leading such a rough life, for eight or ten weeks without seeing land, and enduring the hardest toils amid ice-covered seas. Their robust constitutions and iron frames, inured to hardships and privations from childhood, with the open-air labor upon the ice, carry them safely through. When seals are taken in large

quantities, the hold is filled first; then the men willingly give up their berths, which are packed full of "white-coats." In fact, every nook and cranny is crammed with the precious fat; and the sealers sleep where they can, in barrels on deck, on a layer of frozen seals, or in the coal-bunks. It is marvellous to see men, after eight or ten weeks of such a life, leap ashore, hearty and stout. Their outer garments are polished with seal fat, and smeared with the blood of the innocents, and it is advisable to keep to windward of them till they have procured a change of clothing.

Let us now picture to ourselves two hundred men on board a sealing steamer, ready for their hunting excursion on the ocean fields of ice, and in imagination, go with them on their perilous voyage. As soon after the first of March as the weather and the condition of the ice will permit, the vessel takes her departure in order to reach the seals while yet suckled in their icy cradles, and during their plump, oleaginous babyhood, when a slight blow on the nose, from the "gaff," will despatch them. The Atlantic, at this time, presents only a surface covered with glittering ice-fields, broken here and there by dark belts of open water. Should a nor'-easter blow, the heavy ice, under the pressure of the gale, is piled up, "Pelion on Ossa," many feet above the surface of the sea, presenting to view only broken hummocks or ice-floes tilted on their edges. Through these perils the steamer has to cleave her way. At times she is arrested by the heavy ice, seven feet in thickness, and then, perhaps, the ice-saws are called into requisition to cut a pathway to the nearest "lead" of clear water, and the stout vessel then dashes through the crashing and grinding masses, where the ice is looser. But it often happens that she is fairly caught in the ice, and steam power cannot drive her through. Howling night closes in; huge floes and icebergs are crushing and grinding all around, and momentarily threatening her with destruction. The wind roars through the shrouds, driving on its wings the arrowy sleet and snow, sharp as myriads of needles, before which only men of iron can stand. Thus, locked in the embrace of the floe, the luckless vessel is drifted helplessly hundreds of miles till a favorable change of wind loosens the icy prison walls. It is no uncommon occurrence for a hundred vessels to be thus beset by heavy ice, through which no passage can be forced. Some are "nipped," some are crushed to atoms, and

the men have to escape for their lives over the ice. Others are borne away into one of the great northern bays, or carried up and down on the ocean for many weeks. There is no invariable rule followed by the seal-hunters in searching for their prey. Their general practice is to push northward till they fall in with the "whelping grounds" of the sea, doubling and beating about in search of them, according to circumstances. There is, of course, room for considerable skill and sagacity in taking advantage of winds, and currents, and openings in the ice, and in avoiding "jammings" and other mishaps; still, whether any particular vessel will reach "patches" of young seals, scattered, perhaps, very widely, is very largely a lottery. "The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong." Sometimes the most skilful skippers fail, and return to port without a seal. At other times the vessel, two or three days after leaving the harbor, finds herself in the midst of a "seal patch" sufficient to load the "Great Eastern," and, in a fortnight from the time of her departure, she returns to port loaded to the gunwale—her very decks being piled with the skin and fat of the seal.

Let us suppose, however, that the steamer has surmounted all obstacles, and is at length approaching the "seal-meadows." Suddenly, the welcome whimpering of the young harps is heard, gladdening the hearts of the sealers. Their cry has a remarkable resemblance to the sobbing or whining of an infant in pain. No sooner is this sound heard, than the vessel is "laid to," and all hands are out at once on the ice, if sufficiently solid, or in punts, if the ice is broken and in floating "pans." The work of destruction at once begins. The sealers are armed with a "gaff," "sculping knife," and "towing-line." Eagerly they leap on the ice, and a blow on the nose from the "gaff" stuns or kills the young seal. Instantly the knife is at work; the skin and adhering fat are detatched with amazing rapidity from the carcase, which is left on the ice, still quivering with life, while the fat and skin alone are carried off. This process is called "sculping"—a corruption, no doubt, of the term "scalping." In skinning, a cut is made through the fat to the flesh, a thickness of about three inches, from the throat to the tail. The legs or "flippers" and also the head are then drawn out from the inside, and the skin is laid out flat and entire, with the layer of fat or blubber adhering to it, and in this state the skin is called the "pelt" or "sculp." It is gen-

erally about three feet long, and two and a half feet wide, and weighs from thirty to forty pounds. The hunters nick two holes along the edge of each side of the skin, and then lay them one over the other, passing the rope through the nose of each "pelt," and lacing it through the side-holes in such a manner that, when pulled tight, it draws them into a compact bundle. Fastening the "gaff" in this bundle, they then put the rope over the shoulder, and haul it over the ice to the vessel. Six pelts are reckoned a heavy load to drag over rough and broken ice, often leaping from pan to pan. Fancy two hundred hunters on a patch of ice, eagerly carrying on this murderous work; their persons smeared with blood and fat, the ice stained with gore and dotted with the skinless carcases of the slain; "the shivering seals' low moans" filling the air with sobbings like those of babies in distress; the blood-stained murderers smiting fresh victims, or dragging the oleaginous prizes to the vessel's side, whose decks are slippery with mingled fat and gore. The "slaughter of the innocents" is terrible. Never did battle-field present a bloodier sight, or one where the work of death proceeded more rapidly. The fact that each seal slaughtered is worth three dollars, gives zest and energy to the work. The shouts of the hunters, the blows of the "gaffs" as they despatch their victims with a blow on the nose, the blood-gouts that cover the hands and arms of the men, and stain the virgin snow; the carcases denuded of skin and fat, and yet palpitating with warm life, as they are flung on the ice; the eager, exultant hunters slaying, "sculping," hauling the loads of fat over the ice to the ship—what a scene amid these ice-solitudes of the ocean, with the bright sun in the heavens lighting up the glittering pinnacles and far-spreading fields of ice! Then, what a curious picture the deck of the vessel presents, as the pelts are being piled there previous to being stowed, when cooled, under deck! The men move about knee-deep in fat and blood—the deck, with gore, being slippery as glass. The hunters arrive with their loads, and snatch a hasty moment to drink a bowl of tea and eat a piece of biscuit and butter, their hands and bodies, the while, reeking with blood, and presently they are off in search of fresh victims. The poor mother seals, now cubless, are seen popping their heads up in the small lakes of water, and holes among the ice, anxiously looking for their snow-white darlings, and refusing to believe that the bloody carcases on the ice are all that remain

of their tender offspring. With a moan of distress they plunge into the water, as if anxious to escape from a scene polluted by the ensanguined trail of the hunters.

The work must be plied without a moment's cessation, for a sudden change of wind may at any moment separate them from their prey. Since steamers have been employed, it has become customary for the men to kill and "sculp" all the seals within two or three miles of the ship, and then, piling them in heaps marked with the flag of the vessel, they are left to be hauled in at a favorable moment. This is called "panning" seals. It often happens that large numbers of seals killed in this way are lost, as the wind may rise, break up the floe, and separate the vessel from the prizes. Other vessels pick up these "panned" seals at times, in which case salvage is allowed. The practice is justly condemned as a recklessly destructive one. At times, the hunters have to push forward over the ice two or three miles from their vessel, in pursuit of the seals, and should a fog or snow storm set in, there is terrible risk of losing their way and perishing miserably on these ice-deserts, or of falling through the openings, which are covered with the snow as it descends and freezes—going down to ocean's depths, "unknelled, uncoffined and unknown." Sometimes the field of ice on which they are at work separates without a moment's warning, into fragments, and they are floated off to lie down and die on the ice, unless rescued by some passing vessel. Or, perhaps, a furious nor'-easter blows, "rafting" the ice, or piling the huge blocks one upon another, all around the imprisoned ship, and at length crushing her like a nut shell, and leaving the unhappy sealers shivering and perishing with hunger on the floating ice-field. At times their sufferings are very great, and, as happened last spring, the loss of life is very serious. On the whole, however, such are their skill and fortitude in meeting all emergencies, and such their acquaintance with the manners and movements of the ice, that comparatively few mishaps occur. A fight with an old "dog-hood" seal is regarded only as a pleasant excitement, though by no means unattended with danger. These dog-hoods are very fierce and savage, and sometimes require half a dozen men to despatch them, when their fury is thoroughly roused, and the great hood that protects their head is inflated. The very dangers of the seal hunt present an irresistible charm of excitement to these daring men, who have

been nurtured amid such perils. Besides, it is thus they win the bread of their wives and little ones at home; and how happy to be able to enter port with enough to scare the wolf from the door, and gladden the hearts of those who, on shore, are praying for their success!

So soon as the sealing vessel reaches port, with her fat cargo, the skinners go to work and separate the fat and skins. The latter are at once salted and stored for export to England and elsewhere, to be converted into boots, shoes, harness, portmanteaus, etc. The old method of manufacturing the fat was to throw it into huge wooden vats, where the pressure of its own weight and the heat of the sun extracted the oil, which was drawn off and barrelled for exportation. This was a very tedious process, and, within the last few years, the great innovator, steam, has been employed to quicken the extraction of the oil. By means of steam-driven machinery, the fat is now rapidly cut by revolving knives into minute pieces, then ground fine in a kind of sausage machine; afterwards steamed in a tank, and the oil finally passed into stout casks. By this process the work, which formerly required two months, is completed in a fortnight. Not only so, but, by the steam process, the disagreeable smell of the oil is removed, the quality improved, and the quantity increased. The refuse, after the oil is extracted, is mixed by the farmers with earth and bog, and makes a highly fertilizing compost. The average value of a tun of seal oil in Newfoundland is one hundred and fifty-two dollars. The skin of a young harp-seal is worth from eighty to one hundred cents. The greater part of the oil is sent to Britain, where it is largely used in lighthouses, mines, for lubricating machinery, and in the manufacture of the finer kinds of soap.

In the seas around the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, there are four species of seals. The bay-seal lives on the coasts, frequents the mouths of rivers and harbors, and is never found among the ice. The harp-seal, *par excellence* the seal of commerce, is so called from having a broad curved line of connected spots proceeding from each shoulder and meeting on the back, above the tail, and forming a figure something like an ancient harp. The old male harps alone have this figuring, and not till their second year. When twelve months old the males are hardly distinguishable from the females, and during that season they are

called "bedlamers" by the seal hunters. In the second season the male has assumed his harp. Our knowledge of the harp-seal is as yet very imperfect. It is migratory, and only seen on the coast of Newfoundland during the breeding season. My own belief is that both harps and hoods have their headquarters in the Greenland seas, and annually migrate southward to the ice-fields to bring forth their young. Crantz, in his History of Greenland, mentions two migrations of the seal—one early in the year, from which they return from the south in June, bringing their young with them. This corresponds to their appearance on the Newfoundland coast. The mothers remain with their young on the ice, fishing in the neighborhood, and returning occasionally to give them suck. It is a most curious fact that, when the ice is unbroken, each mother seal has its own hole by which it reaches the water, and which it takes care to keep from freezing. On returning from a fishing excursion, extending over fifty or a hundred miles, each is able to find its own hole, and, among a hundred thousand others, at once to distinguish its own snow-white cub, which it proceeds to fondle and suckle. This is one of the most wonderful achievements of animal instinct. The young "white-coats" are scattered in myriads over the ice-field, and crawling among the hummocks. During the absence of the mothers, the field of ice, borne on the current, has shifted its position perhaps many miles. Yet each is able to find her own ice-hole, and to pick out her own darling, from the immense herd, with unerring accuracy. The maternal instinct appears to be peculiarly strong in the seal, and the tenderness with which the mothers watch over their offspring is most touching. It is quite distressing to witness their grief when they return and find only a pool of blood and a skinless carcase instead of their whimpering, fur-clad babies. When born, the young are covered with a thick, white fur. When about six weeks old, they are able to take to the water; and they then shed the white-coat, and a smooth spotted skin appears. The milk on which they are sustained is of thick, creamy consistency, and of a yellowish white color. While the mothers are attending to the suckling of their young, the males appear to take that opportunity of enjoying themselves, and are seen sporting about in the open pools of water. They are accused of being polygamous; and there is every reason to believe that the charge is well founded. The Mormons may, if they please, point to the harp-

seals, as illustrious examples of the antiquity of their distinctive tenet in regard to matrimony.

The third species is the hood-seal, which is much larger than the harp. The male, called the dog-hood, is distinguished from the female by a singular hood or bag of soft flesh on his nose. When attacked or alarmed, he inflates his hood so as to cover the face and eyes, and it is strong enough to resist seal shot. It is impossible to kill one of these creatures even with a sealing gun, so long as his head or his tail is towards you, and the only way is by shooting him on the side of the head, and a little behind it, so as to strike him in the neck and the base of the skull. The young of this species have not the thick woolly coat of the harp-seals, and from their color they are called "blue-backs." The hoods bring forth their young two or three weeks later than the harps, and are found farther north than the others, but never mingled with them. Both species bring forth but one at a birth, and that only once a year. The fourth species is the "square-flipper." It is largest of all, but is rarely taken on our coasts. Its average length is twelve to fifteen feet.

The average annual value of the Newfoundland seal fishery is a million and a half of dollars. The catch ranges from two hundred and fifty thousand to six hundred thousand seals per annum. The fishery of 1871, which was a remarkably successful one, yielded close on six hundred thousand seals. Some anxiety is felt lest the employment of steamers may ultimately destroy the seal fishery, or so diminish the number of seals as to render this industry non-remunerative. But, provided the catch of seals be not greatly above the present average, when prosecuted by steamers, of which at present there are no grounds of apprehension, why should the results be dreaded? For centuries, the detachment of seals that visit these shores has stood the draft of from two hundred and fifty thousand to five hundred thousand seals per annum, without showing any sensible diminution of number, or symptoms of exhaustion. There is no reason why the same condition of things may not continue in the future. Fortunately, too, the great feeding grounds of the seals are in those Arctic regions where the cupidity of man cannot follow them; otherwise, his greed of gain would speedily lead to the extermination of the species. To Newfoundland, this fishery is of vital importance. At a time when the inhabitants of other northern countries are comparatively idle,

bound in icy fetters, this source of wealth is open to the stout fishermen of Newfoundland. It is at an end before the first of May, so that it does not interfere with the cultivation of the soil, or the prosecution of the other fisheries. This, of course, greatly enhances its value.

RECTOR BERTHOLD.

PERSONS REPRESENTED:

Rector Berthold; forty-five.
Gottlob, a student; same age.
Franz, a student; twenty-five.
Ottilie, the Rector's ward; aged twenty.

The Scene laid at Marburg.

(A Study.—Tables covered with papers and books; book-cases, chimney to the right; doors at the rear and to the left.)

SCENE I.

The Rector, Ottilie.

The Rector is seated in his large arm-chair to the right. Ottilie, busy reading, sits near him on a stool, with the book open on her knees.

Rect.—You like the book then?
Ottil.— Yes, the scene is charming;
The night, the garden, Margaret beautified
By that strange joy of loving all so new,
Faust bending towards her, spelling out her secret
I' th' ingenuous heart of the symbolic flower,
All this sweet dream so soft and melancholy,
Oh, 't is entrancing!
Rect.— What a child!
Ott.— For, see you,
'T is always true.
Rect.— You think so?
Ott.— Yes; of us all.
Don't you believe it?
Rect.—(*smiling.*) Hum! How meet that smile
With dull denial or chilling doubt? (*aside.*) In truth,
I know nought.

Ott.— No! You know who know everything;
You, Rector Berthold, of wide-spread renown,
Pride of the University of Marburg,
That brags on you o'er Germany entire,
The *savant*, penetrating all the past,
Before whom all are silent when he speaks,
You, in a word, our honor and our glory ——
Rect.— You mock me, child. What silly prate is this?
What other do you take me for, than just
A quiet old fellow, void of harm or envy?
Because for thirty years I 've breathed the dust
Of mouldy scrolls, groping for light and meaning,
And Heaven at length has suffered me to catch
Some reflexes, do you suppose I 'm skilled
As much in love as Greek, or dare pronounce on 't?
No, no, child! you mistake. Whilst yet a youth,
And these lips should have trolled in blithesome lay
And lusty cheer their heart-songs, they were frozen
Mouthing o'er vocables, empty, cold, unmeaning,
The ghostly whispers of tongues dead and vanished.
With hieroglyphs from hundred-gated Thebes,
Papyrus-rolls filch'd from lone sepulchres,
With such I 'm more at home than these discourses.
The poet's talk of sensibility
I scarce can comprehend, except I first
Crush out my past, or force a feigned flame.
Ott.—(*with vivacity.*)
Is 't feigning now; or is 't in truth self-trickery?
"No sensibility," sayst thou? Yet when I read
Of Gretchen's brief joy-dream, her ghost-rid madness,
The dungeon-gloom, and those last fateful cries
"She 's lost!" "No; saved!" "Thou 'rt mine, Faust!"
"Henry, Henry;"—
Whose eyes first drop the tears?—or thine or mine?—
One eve, a Christmas eve,—dost recollect?—
A child deserted, dying in the snow,
Thou caughtest up, didst cherish, bring her home,
Tend her more lovingly than monarch's daughter,
And since, for her hast done all—been all ——
Rect.— Darling,

Sweetly illogical as Margaret,—
Though well thy romance fits thy flowery twenty,—
Thy tutor—worse luck!—with his grizzled hair,
Long pipe, and skull-cap slouched o'er furrowed brow,
Suits ill to play stage-hero; e'en the part
Of Faust awaiting on his tower Mephisto
Is quite beyond him.

Ott.— Laugh an' you will, but listen.
This handsome youth draped in his sweeping mantle,
And trailing to the ground a pendant plume,
This perfect cavalier with curled moustache,
This true Prince-Charming, this seducing victor,
Who with a glance subdues and thrills the heart,
How grand was he; yet soon how low to fall!
Shall I confess it? One thing only vexes—
One blot i' the tale: I can't abide that demon.
Why was he not made to give place to Love?
I'd have, to bring back Faust to hope and manhood,
Had Gretchen's kiss for the sole, simple magic.

Rect.—A hardy shot, i' faith! Your *critique's* novel.
Suppress the Fiend! Flat blasphemy, by all rules
Of art and ———

SCENE II.

Enter Franz and Gottlob during the last words.

Franz.— Rector, hail!

Got.— Good-day, *Professor!*

Rect.—Look here! What think you of the child's idea?
She'd show the Devil the door that Love might rule.
With critic air, as making quite a hit,
She'd cut his part i' the drama bodily out,
And either change or skip it.

Fr.— Bah! Girl's nonsense.

Ott.—A gallant speech!

Fr.—*(pompously.)* High art is wider, grander.
Small souls are they would reckon as a fault
That concept genial and profound wherein
Goethe embraces the world's existence.
The monad contains all; ideas reign.
What recks the poet, conscious that his power

Creative has struck out a master-piece,
How faithless critics carp, a banal throng?
Time 's nought; fools nothing; art alone survives.
Got.—For me, the child's out-spokenness enchants me.
And just as I prefer to the school's blank walls
The green hedge-rows, and gestures free to gabble,
And milk-white Ottilie's big flax-blue eyes
To Franz, my chum's rare transcendental bosh
Even so, I 'd liever Love should win than Satan.
Ott.—Pshaw! Gottlob, friend; what boots your raillery
T' our knight o' th' art synthetic? He, God wot,
Yestreen but chipped his shell, yet centuries old,
To-day, a full-fledged cynic, rolls his tub.
Rect.—Ah, mischief! How you 'll gibe when I reach fifty!
Ott.—Oh! you, that 's different.
Rect.— As how, I beg?
Ott.—Well, first it 's you.
Rect.— What next?
Ott.— Then, 't would be me.
Rect.—Reasons most tangible!
Gott.— The best, professor.
Fr.—The *subjective* is all, the *me*, sole *entity*.
There 's naught, beyond the soul, of action; all
Besides is symbolism and pure abstraction.
Th' eternal Psyché, here described by Goethe,
Which figures now as Margaret, now as Helen,
In primal innocence, or full-blown beauty,
Marks how she burgeons forth to the Ideal.
Weak at the outset, ignorant, afraid,
She fights her way through all besetting perils,
And, her long Odyssey at last achieved,
She dominates what outraged her at first.
Gretchen, Faust, Mephisto, dread Trilogy,
Time ne'er shall mar the grand analogy
Which shadows forth in you th' immortal drama
Played out in Eden by Eve, Adam, Satan!
Ott.—But Love from Eden was shut out.
Gott.— Heretic!
Even Eden subject to your laws æsthetic!
That 's rather far.

Ott.— Nay, the true Paradise,
Be 't lodged in palace fair or paltry hovel,
Lies it not where pure and faithful heart's love dwells?
Eve, yawning vacuous, Adam slumbering near,
Don't seem a model quite of married bliss:
And the great Tempter, jealous of the woman,
Had, with that soul unoccupied, small trouble.
She who knows love is not so quick betrayed,
For, far or near, her lover is her safeguard.
For me, I 'd prove invulnerable, and naught
Should e'er prevail against my talisman.

Rect.—How she romances! See you, Gottlob, when
I view this sprightly girlhood at my knee,
Laughing and carolling like bird on spray,
Trusting the future, careless of the present,
Conscious the while she 's all my spring and joy;—
And when I ponder o'er the dreary past—
Those sombre days I call "my *Auld Lang Syne*,"—
Thus marking off from them these happier years,
Just as one culls from faded flowers a bouquet:
When I bethink me of that time or e'er
This child was mine, I tremble and ask softly
How I have merited all God has given,
And if the brow 's in sooth worthy the crown.

Fr.—What were the golden crown or sceptre royal
Without the sovereign brow and right arm loyal?
What were this grand world-temple of ours, so vast, prodigious,
But that 't is animated by the soul religious,
And informed by the eye contemplative!——

Ott.—(*interrupting.*) Egregious!
What possible connexion can there be
Between my tutor's gentle words, and these
Profound inanities of yours?

Fr.—(*in a pet, to Berthold.*) Professor,
That folio volume on the Aryan race,
I want it.

Rect.— There, Compartment of the Ancients,
First shelf.

Fr.—(*to Ott. who hands him the book.*) Thanks. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.

RECTOR, OTTILIE, GOTTLOB.

Rect.—(*to Ottilie.*) That's not right, you have annoyed him;
The youth is something of a *savant*, he's——
Ott.—An unlicked cub whom I'd detest were 't not
He keeps me laughing at him.
Rect.— Come, have done!
Ott.—No! Sooner than unsay 't I 'll go. The brute!
To get you scolding me! (*Exit.*)
Gott.—(*watching her go.*) I' faith, a downright brute!

SCENE IV.

RECTOR, GOTTLOB.

Rect.—Gottlob, her temper 's ardent, quick her tongue;
But one word brings her down, a smile will conquer,
She is a dear, good child. I recollect
When first I found her, and but bid her: Come!
One single glance she stole, and in a twink
I had her following me, her flaxen tresses
Hid 'neath my cloak, without a word beyond,
E'en as a wearied bird doth fold her wing
In calm abandonment and perfect trust.
Kind souls sought to relieve me of her. More
For her sake than my own I might have yielded.
But she preferred to cleave to her first refuge.
And is 't not better thus? Our two lone lives,
So sad pursued by each of us apart,
Are since then fused in one, and we are happy;
For many mutual memories lie between us.
Gott.—And some few hopes besides, or I mistake,
All quietly the little gipsy 's nursing.
Rect.—What say you?
Gott.— Nothing, save that she is twenty,
And fair, and lovable, and in all ages
Tutors are chancy guardians for such wards.
Rect.—Why, she's a child!
Gott.— Yes,—sprouting into woman.
Rect.—As bursts the rose-bloom blushing from the bud.
'T is true enough; yet what of it?

Gott.— What, cozen
A jolly student of some thirty sessions
As I am? Science in plenty 's yours, I grant;
But mine 's experience of the ways o' the sex
Wider than most, than your's at least, good Berthold.
Since side by side we two began our studies,
In age we may have changed, but not in habits:
You were the worker always, I, the idler,
Mine 's still the dunce-stool, your's the master's rostrum.
But, clinking glasses, one learns many things
Which to book-worms are letters sealed; in these
Your ruddy Lisbeth or your dark-eyed Thecla
Most ably can instruct one. Knowing then
What I know, friend, I tell you, she 's in love.
Rect.—In love? *she* love! and whom?
Gott.— Ay, there 's the rub;
To find out, yet not seem to seek!
Rect.— And yet,
Save Franz or you she sees none.
Gott.— He 's a prig,
But young and not bad looking.
Rect.— You' re wide o' the mark;
He never speaks but she will contradict.
Gott.—(*with a knowing air.*)
Just so.
Rect.— Ah! something in 't then! Yet her spirits
Are light, she studies, banters, laughs, and makes
The house ring with her merriment.
Gott.— Eh! doubtless:
The danger lurks where one would least suspect.
You look for fitful languishings, a mien
Preoccupied, for tones of sudden softness;
Yet whilst you watch the bough for ripening fruit,
'T is odds but you will miss the snowy flower
Whose rosy heart already sheds sweet perfume.
In each the symptons of the sickness differ:
Some cloud them o'er with care; a feverish anguish
Slow mines the spirit, and all things harass;
Others beam o'er with smiles, with radiance sparkle,

A *naïve* expansion speaks their pleasing trouble,
Hope sings responsive to the joy that wakes it;
In brief, the vermeil glow of young desire
In her flames bright, and bids me say, she loves.

Rect.—(*kindling up by degrees.*)

She love! *She* to forget the world; to close
Her ears and eyes, her heart and thought against
All save the one by whom her soul 's enthralled;
Centre in him alone her life, and throw him
As his just spoil, without a backward glance,
All her young bliss, and fancy-woven future;
Rejoice to have no longer peace nor calm;
Bear everywhere enshrined her idol, bless
All evils in its train that rise before her;
And some fresh proof of zeal inventing ever,
Immolate at its feet all else beside;
Gottlob, my darling treasure, angel, nestling,
My Ottilie,—that *she* should love this whipster,
This beardling, nought but his green youth can favor,—
You rave, my friend!

Gott.—(*sarcastically.*) 'Pon honor, you're superb!
For little I 'd take lessons how—*your* fashion—
To spout love-talk, and I could hit the trick on 't.

Rect.—(without listening.)

Besides would I not know 't? The child 's a book
No eyes but mine decipher. Her sole guide
Along life's tangled labyrinth. I've marked
With all a mother's care her mind's fair record,
And jealously my words have ever guarded,
Lest one chance blot should soil the virgin tablets.

Gott.—(*parodying.*)

It 's not to be supposed that I 'd be jealous,
But yet in headlong rage I 'll crush the wretch
That dare attempt to poach on my preserves.
(Roguishly.)
—O wily doublings o' the tricksy passion,
In vain 't would mask what yet it dare not utter!
O divine secret, sure is thy betrayal!
Unwitting oft thou lurk'st within, and we,
As would a timid mother, strive to hide thee;

Yet one chance word can cheat our vigilance,
And tear thee from us!
(Changing tone).— After all, your chances
May not be forfeit quite. I say she loves;
But whose the name she sighs t' herself, I know not:
Nought proves 't is Frank's or mine, rather than thine.

Rect.—Gottlob!

Gott.— In truth I don't see why you chafe,
'T is nothing strange that since the child attracts you,
You 'd seek to dedicate to her your life;
And that your heart, still young and warm as ever,
Should burst from its long sleep, and yield to love;
That seeking in her the signs of what I dread,
In you I should have touched upon the sore;
That Franz being but a simpleton, her choice
Among us three should light upon the fittest;
That worth for once should chance to bear the palm
And lord it o'er its rivals, surely this
Is not so hard to credit.

Rect.— Simply that
'T is all sheer nonsense.

Gott.— Reason out the case then:
To you, my friend, she 's gratefully attached,
And oft in such hearts gratitude gives birth
To feelings tenderer still. Her highest respect
Besides is pledged to the great Master Berthold—
For, say as you will, the sex is fanatic
In self-prostration. Age is your sole drawback;
But are not we alike in that? And I,
Am I so old? Away then with your scruples,
And without further self-tormenting, thank me
For opening through the clouds this sunny vista.

Rect.—(*sternly.*)
Enough! I thought you, though a wag, no fool.
But all in vain the years have o'er you passed.
The miracle on you must still be wrought
Shall give you common sense. Enough, I say,
I will not hear a word more.

Gott.— As you will!
This is my walking-ticket, I presume,

Still, when I 'm gone, if I 've hit right i' the blot,
You 'll have to score me down as evidence
Not to be given the go-by to. Adieu,
Till evening then: no grudges,—mind! (*Exit.*)

SCENE V.

Rect.— Yes, go;
Leave the fond wretch to dream he only dreams,
This fool, more fool than thou, thy words have crushed!
Still greedily let him mouth the bitter brim
O' the o'erturned goblet whence his life-joy 's drained;
Still let him plaintive brood o'er what he 's lost,
And vainly search the past for hope and calm,
Bewail his solitude, and pining languish,—
And fearing most the chances of his cure—
Shame-stricken hide away, and weep, and die!
—Love, 't is then sure 'gainst thee there 's no defence
Can guard,—nor ripened age nor guileless youth;
The brow, blanched by late vigils or long years,
Is proof against thy sharp affronts as little
As is the giddy head life's dawn is gilding!
To each in turn comes the same agony,
The same slow poison, and the same swift pangs!
O'er all alike thy fatal spells are cast!
—Ah! well might I have known that to resist
Her grace invincible none could prevail;
And she so perilous fair, and I so witless,
How *could* this silly bosom 'scape the lure?
—And *I* to plume me on my circumspection,
And, taxed with love, in sorry word-play prate
Of mine as only mother's love;—O madness!
Delusion most transparent! But all 's over!
—Now must the fowler ope the cage's bars,
And drawing courage e'en from his despair,
Set free th' imprisoned flutterer. Gottlob 's deceived;
'T is I alone am struck. Tears have not dimmed
Her sparkling glance, nor quenched its wonted fire;
And what knows she of love's consuming fever?
Still calmly unconscious her chaste soul sleeps on.
—Poor child! To think that I should have imposed on,

And sinned against thee, when my utmost care
Was but to guard thine innocence! We men,
Senseless and frail, how are we to be pitied!
—Ah! how thou 'st pained me, Gottlob! I alas!
Do fear myself, thee, Franz, for all 's deceiving
Youth's guileless hope, as well as friendship tried,
And all within me 's torn and racked with anguish.
'Oh! whither shall I turn?
(Sinks on the lounge; head in hand.)

SCENE VI.

RECTOR, OTTILIE.

Ott.—*(half opening the door.)* Alone? At last!—
Did you but know how o'er all other joys
I set the bliss of having you to myself,
With none to tire, and make you watch the clock,
(A thing we two ne'er heed)—O then you 'd own
How very glad I 'm now, and you 'd embrace me!—
(Attempts to fling her arm round his neck; he turns away abruptly.)
No? You *are* vext with me then?—Pardon, I know
I 'm blunt at times, but—Oh! you are not well,
What is it?
Rect.— Nothing:
Ott.— Yes, yes; you are suffering.
Rect.—Leave me, 't will pass.
Ott.—*(aside.)* How pale he is! And why
Send me away? What 's this he will not tell?
(aloud, hesitating.)
—I came to ask if I 'd not better write
Madame de Braun, and if you 'll undertake
Soon to provide her—Mercy! how very strangely
You flush and pale!
Rect.—*(with effort.)* 'T was for a governess
She wrote me?
Ott.— Yes.
Rect.—*(aside, retiring.)* O heavens! the sacrifice!
Have I strength to consummate it?
(aloud, advancing.)— —My child,
Listen——

(aside, retiring.)—I can't, no, no, my heart will burst,
Oh!——
(aloud, advancing.)—See, Ottilie, you are asked to share
Their jaunt to Italy with these two ladies.
The chance is not like to occur again,
And so you must——
(very low.) depart——

Ott.—*(excitedly.)* I, quit you! Never!
Rect.—*(beseeching.)* You will.
Ott.— Not I!
Rect.—*(same.)* Accept, I beg of you.
Ott.—I will not go.
Rect.— You know, my cherished darling,
I only seek in this your happiness.
Ott.—*(more gently.)*
Well! keep me near you, wholly your own, and let
Nought henceforth sunder us one single day.
What notion is't possesses you, my friend?
To think that *I'd* leave home, and go without you!
Rect.—You must.
Ott.—*(plaintively.)* Why? what's ado? O 't is so sweet
To be just our two selves!
Rect.— Pshaw!—Those two ladies
Are charming people.
Ott.—*(coaxingly lays her hand on his arm.)* See! I'll be most proper,
You'll have no further cause to scold me. Franz
May jabber on, and I'll not move a muscle——
Rect.—*(impatiently.)*
You must decide——
Ott.—*(bursting into tears.)*
Ah! sure you can't love me
As I love you, or you'd not grieve me so.
Rect.—And this same night.
Ott.— For pity's sake!
Rect.— I wish it.
(Exit, precipitately.)

SCENE VII.

OTTILIE.

He's gone, and will not hearken. Neither prayers
Nor tears can move him;—he avoids me!—Heavens!
What has come over him? I shiver to hear
His voice so brief and stern.—Ah! 't is a dream,
An ugly dream which, waking, I'll forget:
And sure as each day's dawning brings the sun
So sure I'll meet again his welcoming smile.
—No! once he's said; "I bid you"!—then needs must
That I submit!—'T is frightful! How resist him!
Resist! I ne'er should dare. And yet to leave him!——

SCENE VIII.

OTTILIE, FRANZ.—*(His volume under his arm.)*

Fr.—*(without seeing Ottilie).*
The Christ an Arya! Strange hypothesis, that
Rector Berthold——
(Sees Ottilie; very coolly.)—Ah! pardon; I disturb you
In your crying fit!
Ott.—*(sobs.)* I must leave!
Fr.—*(same tone.)* So! Well,—good-bye, then!
Ott.—*(aside.)*
Good-bye! That word is flung at me already!
My God! What shall I do? Where shall I hide?
'T is *he* will come to bid me good-bye next.—
Oh! would the word might kill me! From *his* hand,
Under *his* eyes, death itself were sweet!

SCENE IX.

OTTILIE, FRANZ, THE RECTOR.

Rect.—*(on the threshold.)*
Franz with her!
Fr.—*(approaching Ottilie.)* Well! I find 't is better so,
For science now shall reign alone here.
Ott.—*(retreating from him.)* Wretch!
And this man lives!
Fr.—*(following up.)* Frankly, a woman who
Distracts attention 's always in the way.

Her senseless babble, like a parrot's chatter,
Importunate and noisy, tires——

Rect.—*(aside.)* What says he?

Fr.—*(same play.)*

—And mars our motive faculties' free play.
Nought changes: evermore your Eve seductive
Trips up man's spirit, victor at the outset.

Ott.—*(avoiding him, flings herself in the Rector's fauteuil.)*
To-night and the day's flying! Will he never go?

Fr.—*(seeing the Rector, shews his folio, open.)*
Master, what think you of this author who
Maintains——

Rect.— My lad, 't were hard for me to discuss
The question now; we'll talk of it to-morrow.
—Canst tell me when the courier passes?

Fr.— No.

Rect.—*(pointing to Ottilie.)*
Oblige me then by letting Gottlob know
Of her departure: let him fetch a carriage.

Fr.—Ah! that, indeed, I'm not the one to hinder;
I'm off! *(Exit.)*

Rect.—*(watching him hurrying away.)*
I would he were the only one
I had mista'en!

SCENE X.

RECTOR, OTTILIE.

Rect.—*(approaching Ottilie.)* Child, have you thought about
Your packing?

Ott.— By-and-by.

Rect.— You'll have to hurry!
—A tiresome night it will be in the stage.
—Should you fall sick by the way!——

Ott.— No fear!—Besides,
Cold and fatigue are evils soon got over:
They help us to forget more real troubles.
What reck we trifles like these, if they were all?

Rect.—Care's not for thee, child, whom the blue skies beckon
To the bright south-land Mignon longed to roam.

Ott.—*(pointing to the fire place).*
This fire,—that makes the dark hearth glisten with stars,
And flecks with gold and purple the dancing shadows,
That draws its wonted guests the closer round it
When the wind moans through the long corridors
And fills the house like the great Minster-organ:—
This fire—I stir up bright 'gainst your return,
Where kettle and griddle, these twin fireside voices,
In cheery dissonance hiss and wrangle together—
O more I love it than all your garish sunshine.
Rect.—Think on fair Naples' gulf, Palermo's bay,
Where, through the limitless azure, white sails glide,
And seem, mid-heaven, to plough their shining furrows;
Where the Vesper-star o'er all rains amorous influence;
Think on the shimmering lakes, where laughs and ripples
That gold-green sky we 've so oft pictured together——
Ott.—Together!
Rect.— And think, too, of those cities rare,—
Sad Venice, mourning her deserted palaces,
Verona, scene of Juliet's love, and Pisa
Th' ancient, and high in the free pure air
Strange Sienna.
Ott.— No; the narrow dwelling where
Hands touch, and eyes ne'er vainly seek each other,
Where tones thrill to the heart, as through the ear;—
No;—th' humble home where love holds sleepless watch
Delights me more.
Rect.—*(aside, pacing to and fro in agitation.)*
Love! Ah, how that word moves me,
Upon her lips! Why speak to me of that?
Ott.—For happiness was here within my clasp,
And each day dearer grew to my charmed soul,
Never unequal, serene, blissful, always!
Could ever I have dreamed 't would end so soon?
Rect.—*(pausing.)*
Happy! And were you so, in truth?
Ott.— He asks me,
He doubts it!
Rect.— Ottilie!
Ott.— Ah! my fault was great;

I could not, dared not shew you enough *how* happy!—
—But sorely am I punished, ah! too sore.

Rect.—Heavens! and is thy pain not keenest felt by me?
What is to come of me when you are gone?

Ott.—*(hesitating.) (Very low.)*
Of you?——Then why will you send me away?

Rect.—*(in a half-voice.)*
Why? Why?—have I then so close worn the mask
That what's beneath she dreams not?—What a smile
Is her's!—It speaks——What is it that it tells,
If 't is not that in it all 's told?——

Ott.—*(lower still.)* Yes, why
Not keep me wholly your own?

Rect.— Wholly my own!
(Kneels before her.)
No longer dare I guess, child. My poor brain
Is all distraught.—I yield me to the storm;
View my gray hairs, then those long golden tresses
Adown thy fair neck twining amorously.
Thy youth has vigor, and thy beauty grace;
Peace broods o'er those whom thy soft glance caresses;
Long-buried hopes to life start 'neath thy spell.
I feel my heart when near to thine, throb wildly,
The power of love thrills through me a new life,
Thine every word within my gloating spirit
Soft-treasured up, repeated o'er and o'er
Resounds, a godlike hymn to the immortal!
'Neath thy veiled glances, where the fire still smoulders,
Like a snow-flake blown upon by rose-lipped Dawn,
Even so I melt in tenderness and cry:—
O pity! This is *love*, and not mere *liking!*
(Half rises.)
Misery! I 've spoken; she knows all!—Excuse
I 've none to offer. Thee I outrage,—myself
Delude, when in my own despite, I dream
A coming time when we twain shall be one.
'T is vile,—I know it well, e'en in my thoughts
To join to the fresh-blown flower a shrivelled stem,
Seared by life's storms, sealed as dark Lethe's due!
To disentomb a secret so deep buried,—

To stand forsworn in face of plighted troth,
'T is vile!—To this, my adored, you answer—nothing?
Too well I understand you; thanks!—You 'd spare me:
You silent sit, lest you condemn too harshly!
But you know, and I 've said all may condone.

Ott.—(*bending towards him.*)
Is 't only *so* then, that you guess my thoughts?
Cans't read no truer in my heart, e'en when
All 's pure delight and tenderest ravishment?
In these eyes seest thou but the pride that pardons?
Rather is 't not th' ineffable surprise
Which first learns *to be loved* is sweet as *loving*?
Look up!

Rect.—(*Turning his head.*)
I dare not; 't were rank sacrilege;
Such bliss for me Heaven ne'er ordained.

Ott.— Look up!

Rect.—Oh! tempt me not; 't were death to me.—Beware!
Men such as I are never more consoled.
Too late!—

Ott.— Look up!

Rect.— Ah me! I must obey!
Here at thy feet full of delicious woe
I lay me down. Thy hands, O beauteous charmer,
And eke thy smile,—that sweetly bodes me hope,
O yield them me.—For so the dewy freshness
Of thy young life doth meet and close the gap
Between our years. Now all 's effaced, forgotten;
Days wasted, vain regrets, long melancholy,
The bitterness of time lost, doubt, distrust,—
All—alien to thy youth—falls dead before thee.
"Love is immortal; fond hearts never age!"—
Such is the truth thy deep eyes prophesy—
Graven on thy candid brow by God's own finger.
To love! O that alone is sure, right, noble!
Dost say thou knewest it all, e'en when I doubted?
Then, heavenly-witted messenger, instruct
My ignorance, for all thy words are truth.
Already where thy hand led I have followed,
And what thou'st willed I've done—List! the bells chime;

Joy enters 'neath my roof—and yet I tremble,
Is 't thou hast turned me coward?—Can love kill?
O Heaven, but I am happy!—Yet thou art silent!
Hast nought to say?—And I keep maundering on——
Is the heart so faint then that 't is panic-stricken
When sudden it finds its dreams, reality?
Oh! Howsoe'er thou view'st my silly ravings,
Angel, treasure, darling maid,—my Ottilie,
My torment and my joy—speak, I conjure thee!

Ott.—(*very softly.*)
What word 's the tenderest to whisper low
Within thy ear? (*changing tone.*)
——Stay, canst not divine it?
(*Embraces him.*)

Rect.—Then we both love?
Ott.— Yes!
Rect.— Record it, witnessing Heaven!
Thou seest her nesting close in my embrace
Whose sweet intoxications have shed round me
Oblivious of the world, and all its cares!—
(*hesitating.*)
—To love, is this then all? May we not wed?
Ott.—Doubtless.
Rect.— She yields!
(*Enter Gottlob and Franz.*)

SCENE XI.

RECTOR, GOTTLOB, FRANZ, OTTILIE.

Rect.— Dear friends, from her own lips
Learn my good fortune.
Gott.—(*smiling.*) Ah! I knew I 'ad hit it!
My guess not "so wide o' the mark!"
Fr.—(*as if choking.*) Why? Truly,
Our learned Rector wastes time——
Ott.—(*gaily.*) Loving me, Franz;
Aye, wedding me besides; and so this comedy
Ill-guessed by you, by Gottlob here applauded,
Finishes well-nigh as it was begun;
No Demon else than Love has crossed the board.
Mephisto conquered yields to Margaret!

Rect.—What sayst?

Ott.— The truth this morning I proclaimed,
Words you, my darling Faust, must heed in turn—
HEARTS ONLY LIVE IN GIVING LIFE TO LOVE!

(From the French.) W. S.

JOHN.

JOHN?

WELL, his name in my ears,
Has been ringing for years,
Although in this desolate room it seldom is spoken, ah me!
For John was a sailor, and he
Was one of the crew
Of the "Trusty and True,"
That was lost in the year 'forty-three.

LOST?

Lost! What her fate was I've questioned in vain,
At high tide, at low tide, again and again:
And for John, when the storms came,
Through all these long years,
I have prayed, though I knew him dead—
Pardon these tears!

DEAD?

Oh, treacherous, treacherous sea!
So cruel to mine and to me!
I crouch by the fireside,
Decrepit and old;
While my warm-hearted boy in mid-ocean
Is sleeping, a-cold, a-cold!

JOHN?

I declare John,
How strange you have grown!
So manly you are John,
I ne'er could have known
The boy that went sailing away, yet I see,
You've the heart that I knit in the year 'forty-three.

KEIGHTLY.

I WAS entranced by Keightly's fairy lore,
And as I conned his pages o'er and o'er,
Said one: Of what avail is this to thee,
Since life no dream is, but reality?
Of what avail the dreams by dreamers bred,
When dreams and dreamers are to ashes wed,
And thou but brief time have life's play to play,
Ere thou, by Time inurned, shalt be as they?
— It doth avail but little, yet God knows,
If for a moment we can find repose
In fancy's fields, their being we may bless,
And pray that Keightly's shade may ne'er be less.

A.

CURRENT HISTORY.

THE most notable event in many respects, as well as the most far-reaching in its tendencies, which has occurred in Canadian history since the ratification of the Treaty of Washington, is the signing of the Pacific Railway contract. Long before the charter was granted, before the Act authorising that charter was passed, as far back as the time when British Columbia was admitted into the Union, the Dominion of Canada was committed to the building of the road. It is therefore too late now to discuss whether such a step was advisable with any hope of staying the project, even if its character could be shown to be, what many still believe it to be, chimerical in the last degree. But taking for granted that *some* road must now be constructed through Canadian territory to the Pacific ocean, neither the Press, nor the Parliament, nor the people of Canada can afford to give up the privilege of criticising the scheme submitted by the government, even down to its minutest details. No fallacy is more common, and none is more dishonest, than the practice of accusing public men or political journals of opposing a project, *in toto*, when they differ from those to whose lot it falls to carry it out, only as to the best mode of doing so. It is much to be regretted that this style of argument has been so much resorted to in connection with the Pacific Railway Scheme from its very inception; it is still more to be regretted that there seems to be a disposition on the part of

ministerial journals to resort to it, in defence of the charter under consideration. A prominent administration organ declares that the excellences of the scheme agreed upon are so apparent that hostile criticism of the provisions must be taken as synonymous with hostility to the construction of the road. Such a declaration reaches the very climax of absurdity, and the implied threat ought to be as offensive to the press and people of a free country as an attempt to burke a fair discussion by moving the previous question.

Coming to the charter itself, and looking only at what may be called the principles underlying its provisions, there seems to be enough in it to prompt serious consideration, if not to create alarm. The most important, most dangerous, and most insidious characteristic of all is the substitution of executive for legislative control over the undertaking. To such an extent has this been carried, that the charter is declared in so many words "to have the force and effect of an Act of the Parliament of Canada," in so far as its provisions are not inconsistent with previous Acts. The full extent of the power thus conferred on the Governor in Council can only be clearly understood by recalling the provisions of the Pacific Railway Act and comparing them with those of the charter. It is true that the termini of the road have been fixed by the Act, but with great vagueness; while the location of the whole route lies with the Governor in Council. It is also true that the amount of the Government subsidy has been fixed; but the proportion of land and money to be paid to the Company at any one time must be determined by agreement between the Government and the Company. It is further provided that the road must be commenced within two years and completed within ten; but the time for completing any specified portion of the road must be determined by agreement between the Government and the Company. What power or control over the road in any shape, Parliament has reserved to itself, is difficult to perceive, except the all-important indirect one of providing for the raising of the subsidy money. Had it been possible for the late House of Commons to divest itself of that privilege, or had it been asked to do so, its action gives us no good ground for believing that it would have refused to comply. No such stretch of executive power was ever before conferred by a Canadian Act of Parliament; none such has ever been hinted at in Britain since the inauguration of responsible government in the days of William III.

Scarcely less dangerous is the theory of the Company formed under the provisions of the charter. That theory combines all the worst features of a government railway project and a joint stock company, and throws away the best elements of both. The Government supplies all the funds and evades the responsibility by means of a chartered company, which is, in reality, not much more than an illusory figment. The Company puts no money

into the road, and can lose nothing by the undertaking except the insignificant guarantee sum placed in the hands of the Receiver-General. In plain language, the Dominion pays for the road the enormous sum of thirty millions of dollars, besides a grant of fifty million acres of land, with the absolute certainty of having to pay more if more is needed, and yet the Company, and not the people, will own the road when completed. The reference to the Union Pacific Railway as a general standard of comparison, is surely a most unfortunate one, when it is a notorious fact that, short as the time is since that road was built, much of it requires already to be rebuilt.

But, apart from defects in the charter, there are features inseparable from the project which must be discussed, and dangers to which it would be suicidal for the people of Canada to shut their eyes. Not the least of these is the derangement and financial stringency which must inevitably follow the diversion of so much capital and labor into a non-productive channel. The conversion of circulating into fixed capital always presses heavily on certain classes in any community; and it is the sheerest folly to expect any relief to the employer either in the shape of low wages or a low rate of interest, while the building of the road is going on. The ultimate results in this direction it might be hazardous to predict; much more patent is the threatened introduction of railway rings into the field of politics. The charter provides that no director shall be a member of Parliament; it should have gone further and provided that no shareholder should have a seat in the House any more than a director. By this weak and evasive provision, the vitiating principle is left untouched; the interest which any man feels in the success of the road will depend far more on the fact of his holding stock than his having a seat at the Railway Board. But, in truth, any provision of this kind must, of necessity, be practically inoperative. Members of Parliament can be quite as much interested through the holding of stock by deputy, or *sub rosa*, as if their names were on the books for the amount; and they are quite as likely to vote away money or land in their friends' interest as their own. The only safeguard is a sound condition of public opinion; and that which will most conduce to the prevention of such scandals amongst ourselves as are to be witnessed just now amongst our neighbors, is judiciousness and impartiality in the tone of the newspaper press when discussing the subject.

Great care has been taken in the charter to guard against stock coming into the hands of foreign capitalists, and still more to prevent foreigners from having any voice in the directorate. These provisions will, we are persuaded, also be found to be practically inoperative. Not all the men who sympathise with the United States in our midst call themselves Americans; and,

as a matter of fact, one of the newly elected members of the House of Commons has lived in Canada for so short a period that he had to be naturalized by Act of Parliament, instead of the usual process, before he could be a candidate for legislative honors. What is there to hinder a partisan majority doing the same thing in the interest of the railway ring?

The prospective dangers involved in the Pacific Railway scheme bring home to us with all the more force the moral taught by the Credit Mobilier frauds. There can no longer be any doubt that several members, both of the American Senate and the House of Representatives, were guilty of trafficking in shares of stock, the worth of which was capable of being indefinitely increased according to the manner in which their votes were cast in Congress. It is equally certain that these shares were sold, or rather given to them for the very purpose of influencing their votes. All this was bad enough, but the worst feature of all was the sad lack of courage and veracity in the men who first repudiated the charges made in connection with the Credit Mobilier and Central Pacific Railway, and were afterwards shewn, on the strongest circumstantial evidence, corroborated in some cases by documentary proof, to have been guilty of shameful prevarication and downright falsehood. It really seems at the present moment as if popular institutions were, after all, about to turn out a failure. When men who have for years held a prominent position before the public, and who were, up to the moment of disclosure, supposed to possess a most unimpeachable character, give way before temptation and add the crime of falsehood to that of accepting a bribe; when Senators, without any attempt at concealment, buy up the votes of the State Legislatures, or, what is equally corrupt and reprehensible, buy off their rivals for political honors; when murderers under trial can buy up juries, and railway kings succeed in their schemes of plunder by debauching the judges, it is no wonder that thinking men should pause and ask themselves what all this is coming to? Whether the state of affairs observable at the present moment in the United States is wholly or partially due to defects in the Constitution, including that great source of political evil, universal suffrage, is not for us to decide. Our present duty, as Canadians, consists in taking warning by what we see. That political corruption can hold up its head unabashed both in our Legislature and in the country, past Canadian experience too unmistakably proves; and there is no reason to believe that we are likely to be more proof against it than our neighbors in the time to come. Our Canadian Pacific Railway Company is no more responsible an organization than the Credit Mobilier was; and even though it should turn out that the men composing it are possessed of purer morality and loftier principles than Oakes

Ames or his associates, the public have no more guarantee against fraud in the one case than in the other. The retiring Vice-President and Vice-President elect had an escutcheon as stainless, to say the least, as that of any of our public men, and so had Senator Patterson and the rest, yet the former fell into the snare, and is it to be supposed that the latter can be relied upon to resist a similar temptation? The only safeguard appears to be the existence of an independent and fearless press, untrammelled by party ties and obligations. It remains to be seen whether we possess any such; the prevailing tone of American journals shows, conclusively, that reform is as much needed in the United States in this as in any other direction.

The most startling of recent European events is the abdication of the King of Spain. Amadeus accepted the throne with reluctance. He endeavored to discharge the duties pertaining to his situation with courage and integrity, and in doing so displayed no small amount of statesmanlike ability. But his efforts were not seconded by the Spaniards themselves, whose long subjection to despotism has rendered them utterly unfit for constitutional rule. Had General Prim, who was mainly instrumental in bringing Amadeus into Spain, been permitted to carry out the work he intended, the result might have been different. Though he had, doubtless, his own ends to serve, Prim was unquestionably a statesman and a patriot; and while his assassination deprived the country all too soon of his services, he unfortunately left no successor worthy of assuming the mantle which fell from his shoulders. The first Cabinet of the young King was displaced within a few months, and crisis after crisis has followed with great rapidity, there being no fewer than six ministerial reconstructions within the last two years. The melancholy example of Spain is only another illustration of the futility of transplanting political institutions from the soil whence they originally sprung in the hope that they will flourish as exotics elsewhere. Responsible government as known in England, does well enough in England, where it has been gradually developed with the advance of the nation in civilization. It has failed both in France and Spain, partly because the statesmen who had it in charge were nothing but intriguing demagogues, but mainly because the long continuance of the protective system of government has left the masses in both countries in a state of almost infantile imbecility, in so far, at least, as political experience and wisdom are concerned. What the future of Spain will be it would be rash to predict. Castellar and his Republican friends have now control, and, as a matter of course, have declared a Republic. Probably this was the wisest course under the circumstances, and, doubtless, very many of the moderate Monarchists who supported the late

King will prefer a Conservative Republic to a return of Bourbon rule in the person of either Isabella or Don Carlos. Yet both Pretenders have their partisans who can and will give trouble; and the Spanish Republicans may congratulate themselves if their regime should at the end of two years be able to show as much stability as that of their French compeers.

The Republic seems destined to last for some time longer in France. The members of the Right in the Assembly are as much opposed to a dissolution as ever—a clear proof, according to their opponents of the Left, that the Monarchists are afraid to allow the people to judge between them and the Republicans, lest the latter should succeed in converting their minority into a majority. Nobody seems to think that Thiers can long occupy his elevated position, and in the present unsettled state of politics, no one would be surprised if revolution were to follow his resignation or his demise. The truth appears to be that, while France is about equally tired of Bourbonism and Bonapartism, she has been so long kept in leading strings under both, that many radical constitutional changes may take place before she settles down into her normal condition, whatever that may be. The present indications are that Gambetta is the coming man; and there can be little doubt that, whether the approaching revolution be peacefully wrought out at the polls, or, as French revolutions generally are, by barricades and bloodshed in the streets of Paris, the young Dictator of the Left will be the successor of Thiers in the Presidency of the French Republic.

If the resignation of the King of Spain is the most startling of recent European events, the Khivan war may well be regarded as the most important, not so much in itself, as on account of the far-reaching consequences which may possibly flow from it. The Russian policy in Central Asia has for years been a kind of counterpart of the policy once pursued in British India. The tribes bordering on the Russian possessions, by their predatory incursions, or their refusal to grant certain commercial concessions, made it necessary for the safety of the frontier to reduce them to subjection. A repetition of the process was rendered inevitable by the similarity of the new conditions to the old; and thus Russia, like England, has found her Asiatic Empire thrust upon her. Such at least is the Russian version of the case. This may be quite true without depriving the present outbreak of its significance. Khiva alone remains between Russia and Afghanistan, and the latter borders on British India. A demand has been made that Russia shall respect the independence of Afghanistan, and should the necessary satisfaction be refused, wide spread complications may be the result. The policy of Russia has been

pacific for the past seventeen years; but it may have been so in appearance only. The Crimean war left her exhausted, and time was required for recuperation. Internal reform has been meanwhile progressing with rapid strides. The policy of Russianizing Poland and the German Provinces has been relentlessly pursued. Serfdom has been abolished, municipal self-government to some extent introduced, and railways built in every direction. Poland has been fortified in proportion as its depopulation went on, and persistent and not unsuccessful efforts have been made to provide for the development of a Russian marine on the Black Sea. Whether the object of the Czar is the ultimate conquest of Constantinople, or interference with British progress in Asia, or both, matters little; he will not be permitted to effect either without provoking Foreign intervention and stirring up a European war. The rumors prevailing respecting the last diplomatic passage of arms between Granville and Gortschakoff prove conclusively that public opinion in England on the Eastern question is just as sensitive as it was twenty years ago.

The meeting of the British Parliament has been signalised by a keen assault upon the Washington Treaty. As a matter of course it is strenuously defended by its abettors, but the results of the whole negotiations from first to last are likely to rankle long and deeply in the national mind. The loss of San Juan seems to have had even more effect than either the loss of money or the humiliation produced by the settlement of the Alabama claims. Should the American government endorse the action of the little satrap who represents President Grant on the Island, the bad feeling will be increased instead of allayed. To send off the British settlers unceremoniously, and dispossess them of their property without remuneration, would be an intolerable outrage, and as such it has been vigorously protested against by the Local Legislature of British Columbia. According to appearances we are to have a revival of the Treaty business in Canada when the Dominion Parliament meets. Mr. Blake threatens to bring up the question of the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and there seems to be a disposition to force the Fenian question to a more satisfactory settlement than was effected by its rejection from the list of questions embraced by the Treaty negotiations, on condition of Canada receiving a guarantee from the mother country on the Pacific Railway loan. If such a step should be taken few will regret it. It is simply absurd and suicidal to talk of substituting the arbitrament of diplomacy for the arbitrament of the sword, unless the pleasing fiction is to apply to land filibustering as well as privateering by sea.

STARRS & McNUTT,

DEALERS IN

Hardware, Cutlery, Lead, Zinc,

IRONMONGERY.

Window Glass, Paints, Oils, &c.

142 & 144 Upper Water Street, and 295 Barrington Street,

HALIFAX, N. S.

---

145 Barrington Street. 145

(OPPOSITE SOUTH END GRAND PARADE,)

HALIFAX, N. S.

J. C. MAHON,

DEALER IN

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS.

Horrockses Shirtings, Grey and White Sheetings,
Linens, Tickings, French Kid Gloves,
German Corsets, Paris Wove Corsets,
Patti Corsets.

MOURNING GOODS; MANTLE VELVETS.

Also—A full line of RICH BLACK SILKS, always on hand, low for Cash.

a2 INSPECTION INVITED.

FOR MARCH.

AS THIS IS THE MONTH IN WHICH

RUBBERS

ARE MOST IN DEMAND, WE OFFER A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Rubber Boots and Shoes,

AMERICAN RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES,

CANADIAN RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES,

ENGLISH RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES,

all sizes and widths.

—ALSO—

A Full Line of THICK BOOTS.

GEO. A. KENT,

153 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

Standard Proprietary Medicines!

TAYLOR'S EDINBURGH COUGH LOZENGES prepared from the Prescription of Prof. CHRISTISON, Royal College Physicians, Edinburgh.

TAYLOR'S CHOLERA CORDIAL SYRUP, for CHOLERA, DYSENTERY, Diarrhœa, Cramp and Spasm of the Stomach and Bowels. *Safe, Cheap, and Reliable.*

CHISWELL'S PECTORAL BALSAM! a celebrated preparation for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, &c., &c., for sale, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, at No. 63 Barrington Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS, FAMILY RECIPES, &c., carefully dispensed with the PUREST and BEST DRUGS, &c., and are duly registered and numbered.

N. B.—No per centage allowed Physicians for their Prescriptions by

HENRY A. TAYLOR.

E. O. HUGHES & CO.

35 Dock Street, - - St. John, N. B.

IMPORTERS OF

ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN

FANCY GOODS,

Jewelry, Cutlery, Toys, Musical Instruments, &c.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

BISHOP & EVANS,

(Successors to T. Wesley & J. H. Murphy,)

HALIFAX MARBLE WORKS.

DEALERS AND **Manufacturers in**

Foreign and American

MARBLE.

MARBLE MANTLES of any design with or without Grates.

Monumental and Church Work,

in all its branches, executed in

MARBLE, FREESTONE AND GRANITE.

Obelisks, Head Stones, Tablets, Grave Marks, Tomb Tables, &c.; Church Fonts, Mural Tablets, &c., in best Marble, from latest designs, and in most approved Style and finish, at Lowest possible rates.

FURNITURE AND PLUMBERS' SLABS.

☞ Country orders punctually and personally attended to.

BISHOP & EVANS,

Nos. 73 and 75 Barrington Street,

HALIFAX. N. S.

MARGESON'S
CALCULIFUGE.

IF YOU ARE SUFFERING, TRY IT!

Cure for GRAVEL, STONE in the Bladder, DROPSY, and all DISEASES of the Kidneys.

The Proprietors have (after finding the real value of the above medicine) been induced to place it on sale at Brown Bros., and Avery, Brown & Co's, but not before they can testify to it being the sole means of curing about 200 persons and several Horses.

DIRECTIONS.

Place the contents of the Package in an earthen vessel, and pour one Quart of Boiling water on it, steep twenty minutes, not allowing it to boil, and strain when steeped. Take one wine-glass full each morning, noon and night.

In all ordinary cases one package is sufficient, except for beast, when two or three may be required. It will cure all the above Diseases in man or beast. The proprietors would be thankful for the name and address of any person who has suffered a long time and been cured by taking this Medicine.

Mr. R. C. Margeson,—

DEAR SIR:—Feeling it my duty to express my gratitude for the efficacy of your valuable Medicine as a sure and safe cure for the Gravel and Stone in the Bladder, I do not hesitate to recommend it to all who may be afflicted with the same distressing complaint. I suffered for four years, and spent a great deal of money. After hearing of your Medicine I was induced to try it. I took four bottles, and the result was that I passed some dozens of stones, small and large, and in four weeks was well, and continue to be so. You are at liberty to use this in any advertisement you see fit.

JAMES DOYLE,
Bedford, Halifax Co., N. S.

Mr. R. C. Margeson,—

DEAR SIR:—Permit me to contribute my mede of praise for your valuable Medicine as a cure for the Gravel. I only used one bottle, and in less than one week I was perfectly cured of that most distressing complaint. I shall feel great pleasure in forwarding the merits of your medicine to any I may meet who are troubled with the same complaint. You are at liberty to insert the above in any advertisement you see proper.

WM. JOHNS, *Engineer*,
Halifax, N. S.

"DOWN EAST,"

January, 1873.

Where to Go! What to See! And how to do it!

A GUIDE TO TRAVEL

IN THE

MARITIME PROVINCES.

The Road! the Rail! the River!

FISHING, HUNTING, BOATING, SHOPPING,

Scenery, Legend, Anecdote,

Hotels, Time Tables, &c.

In the January (1873) edition, will be found the corrected Time Tables of all the Lower Provinces Railways.

H. CHUBB & CO., Printers, 65 Prince William Street,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

For sale at all Bookstores and on all Lines of Railways in the Maritime Provinces.

E. T. C. KNOWLES,

Attorney and Barrister-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c.,

OFFICE: 106 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

P. FITZPATRICK,

CABINET MAKER,

No. 38 Princess Street, - - - Saint John, N. B.

PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and OFFICE FURNITURE, manufactured to order by experienced workmen.

D. E. DUNHAM, Architect.

DESIGNER OF

All classes of Public and Private Buildings, &c.

HAVING a thorough practical knowledge of Constructive Architecture, the Subscriber is enabled to DRAW DESIGNS, and furnish reliable estimates to suit any outlay in building.

OFFICE: 1 and 2 Bayard's Building, (106 Prince William Street,) St John, N. B.

ROBERT B. EMERSON,

GENERAL DEALER IN

Cook, Shop, Hall and Parlor STOVES; STOVE PIPE, Plain and Russian Iron; COAL HODS; TINWARE, and a general assortment of Kitchen Furnishing Goods.

No. 5 CANTERBURY STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B

HARNESS MANUFACTORY.

GEORGE MURDOCH, 159 Union Street,

Dealer in all kinds of Harness, in the Latest American styles.

WHIPS, BRUSHES, CURRY COMBS, &c., always on hand. Strict attention paid to Repairing' Cleaning, and Oiling old Harness, &c.

G. MURDOCH, 159 Union Street, Saint John, N. B.

FLEMING & MACREDIE,

PLUMBERS AND GAS-FITTERS,

No. 22 Princess Street,

(OPPOSITE THE SAVINGS BANK,)

JOHN FLEMING,
ROBT. C. MACREDIE, } ***ST. JOHN, N. B.***

F. B. MARTER, Chemist and Druggist,

81 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in DRUGS, MEDICINES, Perfumery, Soaps, Brushes, Combs, Cigars, Cool Soda Water, Syrups, &c.

Ships' Medicine Chests carefully fitted up. Prescriptions carefully compounded.

J. D. MARSTERS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,

Corner King and Germain Streets,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO ENLARGING AND COPYING OLD PICTURES.

WALES & GREEN,

BRASS FOUNDERS,

Paradise Row, Portland, St. John, N. B.

The Subscribers are prepared to manufacture, at short notice, and on reasonable terms:

SHIPS' RUDDER BRACES, BUTT BOLTS, CLINCH RINGS,

HINGES,

Tiller Fittings, of all patterns; Patent Roller Bushes, of all sizes;

In short, every description of BRASS WORK, required for fitting out vessels, made in a superior manner. Also:

MILL CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

Globe and Gauge Cocks,

ROUGH AND FINISHED, ALL SIZES AND STYLES;

OIL CUPS AND LUBRICATORS, with the latest improvements; WATER CLOSET FITTINGS, WATER and GAS FITTINGS, COUPLINGS, &c.

RAILWAY CAR BUSHES, babbitted with our Patent Metal, which is warranted superior to any other ever used for the same purpose.

WALES & GREEN,
Paradise Row, Portland, Saint John, N. B.

THOMAS LUNNEY & Co.,

CLOTHIERS,

No. 3 King Street, - - - Saint John, N. B.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY SOLICITED.

Samples of Cloth and Directions for Self-Measure will be sent FREE on application.

Send along your Orders.

THOMAS LUNNEY & Co.

David McAlpine,

ADVERTISING AGENT,

100 *Granville Street,*

HALIFAX, N. S.

1873. MARCH 1873.

Great Cash Inducements!

S. HOWARD & SON,

HOLLIS STREET,

Will offer, during the month, THE GREATEST BARGAINS in

BLACK LYONS SILKS,

FANCY DRESS MATERIALS, and

GRAY & WHITE SHIRTINGS,

EVER KNOWN IN HALIFAX!

☞ A Bankrupt Stock of BLACK SILKS,
40 per cent. under price.

☞ 372 PLAIN CASHMERE SHAWLS, $1 25, worth $2 00.

☞ 23,000 yds. Gray and White SHIRTINGS,
25 per cent. under price.

Goods are now ready for inspection.

☞ **ALL CREDIT ACCOUNTS ARE FOREVER CLOSED.**

S. HOWARD & SON, Hollis Street.

Excellence with Economy.

SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP WITH LOW PRICES.

E. HOWARD & Co.,

TAILORS, CLOTHIERS,

AND OUTFITTERS,

185 HOLLIS STREET,

HAVE RECEIVED AND ARE NOW SHOWING MANY CHEAP LOTS OF GOODS FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS IN

Scotch Cheviot Suits, from	**$15 00**
Black Dress Suits, from	**20 00**
All Wool Tweed Pants, from	**4 00**
12 Ribbed Silk Umbrellas (Superior Quality) from	**2 50**
Reversible Rubber Coats,	**2 50**

TIES, SCARFS, COLLARS AND GLOVES AT VERY LOW RATES.

E. HOWARD & CO,
185 Hollis Street.

Old No. 131] Old No. 131]

145 Granville Street,

J. B. BENNETT,

MANUFACTURING JEWELLER AND IMPORTER OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS,

JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS.

☞ The quality of all Articles warranted when sold. An immense Stock to select from. Job work in WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c., executed with punctuality and neatness. An endeavor to please never fails of success. Call and see.

CHARLES ROBSON & Co.,

OLD NO. 11, NEW NO. 185,

GRANVILLE STREET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

IMPORTERS OF

SILKS, SHAWLS, LYONS VELVETS,

MANTLES, MILLINERY, DRESS GOODS,

HOSIERY, GLOVES, SILK UMBRELLAS, &c.,

and a full Stock of Staple and Fancy

D R Y G O O D S,

Wholesale and Retail.

PEILER, SICHEL & Co.,

141 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

PIANOS.

STEINWAY & SONS, HAINES BROS.,

CHICKERING & SONS, VOSE & SONS.

Mason & Hamlin's, Geo. A. Prince & Co.'s

ORGANS.

Sheet Music and Musical Merchandize.

E. PEILER & BROTHER, St. John, N. B. S. SICHEL & Co., Quebec.

MAYFLOWER COLOGNE!

An elegant Perfume.

BROWN BROTHERS & Co., Halifax.

PRICE'S GLYCERINE CREAM,

FOR CHAPPED HANDS, &c.

BROWN BROTHERS & Co., Halifax.

BROWN'S

Concentrated Flavoring Extracts,

AND

FRUIT ESSENCES.

RELIABLE! PURE! STRONG! DELICATE!

BROWN BROTHERS & Co.,

Halifax, N. S.

P274.1

No. 4. Vol. I.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY,

A MAGAZINE

OF

Literature, Science, and Art.

APRIL, 1873.

CONTENTS:

	Page		Page
Two Problems in Social Statics,..	289	Philip Blair,.....	341
A Plot within a Plot,.....	301	Statistics of Nova Scotia,.....	353
The Catacombs of Rome,.....	310	The English in Ireland, ...	359
A Tour through Danderville,.....	324	An Editor's Trials,.....	375
The Gloamin' Hour,.....	337	Current Events,.....	378

J. & A. McMILLAN, ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. & W. MACKINLAY, 123 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.
DAWSON BROS., Montreal.

$3.00 per Annum in Advance.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS, SUCH AS COUGHS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

AMONG the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effectual remedy for all diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS. A vast trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of CONSUMPTION, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing COUGHS, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence: and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome INFLUENZA and painful BRONCHITIS, when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Sole Agency for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia,

H. L. SPENCER,

MEDICAL WAREHOUSE, 20 NELSON STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

GENERAL PATENT MEDICINE AGENCY FOR THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

MR. SPENCER would call the especial attention of Country Merchants and Consumers to a general assortment of PATENT MEDICINES, FANCY ARTICLES and TOILET GOODS, which by particular arrangements with the Manufacturers, he is enabled to supply to Dealers on the most FAVORABLE TERMS.

☞ *Correspondence and Orders solicited.*

No. 4.—Vol. I.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY,

A MAGAZINE

OF

Literature, Science, and Art.

APRIL, 1873.

J. & A. McMILLAN, SAINT JOHN, N. B.
A. & W. MACKINLAY, 123 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.
DAWSON BROS., MONTREAL.
1873.

W. MYERS GRAY,

Broker and Solicitor, &c.,

139 HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

Attends to the Sale & Purchase of Stocks, Shares & Debentures.

ALSO, TO SELLING AND LETTING HOUSES, LANDS AND PREMISES.

Collects Rents, Debts, and other monies on Commission, and makes prompt returns.

AGENT

For the Sale of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company's 7.30 Gold Bonds.

And for the Sale of the P. E. Island Government Debentures in Nova Scotia.

WILLIAM CROWE,

133 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

GENERAL AGENT FOR THE

"RAYMOND" SEWING MACHINES,

FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING.

PRICES FROM $15 AND UPWARDS.

THE excellent reputation these Machines have attained, renders it unnecessary to do anything in the way of puffing their merits. The subscriber claims to be the largest importer of SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES in these Provinces. Dealers will find it to their advantage to send for a Price List before purchasing elsewhere.

NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, BOBBINS, &c., &c., &c., for all kinds of Machines, always on hand. Also—TWIST, SILK, LINEN, COTTON, OILERS, OIL, &c., &c.

All kinds of SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED, ADJUSTED, and put in order promptly, and at reasonable charges.

MACHINES HIRED BY THE DAY OR WEEK.

CONTENTS OF APRIL NUMBER.

	PAGE
Two Problems in Social Statics.—I. Emigration from a European Stand-Point,	289
A Plot within a Plot,	301
The Catacombs of Rome,	310
A Tour through Danderville,	324
The Gloamin' Hour,	337
Philip Blair	341
Statistics of Nova Scotia,	353
The English in Ireland,	359
An Editor's Trials,	375
Current Events,	378

R. T. MUIR & Co.,

Wholesale and Retail Booksellers

AND

Manufacturing Stationers,

139 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

IN STOCK—

Every Description of Writing and Blank Book Papers.

PRINTING PAPERS, all Qualities and Sizes, White and Colored.

Printers INKS, all colors.

CARDS AND CARD-BOARDS.

Being the largest Importers of ROOM PAPERS in the Lower Provinces, we can afford to offer superior advantages to those who may favor us with their patronage.

WM. STAIRS, SON & MORROW,

HALIFAX, N. S.

Merchants and Importers of

Cordage, Canvas, Chain Cables, & Anchors.

BAR AND BOLT IRON, COPPER BARS AND SHEETS.

Muntz Metal Company's Bars and Sheathing.

NETS, LINES, AND TWINES,

White Lead, Paints and Linseed Oil.

DARTMOUTH ROPEWORK COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CORDAGE and OAKUM.

☞ Address D. R. W. C., Halifax, N. S.

JOHN F. STAIRS, Manager.

THE MARITIME MONTHLY.

THE Proprietors have determined to make this a First Class Magazine. Writers of known ability in the Provinces are engaged to supply Sketches, Tales, Serials, etc.

Persons having suitable original Tales, Sketches, etc., are requested to forward them addressed to "The Editor Maritime Monthly, Saint John, N. B.," for approval, with the price. If approved, remittance will be made on publication; if not, manuscript will be held to order of the author.

The favour with which the Maritime Monthly has been received gives assurance of success.

WE might select articles of greater merit than those which we publish. It is our aim however to make the Magazine, as much as possible, a medium of original Canadian thought, and with distinct provincial characteristics. Our readers will not do us the injustice of comparing our efforts with the Essays of Eclectics culled from the literature of the world. It is to be hoped also that they will allow for the difference of price and circulation. Thirty-five cents should give more reading than twenty-five; and the hundred thousand subscribers of an established Magazine will bring a revenue which will enable the publisher to give an amount of valuable material to which one with, as yet, but a Provincial field, and *comparatively* small circulation, cannot at once attain. With a steadily increasing list of subscribers, however, we shall soon be in a position to enlarge our Magazine, and thus to find room, not only for the best native talent, but for very excellent matter, of general interest to our readers.

In this issue we commence another Serial respecting School Life in the Dominion, which will be read by all boys, and all who ever were boys.

We have to apologize to our readers for the length of the articles in this and former numbers, and would impress on our contributors the virtue of brevity.

Advertisements and other business matters may be arranged with Mr. David McAlpine, Halifax, N. S., or his accredited agents.

To Agents we propose the following terms:

For $10 we will send four copies to one address for one year.
" 18 " " eight " " " " "
" 25 " " twelve " " " " "
" 40 " " twenty " " " " "

Subscribers in St. John and vicinity will confer a favor by paying their subscriptions to J. & A. McMillan, St. John, N. B.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

IS CALLED TO

J. B. ELLIOT & Co's

Mantle Department.

NEWEST STYLE OF MANTLE CLOTHS

kept constantly on hand.

MANTLES made to order in the most Fashionable Styles.

A CHOICE STOCK OF MILLINERY ALWAYS ON HAND.

182 and 184 Granville Street,

HALIFAX, N. S.

JOHN HERBIN,

WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER,

191 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

Importer of and Dealer in all kinds

CLOCKS, GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,

JEWELRY

of every description kept constantly on hand.

Manufacturing and Repairing done at shortest notice and warranted to give general satisfaction.

CHARGES MODERATE.

GEO. DAVIDSON & CO,

WHOLESALE IMPORTERS OF

CHINA, GLASS, and EARTHENWARE,

CUTLERY, FANCY GOODS,

ELECTRO-PLATE WARE,

ORNAMENTS, LUSTRES, &c.,

79 UPPER WATER STREET,

(*Head Commercial Wharf,*)

HALIFAX, N. S.

J. & A. M'MILLAN,

Book and General Job Printers,

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS,

AND BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

78 Prince William Street,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

☞ Being provided with Steam Power, excellent Presses, and every requisite for promptly executing all work entrusted to our care, we are prepared to guarantee satisfaction.

☞ Particular attention given to orders from the country, and work speedily forwarded by express.

(ESTABLISHED A. D. 1840.) (ESTABLISHED A. D. 1840.)

M. S. BROWN & CO.,

Jewellers and Silversmiths,

128 GRANVILLE STREET, ... HALIFAX, N. S.

OFFER A COMPLETE STOCK OF FIRST CLASS GOODS IN THEIR LINE.

Fine Gold Jewellery.

Elegant Suites of BRACELET, BROOCH and EARRINGS.
Rich Opera, Guard, Brooch, Albert and Neck CHAINS, &c.
A superb assortment of Ladies' Gem RINGS.
Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, Opal, Pearl, &c., including all the newest designs.
GOLD, WEDDING, and GUARD RINGS,
The new *Patent Safety Shield*, an elegant addition to a Lady's or Gent's Chain, rendering it impossible to be lost with one of these attached.
Our assortment of LOCKETS, STUDS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, SCARF PINS, GENTS' RINGS and the various small articles incident to a general Stock, will be found very complete.

M. S. BROWN & Co.,
Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

WATCHES.

First class English Patent Lever and Swiss WATCHES. Self-winders and other styles, from noted makers.
An especially good assortment of Ladies' Hunting and Open-Faced WATCHES in Engraved, Chased and Enamelled Cases. Really Good SILVER WATCHES are also offered at very moderate prices.

M. S. BROWN & Co.,
Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

STERLING SILVER-WARE.

A Stock of Table, Dessert and Tea SPOONS, Table and Dessert Forks, &c., &c., of our own manufacture, always on hand at lowest rates,
The highest price given for old SILVER in cash or exchange.

M. S. BROWN & Co.,
Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

ELECTRO-PLATED GOODS.

SPECIAL TO HOUSEKEEPERS, HOTEL AND BOARDING HOUSE PROPRIETORS.

Our Stock will be found most complete and includes everything needful for Table use.
Rich and elegant Tea and Coffee SERVICES, WAITERS, EPERGNES, FRUIT STANDS, BERRY DISHES, CRUET FRAMES, ICE PITCHERS, BUTTER COOLERS, &c., &c.
Our E. P. Spoons, Forks, Ladles, &c., by the test of actual wear over a series of years, are favorably known throughout the Province, and have proved a perfect substitute for Silver at a very moderate cost.
An unequalled stock of Plated Table, Tea and Dessert Knives and Fish Eating Knives and Forks.
Finest quality Steel Table CUTLERY, with superior Ivory handles suitable to use with Silver or Plated Forks.

M. S. BROWN & Co., Granville Street, Halifax.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. I. APRIL, 1873. No. 4.

TWO PROBLEMS IN SOCIAL STATICS.

I.—Emigration, from a European Stand-Point.

THE question of Emigration is too many-sided to think of treating it exhaustively in one or two periodical articles; all we shall at present attempt, therefore, is to set forth some aspects in which it is not generally regarded, and to express in passing the regret which we feel in common, doubtless, with many others, that more attention is not paid to a subject which so intimately affects the future well-being of this Continent and the Continent of Europe, as well as the growth of civilization all over the world. The phenomena connected with the migratory movements of mankind, and the laws in accordance with which those movements take place, when viewed in their deeper and more philosophical aspects, are equally worthy of attention, whether considered with reference to the over-populated lands of Western Europe, the future occupancy of the American Continent, or the ethnical distribution of man over the yet unoccupied tracts of the earth's surface. A large part of America, both North and South, is still unpeopled except by the nomadic savage and the fur-trapper; and as it would require many generations to elapse before it could be filled up with the descendants of the races at present inhabiting it, it must be to a large extent peopled by immigrants from other lands. The question then of foremost importance to us, not only with respect to the future moral, political, social and intellectual condition of our country and our continent, but still more with reference to the future destinies of the great mass of

the world's population is, by whom shall our vacant territories be occupied? Shall we endeavor to bring in the vigorous and progressive races of Western Europe to lay the foundation of future moral and intellectual greatness; or shall we abandon what remains of our virgin soil, our primeval forests, and our vast prairies and pampas to effete, immobile, unprogressive and, worst of all, unintellectual and immoral Orientalism, as represented by the "Heathen Chinee?" This is one problem in Social Statics for which a solution will speedily be required.

The other, and that to which we shall at present direct attention, is the terrible incubus of pauperism, which weighs down the energies and prevents the progress of more than one country in Europe, but which is perhaps most seriously felt in Great Britain and Ireland, especially the latter—an incubus so far fatalistic in its character, inasmuch as it can be shown to be to a large extent due to the normal operation of the natural laws under which we live and move and have our being. These are our two problems, and we trust to be able to show that a proper estimate of the philosophy of emigration will furnish the only satisfactory solution for both.

Pauperism, like all other great evils which afflict humanity, in its aggregate or social aspect, is the product of many forces at work to produce it as their effect. It is, no doubt, largely due to intemperance, improvidence, the absence or excessive weakness of the effective desire of accumulation of the results of labour, the consequent absence of that propensity to save which is necessary for the increase of capital, a low standard of life with respect to its necessaries, and still more with respect to its comforts and conveniences, a low moral and intellectual tone among the working classes, and other causes too numerous to specify, much less to expatiate upon here. It may be noticed, however, in passing, that all these causes of pauperism are removable in some way or other, and therefore we may expect that in so far as its existence depends upon theirs, their removal will carry along with it a diminution of the evil complained of. The power of intemperance, *e. g.*, may be curtailed by the diffusion of a more correct scientific knowledge of the nature of stimulants and narcotics of all kinds, their deleterious influence, and the inevitable fatality attending their use; improvidence may be diminished, and the effective desire of accumulation increased, by doing away with cottier and other objec-

tionable systems of tenure of land, and by abolishing such restrictions as the laws of entail and primogeniture impose on the transfer of real estate in most European countries; and the whole standard of life may be permanently raised, and the moral and intellectual status of the community permanently improved by the more complete diffusion of a sound education, physical as well as moral and intellectual, among the masses.

It is manifest, therefore, that all these causes of pauperism of which we have spoken, as well as others which have not been specified, are adventitious and removable, not fixed and necessary in their character. But there is one cause which must be placed in the second category, which is altogether, in the last resort at least, beyond the control of the masses to counteract, and beyond the effort of the reformer and philanthropist to neutralize,—one whose effects may be retarded, indeed, but which must, in the end, prevail over every barrier opposed to it. The human race, and indeed the whole animal kingdom, exists under the dominion of a law, absolute as a decree of fate, stern and relentless as a fiat of doom,—a law, the discovery of which by Malthus towards the close of last century has revolutionized the whole science of Political Economy, opened up new views of humanity and of the conditions and limitations under which it exists, and furnished to earnest inquirers a key for the successful solution of some of the most difficult problems in social statics, many of which had, before that time, presented insuperable obstacles to human progress and the amelioration of the evils which afflict society in densely peopled countries. The law itself may be thus succinctly stated: "*The capacity of the human race for increasing in numbers is greater than its power of multiplying the means of subsistence;*—in other words; *the ratio of increase of mouths to be filled is greater (potentially, if not actually) than the greatest possible ratio of increase of the food to fill them.*" Of course there are circumstances in which the operation of the law is scarcely felt, as, for instance, in a country which is in actual process of settlement, like Canada or the United States. Its effects only become in any degree noticeable when population becomes dense, and when the demand for food has brought into requisition very inferior agricultural land. But that it always and everwhere exists is shewn by the rapid increase of population in new countries compared with those which are older and more thickly peopled. And in process

of time even America will begin to feel the pressure caused by its operation, as European countries now do.

Of the full exposition of the above law given in Mill's Political Economy we shall avail ourselves by quoting a passage or two in which the principle is stated with remarkable clearness and conciseness; and we have the more satisfaction in doing so, because we may have occasion, before closing, to dissent from more than one of the author's conclusions on points of great importance. Speaking of the law of the increase of production from land, Mill says: *

After a certain, and not very advanced stage in the progress of agriculture, it is the law of production from the land, that in any given state of agricultural skill and knowledge, by increasing the labor the produce is not increased in an equal degree; doubling the labor does not double the produce; or, to express the same thing in other words, every increase of produce is obtained by a more than proportional increase in the application of labor to the land. †

Again he says in the same part of his work, when speaking of the limit to the increase of production arising from the weakness of the effective desire of accumulation:

In these countries (*i. e.* where neither the spirit of industry nor the desire of accumulation need any encouragement) there would never be any deficiency of capital, if its increase were never checked or brought to a stand by a diminution of its returns. It is the tendency of the returns to a progressive diminution, which causes the increase of production to be often attended with a deterioration in the condition of the producers; and this tendency, which would in time put an end to increase of production altogether, is a result of the necessary and inherent conditions of production from land.

And yet once more in the same connection he remarks:

In all countries which have passed beyond a rather early stage in the progress of agriculture, every increase in the demand for food, occasioned by increased population, will always, unless there is a simultaneous improvement in production, diminish the share which, on a fair division, would fall to each individual. An increased production, in default of unoccupied tracts of fertile

* "Principles of Political Economy," Bk. I., Ch. 12.

† By "land," Mill means all the powers of nature in conjunction with which human labor is able to produce the means of life: *e. g.*, mines, fisheries, &c., as well as arable land.

land, or of fresh improvements tending to cheapen commodities, can never be obtained but by increasing the labor in more than the same proportion. The population must work harder or eat less, or obtain the usual food by sacrificing a part of their customary comforts. From this results the important corollary, that the necessity of restraining population is not, as many persons believe, peculiar to a condition of great inequality of property. A greater number of people cannot, in any given state of civilization, be collectively so well provided for, as a smaller. The niggardliness of nature, not the injustice of society, is the cause of the penalty attached to over-population. An unjust distribution of wealth does not even aggravate the evil, but, at most, causes it to be somewhat earlier felt. It is in vain to say that all mouths which the increase of mankind calls into existence bring with them hands. The new mouths require as much food as the old ones, and the hands do not produce as much.

The logical inference from this statement of the law of increase of population and food is, that, supposing a country to be completely isolated from the rest of the world, the time must come when no one would be able to procure more than the mere necessaries of life; with the further increase of population, less than the requisite amount, even of these, would fall to the lot of each individual; and further increase would be arrested by death. It is not by any means contended that the actual limit has yet been reached in any European country; but long before that limit is even approached the pressure of the law must be severely felt, and its consequences to all the lower strata of society must be practically the same as they would be to society as a whole, provided wealth were equally distributed and the absolute limit were reached. In other words: in densely populated countries pauperism and mortality are the inevitable results of its operation on the working classes. The principal reason why the limit has not as yet been reached even in Europe is that improvements in agriculture, and still more in manufactures, have been so rapidly multiplied within the last half century, that the increased facilities for production have more than kept pace with the increase of population. But that this remedy or countervailing principle must be regarded as adventitious and transient, in Britain, at least, is manifest from the fact that her manufactures and commerce are so intimately connected with her mineral wealth, which is so far from being even practically inexhaustible that the operation of the law of increase of production with respect to coal and iron is even now

being seriously and increasingly felt, as the depth of mines increases or their richness diminishes.

Two remedies for over-population are discussed by Mill, the importation of food from abroad, and emigration to other lands, both of which, and especially the latter, he seems greatly to undervalue. His favorite remedy is, restraint imposed on the increase of population, either by public opinion, or by the operation of a higher standard of life, which would make parents averse to bringing into the world a progeny so numerous that the effort to support them would lower their own social status, or even prevent it from rising; or would hinder them from bequeathing to their children such a patrimony that their social position would not necessarily be any worse than that of their parents. That such a motive, however, must long remain comparatively inoperative, is manifest, even when the question is regarded *a priori*, for the natural impulses of humanity are too powerful to admit of being efficiently controlled by mere prudential considerations. For a clever statement of the argument on this point, in a popular form, we cannot do better than refer to the chapter entitled "Malthus and Man," in that pungent satire "Ginx's Baby;" and, indeed, to the whole series of Mr. Jenkins' books — including both "Little Hodge," and "Lord Bantam," and the paper entitled "Two Solutions" published in Fraser's Magazine for April, 1871.

It has already been remarked, that we might predicate futility of Mill's remedy, even when we consider the question theoretically; it certainly appears no less futile when regarded in the light of actual facts. The fecundity of the race is most strikingly manifested in those strata of society where the individual has no social position to lose, as the penalty for having too large a progeny to support, and where he has no hope of ever gaining a respectable position, even if he has none but himself to care for. The prudential considerations, therefore, so urgently insisted on by Mill, could not possibly operate here; and it would seem to follow that if they operated anywhere it could only be where their operation would be detrimental, for they would act as a check on the growth of population, just where rapid increase is desirable, and where there is provided for the new comers the means both of subsistence and education, while it would leave uncontrolled that growth where there exists neither the one nor the other.

Admitting, then, the validity of the objection brought by Mill

against the importation of food as a remedy for over-population, on the ground that it must always prove too precarious to be relied on, it follows that emigration must be resorted to, in order to carry off the annual surplus population. It is futile to raise any question as to the possibility of conducting systematic emigration to any desired extent, while so much of the habitable and even the fertile portions of the earth's surface is still unoccupied. It is manifestly to the interest of every country which has a government to support, to be able to distribute the public burdens on as many shoulders as possible; we would naturally expect, therefore, to see the different countries of America, vieing with each other in their efforts to draw immigrants to their shores, and in the inducements offered for the purpose of attracting them. Such has long been the case with Canada and the United States, and with Australia and New Zealand, as well; and more lately it seems that Brazil is moving with such extraordinary energy in the matter that she is likely to prove a formidable competitor to the above-mentioned countries, in the labor markets of Europe. There are special reasons, obvious to all, why each Province of the Dominion of Canada, should seek to encourage immigration to itself, since both the number of representatives it sends to the House of Commons, and the annual subsidy it receives from the Dominion treasury depend on the number of its inhabitants. As might have been expected, therefore, the years which have elapsed since the inauguration of Confederation have been characterised by an activity in the furtherance of immigration unprecedented in Canadian history, while the new schemes, already perfected or only projected, bid fair to perpetuate and even extend the movement. Nor can the Mother Country afford to regard with indifference, a question so intimately affecting herself, as well as her Colonies. Considering the desirability of increasing the population of the latter, with a view to extending the market for British manufactured goods, it would be a good commercial speculation for the Imperial Government to devote special attention and some expenditure of means to the furthering of a systematic scheme of emigration, even if the relief to be experienced by the removal of the incubus of pauperism were left out of the calculation altogether. We shall yet see that a liberal emigration policy is still more urgently demanded, in view of entirely different considerations. Meanwhile it may be asked, if all, or more than all, of the annual

increase of British population could be carried off by emigration, thereby relieving the Mother Country of its burdens, and enriching her at the same time, improving the Colonies, and spreading civilization over the world, where is the need of imposing any restraint, either legal or moral, either natural or artificial on the production of population? The evil consequences of such restraints — even if they could be made effectual, and they would be all the more detrimental the more effectual they were — will appear much more clearly when we come to discuss the question of Chinese immigration into America.

It may not be amiss to inquire briefly what some of the causes are which have hitherto hindered a more abundant stream of population from flowing to America, whilst a vast annual expenditure is incurred by European countries in supporting their pauper population in comparative idleness. Generally speaking, those who would like to emigrate, or could be induced to do so, are unable for want of means; while those who have enough to enable them to emigrate, are apt to think they have enough to maintain them where they are. For this reason it has been found necessary to provide for paying a small bonus to the emigrant, the money, in some cases, being expended in actually paying his passage out, in others, in reimbursing him for the outlay he has incurred by paying for it himself. While the Provinces of Canada might profitably do a great deal in this way, surely it would be a much more sensible method of curing the evils of pauperism for the Imperial Government to supply those who wish to go with the necessary funds, than to expend them in keeping thousands of idlers preying on the vitals of the community. It requires no great sagacity to see that the money wisely spent by any particular Province in promoting immigration, must of necessity be restored to it by means of an increased annual subsidy from the Dominion treasury; and it is just as apparent that any Province which falls relatively behind the others in the ratio of increase, even though absolutely progressing, must suffer pecuniary loss. Neither is it difficult to see that money well spent by the Dominion Government in increasing the population of the whole of the Confederated Provinces collectively is very speedily and directly restored to the exchequer. Whether wisely or unwisely, this country has adopted the indirect mode of raising its revenue, not a single dollar being contributed to the Dominion treasury in the shape of

direct taxation. So long, therefore, as this method of financing is continued, and there seems to be no prospect of its being speedily abandoned, every immigrant coming to our shores has a distinct money value as a contributor to the general revenue. Every imported article which he either wears or consumes helps to decrease the burdens of the community by the duty it pays, while he himself, if orderly and law-abiding, adds nothing to the expenses of Government. Surely then, if it is so clearly to the advantage of the Mother Country to get rid of her surplus population, of the Dominion of Canada to add to the number of its inhabitants, and of the separate Provinces to increase the proportion which their respective populations bear to that of the whole Dominion, it is nothing less than suicidal to remain apathetic on a question of such surpassing importance, when, by a little properly directed and combined effort, so much might easily be done. Indifference in this matter is little short of criminal, and it is sad to see so much of the time, the money and the intellect of both countries spent in wrangling over questions which are of infinitely less consequence in their relation to the public weal, while comparatively little is done towards supplementing the voluntary efforts of philanthropic societies and individuals in furnishing aid to intending emigrants.

One reason for the apathy respecting emigration, which is so apparent in England, is the misconception which prevails regarding the real cause of the pauperism which afflicts the country. Some attribute it far too exclusively to vice and improvidence among the working classes, potent auxiliary agents, no doubt, in bringing about the state of affairs complained of, but only auxiliary ones after all. Some, like the late Dr. Chalmers, attribute it to the operation of the poor laws, and there can be little doubt that these have a most mischievous effect, though all English political economists seem to think their repeal impracticable for the present. Very few, apparently, have been able to realise fully the importance of the law we have indicated above, and the part it plays in creating a pauper population and keeping its ranks recruited. Even those who fully appreciate the results of this law of population are too apt, as in the case of Mill, to resort to advice which cannot, and, under the circumstances, ought not to be followed, instead of directing public attention to the only true remedy, the encouragement of emigration. The ultimate and far-reaching consequences of placing any restraint on the increase of

population in Europe can only be clearly seen when we remember that there is no such restraint exercised in Asia, and that the surplus population of Asia is even now competing with that of Europe for the possession of the American Continent.

But the most powerful opposition to the carrying out of any liberal scheme for promoting emigration comes from the capitalists of the Mother Country and those who speak in their behalf. This has been made more clearly apparent than ever by the conduct of the upper classes during the late agricultural strike in the South of England, when even a prominent dignitary of the Established Church went out of his way to declare himself in favor of using the harshest measures towards those who were goaded into social insurrection by a state of affairs and a condition of life outrageously oppressive almost beyond credibility. It is not difficult to understand why the ruling classes in England should oppose emigration, since it would tend to diminish the supply of labor, raise the wages of employees, and diminish the profits of capital; but it is to be hoped that opposition based on a plea characterised by the most unmitigated selfishness will not long be allowed to stand in the way of a movement fraught with so much benefit to the masses.

A far more insidious argument against encouraging emigration is one which may by courtesy be granted the title of "patriotic," though such patriotism is of a very selfish, narrow and unenlightened kind. It is contended that the efflux of laborers will raise the wages of labor by diminishing the supply, that this must of necessity enhance the cost of production, and that Britain must be placed, relatively, at a disadvantage in the markets of the world. It is predicted that her commercial greatness, depending as it does, mainly on her manufactures and her mineral productions—these being so closely associated with cheap labor—will decline, as the enhanced cost of her goods enables other nations to undersell her, that her supremacy will soon vanish, and that she will sink rapidly to the rank of a third or fourth rate power in Europe, if, indeed, she has not reached that stage already. That there is much force in this reasoning, Englishmen are even now learning by experience, when the prices of coal and iron are rapidly increasing, through the diminution of the supply, caused by the operation of strikes and lock-outs. The whole plea might safely be admitted to be valid from the point of view of selfish

patriotism, if by patriotism be meant what the Manchester school of politicians by implication define it to be — a regard for the material prosperity of Great Britain, considered apart from her Colonial Empire. But this is far too narrow a ground to place the question upon, even when the Mother Country alone is taken into consideration. Surely the material prosperity of any country is of vastly less importance than the moral and intellectual status of its inhabitants, even if it did not depend so directly as it does on this latter; and surely the increase of the aggregate material wealth of any nation is of vastly less consequence than the allotment of a larger average share to each member of the community, thereby furnishing the means for elevating the standard of life, and for the physical, moral and intellectual improvement of the race. This tacit assumption, that rapidity in the increase of the gross wealth of the community is the true test of the prosperity of its condition, involves a most egregious fallacy, and one fatal to the attainment of anything like true views on the intricate questions propounded by Political Economy, and as we shall hereafter see, we find it constantly cropping out in the arguments of those who defend the importation of Chinese labor into America. Material wealth is not the *summum bonum* after which a nation ought to strive; nor is the ratio of increase of wealth the only, or even the most real criterion of advancing civilization. And if this is true of wealth as distributed, how much more will it be found to be the case when account is taken only of the growth of the wealth of the whole community, without any regard to the average share secured by the individual members of society.

We have already remarked that the objections to increased emigration prevalent in certain quarters in England, even if admitted to be perfectly valid from some points of view, rest on too narrow a basis to have much force. There is another and a greater Britain than the one bounded by the North Sea, the English Channel and the Atlantic Ocean. Many centuries ago the southern part of Italy was called "Græcia Major," as being the home of a larger number of Greeks than Greece herself. Following the precedent thus set, Sir Charles Dilke designates the British Colonies collectively by the title of "Greater Britain." There are some who would cut the cord which binds these communities to the mother land and cast them adrift on the political sea; and naturally enough we always find those who regard the

Colonies as a burden and a nuisance pretty closely associated with those who argue against the expediency of promoting emigration from England. The question, even from an Imperial standpoint is of far more striking significance than is commonly supposed. Unquestionably the days of cheap coal and iron are forever past in Britain, the former selling, at present, for more in London than it would bring at normal prices in New York. Britain's supremacy as a political power, depends so exclusively on her commerce and on her iron-clad fleet that even if she were relieved of all Colonial burdens, she can only retain that supremacy by means of cheap coal and iron. Divest her, therefore, of every dependency she owns and she will soon sink into insignificance in the councils of Europe. Even if it were true that the Colonies are burdensome, which we cannot admit, it would still be necessary for the Mother Country to bear the encumbrance cheerfully if she would retain the position she has long held, and which she will be loth to abandon. But surely some less ignominious fate must be in store for the great mother of nations than to sink in hopeless imbecility at the very moment when the demand for vigorous action is more irresistible than ever before. The time seems to be rapidly approaching when she must either make some efforts to keep her Colonies from drifting away from their moorings, or make up her mind to contend against her foes without the aid of the prestige which her Colonial Empire lends. Independence, in the case of some at least, would be only the precursor of annexation to foreign powers, who make even now no secret of their anxiety to gain possession of what would add so much to their importance and the deference with which they are treated in international councils. The true solution of this problem may perhaps be found in the much talked of scheme of Imperial Federalism; but whether it is or not, it can never be to the interest of England to see the vast uninhabited tracts of the earth's surface at present under her control, handed over to other nations for settlement. Whether Canada is to belong to Great Britain or the United States is of less consequence to Canada than to either of the others. But whatever be her ultimate destiny, and whether her fate is to be a type of what the future has in store for all the other Colonial possessions or not, it is manifest that the filling up of our vast areas by a population British in sentiment, if not by descent, cannot injure, and may greatly benefit the Mother Land. The dream of

the Imperial Federalist may as yet be nothing but a dream—may, indeed, never become anything else; and yet it may be perfectly true that conjuring up such splendid visions is quite as profitable and sensible as the ostrich-like policy of shutting our eyes to the dangers ahead of us, and then fancying that they have no existence because we do not see them.—WM. HOUSTON.

A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER figuring in the tableau we have described, our youthful hero, in the solitude of his apartment, had been agitated by a variety of conflicting emotions. The soft wings of Love had fluttered around him; the perfumed breath of the goddess had fanned his brow; her hand, half luring, half repelling, had held out the cup of her witching sorceries; and he, enchanted, delirious, had pressed the maddening draught to his lip. How did the nectar taste? It would have puzzled the youth to answer. A world, hitherto unknown, of blissful emotions, of ecstatic desires, stood revealed. With amazement, almost with terror, he surveyed the abysses of passion opening within him, whose door the skilful enchantress, at a word, at a breath, had thrown wide, like the "Open Sesame" of Arabian legend. And yet, underlying all, there was the uneasy suspicion that he had been practised upon, allured, duped, aye tricked into the surrender of the most precious gift that youth and innocence have to bestow—the first kiss of love!

That was an airy sprite that descended at the first summons of the breakfast-bell. But she would have looked less radiant, less triumphant, had she only known why the youth delayed, almost dreaded to appear! Had she but suspected what was now his revulsion of feeling: that the ardor of gratified desire had changed into wounded self-respect: that youth's jealousy of a woman's making the first advances was all aroused: that his fastidiousness now charged her with a want of true maidenly delicacy: had she

but known! But she suspected nothing of all this. And so it was with a proud consciousness of her beauty and its power that she now swept into the apartment, acknowledging with a graceful courtesy the high-bred salutation of her uncle, and the half-amused, half contemptuous *empressement* of her brother, as he hastened forward to lead her to a seat.

After an interval of impatient waiting on the part of the Colonel, Calvert made his appearance just as the former was pulling out his watch. Replacing the time-piece, with a pointed look at the tardy delinquent, his father remarked: "The company wait your convenience, sir. Assist your cousin to table." Awkward and *distrait* the youth advanced and did as desired, but at the pressure of the dainty fingers on his arm, his color came and went painfully. Little interested in the conversation that ensued, and scarce noticing the little coquetries by which Marie strove to engage his attention, he sat absorbed in his sombre meditations: but was at last aroused by the mention of a name—that of his friend of the morning. It was Delaval who spoke:

"The organization is more complete than the authorities are aware of. Even in this outlandish district they muster strong. Some of your own tenants are engaged in the movement, and, if report is to be trusted, the most active among them is one Bralligan, or some such name."

"My tenants! and Bralligan! my right-file on many a stiff fought field. Impossible!" broke in the Colonel testily. "No, no! If all the landowners were bound to their tenants by ties equally strong with those that bind my people to the house that for generations has never been tainted by an absentee, save when its head has led forth the flower of their youth to do battle for their country's flag; if the landowners were what they ought to be, *chiefs* in war, and *benefactors* in peace,—then, sir, there would be no talk of insurrection in Ireland for a thousand years to come."

"I appreciate the noble incredulity with which you receive my statements. But this very magnanimity renders all the more unpardonable that dastardly spirit of insubordination that would conspire to rend the hand that guarded the people in war, and to pierce the heart that would cherish them in peace."

"You talk well, Delaval," returned Ansdell, warmly, "but

you'll have to make out a far stronger case yet, before you'll get me to believe this of them. Why, when I got my commission—and, by the way, the poor old estate had to sweat for that—that's the time that cotton-man, what-d'ye-call-him? Sir Jute, bought the lands t'other side of the Dog's Nose, and ran up his bit of a Brummagem hotel. Well, when the boys down in the village yonder heard of it, didn't they list to a man—and Barney, that you talk about, at the head of them—'to follow the young master,' as they said, 'to the wars?' And follow they did, poor fellows, and shed their blood like water for the old flag, and their young Captain. And a pretty company they were. None of your heavy-gutted, big-bellied English clowns, but true sons of the old Celtic breed, whose fathers would have sliced off, without more ado, any unlucky warrior's paunch, if it stuck out an inch too far on parade. And do you mean to tell me there's a man of them all would lift a finger against me or mine? Why man, that day your father saved my life—and I wish you had seen him do it, boy!—it was some of my own lads I rallied round me when we charged into the thick of them. And they stuck by me like leeches till the last man of them was down. Didn't I see Barney himself spitting three Russians who were trying to bring me down, as cleverly as you could truss a woodcock? Do you think that's the breed to hatch conspirators and cut-throats out of?" And the Colonel, in his vehemence, brought down his fist with a force that made all ring again.

"I grant you, sir," replied the Frenchman, "that the facts you have mentioned, facts that redound equally to your own and to their honor, do give one side of the composite Celtic character. But that character is never proof against a sentiment. And a sentimental notion of independence, an insane idea of a regenerate, reconstructed, self-governed Ireland has taken possession of the mind of the nation. Set yourself in opposition to that prevalent sentiment of nationality, and those whose devotion risked life itself in your cause will be the first to rank among the 'tumblers,' who are even now conspiring to wipe you out as an 'obstruction.'"

"Pshaw, man! I gave you credit for more sense than to fly off into your French rhodomontade at this rate. I always knew the Gallic mind had an insane hankering after the sensational. But what incredible mare's nest is this next that your keen scent for

conspiracy has led you to run your nose into?" Nettled at his uncle's cutting rejoinder the Frenchman broke out:

"Laugh if you will, but the facts are the same. For weeks past midnight drilling has been going on under the direction of those who have enjoyed regular training in the army; particularly active among these is this person Bralligan. Arms, ammunition, accoutrements and money have been secretly introduced no later than three weeks ago. An American, suspected to be a deputy from the Central Bureau of the organization, is even now residing at the neighboring hotel. Everything is ripening for an outbreak. To you, the only resident landholder in the district, Government will look to stamp out the first sparks, that, if let alone, will kindle a conflagration."

"Why, how do you happen to know so much? *you*, a stranger in the country? Proof, man, proof;" said the uncle, with impatience.

"How I happen to know so much," continued the nephew, "concerns myself at present, and will all be made plain in due time. But, if you want proof, I point to your son. I suspect he knows more of this than he cares to avow. Ask him what was the object of his visit to this same Bralligan no further ago than this morning?"

The young man who with marked interest had listened to the discussion, now that all eyes were turned questioningly upon him, hung his head in confusion.

"Speak out, sir," said his father, sternly. "Do *you* know anything of all this?"

"Of all what, father?" answered Calvert, and the trouble was manifest in his eye. "What do you wish me to tell?"

"Anything, everything—about those midnight gatherings, and what not, that your cousin has been deafening us about."

"Midnight gatherings!" said the youth. I can't say anything about that, sir. As to my meeting Barney this morning, that's easily explained. I was out riding ——"

"Out riding!" interjected the Colonel. "You *can* ride then, eh? I hope you didn't hurt the horse."

"Not a mite, sir. You see the sand was soft; and he fell as easy as if it were a feather-bed. When Barney's dog came out barking at us, old Inkerman couldn't stand it. First he tried to bolt, and then reared and flung himself."

"Old Inkerman!" cried his father, profoundly mystified, for hitherto he had looked upon his son rather in the light of a milk-sop. "What the deuce made you back that horse? Would nothing else serve your turn but him?"

Seeing the good-humored twinkle in his father's eye, the boy added simply—

"I thought, being the oldest in the stable, he would go gently."

"Ha, ha! old Inkerman go gently! Come, that's not bad," laughed the Colonel in high glee. "It's a wonder you didn't get your neck broken for your impudence. There are few ever dared sit that horse but myself." And again a smile of gratified pride in his boy's daring belied the implied censure.

"But what about the conspiracy that you and Barney have been hatching between you? A pretty pair of conspirators you would make!"

Gathering courage from his father's evident partiality, the boy faced round defiantly on Delaval, saying—

"If Barney *did* say anything of conspiracy, he bade me look for it in a very different quarter from what Monsieur here would make out: and, any way, I wish him joy of all that beggar of a spy we chased has brought him."

A rapid glance was interchanged between the brother and sister, and in some confusion Delaval responded—

"Our young friend is pleased to talk in riddles this morning."

"There are more than he that have been talking riddles, I think," said the Colonel. "But how about your mare's nest now, Delaval?"

"Time will tell, Colonel," responded he, with a baleful glance at the youth.

"So you've taken to riding, boy," said his father, laying his hand kindly on the lad's shoulder. "Well, I suppose we'll have to find you something to try your mettle on."

And, at the word, the company rose.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was with a beating heart that Calvert followed his father to the stables. Unused to any demonstrations of regard on the part of his stern, self-contained parent, he could scarcely credit his senses when those few words of unmistakable kindness and interest

greeted his ears. His heart smote him too for the hidden way in which he had hitherto indulged his passion for riding. So plainly did his trepidation show itself that the groom, as he acknowledged the presence of his master by a pull at his forelock and a scrape of the leg, slily tipped the son a reassuring wink. Thus, having intimated that he was prepared for any emergency, and was resolved at all hazards to shield his young master, he stood with the stolid look an Irishman invariably assumes when placed in the witness box.

"Well, Larry," said his employer, "show us through the stables. I want to pick out a quiet, steady brute for this young cock-sparrow of mine. Inkerman is hardly the thing for a beginner."

"Thrue for yer haner!" replied Larry. "An' it's well the ould harse knows the smell of the thrue blood; for, barrin' yer worship's own flesh and blood, there's nivir another leg daur sthraddle him."

"Aye; so he thinks this springald here is a bit of the true blood then."

"Ye may say that, sir. Look at him backin' him, an' ye'd think he was born there. An' the knowin' brute 'ud twist round, an' snuff at his knee; an' if it wasn't the right scent, maybe he wouldn't have had the leg aff him at a scrunch, nayther?"

"Well, well! let us see what you have got that will suit better."

"Something quiet, did ye say, yer haner?" And passing into the stable, he led the way to a stall, where stood a new acquisition that had come in in the way of rent.

"Faix, now! an' there's the baste a suckin' babby cud handle."

His tongue thrust into his cheek, and a surreptitious dig with his elbow under Calvert's rib almost made the youth explode with laughter, for he knew the brute to be the most notorious breacher and bolter in the whole country round, utterly unmanageable by any of the recognised rules of horsemanship; never having been ridden, in fact, save by some ragged *gossoon*, bare-backed, and with a hair-rope twisted round its nose.

"Not much to look at, certainly," replied the Colonel, dubiously. "Good bottom, though, I dare say."

And in truth, though her looks were against her, to the practised eye there were the unmistakable tokens of good bone and blood. Long, lank and low-lying, ewe-necked and somewhat Roman-nosed, she was nevertheless well ribbed up, short in the

cannon-bone, sloping, but not too much, in the shoulders, ample in the chest, had a sneaking look about the eye, but plenty of hidden fire for all that,—in fact, she was just such a brute as would merit Larry's whispered encomium to Calvert:

"She's a deal better than she looks. There's not the mates of her in all Munster for a turf-dyke, or a bog, an' sure she'll bate a cat at climbin'. She's a spiteful divil though if ye chack her: so, to save throuble, I've jist slipped in a tang o' leather for the bit. Shpake to her, an' she'll min' the word, or a touch o' yer hand, maybe, on the neck. Keep switch an' spur aff her, an' give her her head, an' she'll carry ye over iverything."

"All right, Larry!" said Calvert, "I'm up to her tricks, I fancy."

"Well, saddle up, Larry!" said the Colonel, breaking in on the whispered conference, "let us see what you can make of her, boy, and you may bring out my cob too."

The father and son were speedily sweeping down the avenue, side by side; the former at a hand-gallop, criticising with an amused glance the non-descript, shambling gait, half trot, half amble of the youth's mount, yet noting with approval the easy seat and careless grace of the rider.

"Which way, father?" said Calvert, as they swept through the park gates on to the main road.

"Wherever you like, boy. Lead on," was the reply.

Turning to the left, the youth led the way across a high-pitched Gothic bridge, so narrow the two could scarcely ride abreast, whose single arch spans at a bound the deep, sullen pool where the waters of the lake above meet and mingle with the turbid tide of the bay. Suddenly leaving the beaten track, he struck across the quaking soil, half meadow, half swamp, intersected and seamed with dykes and ditches, that stretched on to the precipitous flanks of the ridge before them.

"Ha! the lad means business, then," muttered the Colonel, settling himself more firmly in the saddle, and keeping his beast well in hand.

Away went the youth with a "whoosh, hirroo!" in true Hibernian style, that made his father roar outright, and yet stare with amazement. The brute seemed transfigured. The trailing, loping gate was all thrown off, and with a fleet, level action, belly to the ground, she sped on, taking everything in her strides,—hedges,

peat-holes, bog, ploughed land, stone fences,—no matter what; for Calvert, mindful of the groom's directions, had given her her head, and let her do as she liked. At last, the difficult, broken ground passed, he emerged on the hard, shingly beach; and stopping the mare with a word, he turned round in time to catch sight of his father topping the last stone wall in true English sportsman style, and bearing down upon him at a dashing gallop.

"Hallo, lad! I didn't bargain for a steeple-chase," cried the Colonel, as he reined up. "Never mind; go ahead. We'll start fair this time though."

Again they broke away, and the running became more even, for their course lay along a narrow strip of hard, wet sand, lying between the receding tide-water on the one hand, and the steep glacis of the ridge that terminates in the Dog's Nose on the other. For a mile or more the footing was good, but a patch of deeply embedded boulders, mantled with sea-weed, here made the Colonel's beast flounder and slip badly; Calvert's mare, on the contrary, dashed on, making nothing of it, when suddenly a sharp cry ringing out behind him:

"My God! I'm hit!" arrested the youth.

"Oh, father! have I killed you?" cried he in agony as he saw his father down.

"No, boy, no! its only a scratch. But look yonder." And following the direction of the finger, a white puff of smoke was seen curling along the hillside. A startled exclamation from the youth, and he was away madly rushing up the steep acclivity, unmindful of his parent's alarmed shout:

"Hold hard, lad! The boy is mad! he'll be certain to break his neck. No horse can do that. What? the deuce! He'll be down!"

Scrambling, slipping, clawing, leaping, the mare struggled upwards, marking her progress by a torrent of earth and stones that she displaced at every bound, till, at last, she and her daring rider disappeared behind a huge boulder and thick furze-scrub that had evidently concealed the cowardly assassin who had attempted his father's life. Backwards and forwards, through and around, he vainly searched for the slightest trace of the murderous scoundrel. At last he was giving up the useless quest, when, at sight of an object glistening in the tangled shrubbery, he dismounted and picked it up. Only the lid of an old tin box!

What was there in that to blanch the boy's face with a vague terror and surprise? At last, recollecting himself, he thrust the object into his bosom, and with a moody, disturbed brow, he climbed again to his saddle, and commenced the descent. Finding herself left to her own resources, the sagacious brute he bestrode, obeying her instincts, ranged along to where lay a deep bed of loose shingle that ran sheer down to the beach. Here, first gathering her feet well under her, and lying back on her haunches, she suffered herself to drift with the stream of gravel, slowly at first, but with ever-increasing rapidity as she descended, till, on arriving at the bottom, the impetus was so great she was carried clear across the narrow sand-belt into the water. Snorting and plunging, she regained the shore at a few bounds, and stood shaking herself like a big water-dog.

"Seen anything, boy?" said the Colonel. "But of course not. The rascals were too quick for you. You're well out of it too, my lad. Who ever heard of cavalry charging a rifle-pit, and over ground like that? They could easily have drilled your jacket for you, if they had been so minded. But that mad rush of yours put them out of conceit of themselves, I fancy. Here, help me up. They've spoiled my bridle hand for me, I doubt."

"Oh, father! you're not badly hurt, are you?" exclaimed the youth, as he helped the disabled veteran into the saddle.

"Not much!" he answered, wincing at every motion nevertheless. "I'm cheap of it all though, for ever having doubted my boy's pluck."

Melted even to tears by his father's changed tone, Calvert nervously tore his handkerchief into strips, and proceeded to bind up his arm. The blood was slowly oozing from an ugly bullet hole, into which some fragments of cloth had been forced. It was only a flesh wound, but was likely to cause trouble if not promptly treated.

"So Delaval was right after all," said the Colonel gloomily, "and the reign of terror has begun here. I'll never believe, though, that it was any of our people fired the cowardly shot. But what did the fellow mean by singling out Barney?"

The question had an overwhelming significance to his son, knowing what he knew; nay, having upon his person the proof that, if displayed, would almost fix down his friend's guilt as the intended murderer: for had not he often, in their hunting and

angling excursions together, handled that very lid? It was the cover of the little box Barney was wont to use for holding his percussion caps, spare flies, hooks, and various other nick-nacks indispensable to sportsmen. And in the brief glance he took at it, when he had picked it up, there, sure enough, were the two big B's, initials of Barney's name he himself in a lazy fit had carved with his jack-knife the last time they were out together. Even in the face of this, to his mind, overwhelming evidence, he could not bring himself to believe in his faithful henchman's complicity in the dark transaction: least of all would he hint his suspicions to his father. And yet, in his nervous haste, he well-nigh let out the secret on the keeping of which his friend's life most probably depended, and in the clearing up of which his father's future safety was certainly involved. He was reaching forward to adjust the sling he had improvised for his father's disabled arm, when the hastily-concealed but damning proof dropped out of his breast on the sand. The Colonel quietly remarking—

"See, boy, you have dropped something," called Calvert's attention to the circumstance, and it was with a white, scared face that he stooped and shoved it quickly into his pocket.

"Poor lad!" said his father, catching his look, "all this has unmanned you; and no wonder! But I hope you have not got hurt yourself, somehow?"

"No, father," responded he; "but I think we'd better be getting out of this." And at the word, the horses were put in motion, and after a tedious ride, especially to the wounded man, they arrived at the Hall.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

A DEATHLESS interest gathers round the world-renowned Catacombs of Rome, mainly because they contain the earliest unwritten records of the Christian faith. Not only do they hold the slumbering dust of some of the earliest followers of Christ, who trod the earth in the morning-dawn of the faith, but on their gloomy, subterranean walls, are found touching

memorials of the glorious hopes inspired in the bosoms of men who may have received that gospel which brings "immortality to light," direct from the lips of the fervid Paul or his immediate successors. The earliest symbols and utterances of the Christian faith, the first feeble efforts of Christian art, are found sculptured on the walls of the Roman Catacombs. If we want to know how these primitive Christians felt and thought, how they lived and died, we must turn to these gloomy, labyrinthine excavations.

Much that is of a purely fanciful character has been written regarding the purpose of the Catacombs, and the way in which they were constructed. Some writers have ascribed them to the Romans of pagan times, who are said to have quarried the stone of which their city was built, underneath the surface of the ground, leaving these immense subterranean cavities, which the early Christians used as their abodes in days of persecution, and where they had their churches and the receptacles of their dead. According to some, these excavations were commenced long before the first stone of the Eternal City was laid, by that remarkable race who had a stronghold on the Tiber, long anterior to the days of Romulus and Remus, and whose language, known only through inscriptions dug out of the earth, has puzzled the ablest scholars of modern days. These Pelasgi or Etruscans, who had undoubtedly reached a high stage in civilization ages before Rome was founded, are represented as the first excavators of the Catacombs, when in search of building materials. The works it is said went on, age after age, until the whole region around Rome, and even underneath the city, was honey-combed by these quarries. Then a touching picture is drawn of the proscribed Christians of the early ages living continuously in these gloomy abodes, in order to escape the violence of their pagan foes; enlarging them according to necessity, shaping some of the caverns into churches, and placing their dead in niches along the walls. If we are to take the highly colored accounts of some historians as our guides, we should believe that the history of early Christianity is one of a prolonged agony, of a ceaseless persecution, and that it dare not show itself on the surface of the earth, but was literally, at first, an underground church. Mistaken devotion, or the indulgence of a fervid imagination, has given birth to these exaggerated statements, and swelled the martyrologies of the early church far beyond the

bounds of credence. Christianity, at the outset, did, no doubt, encounter bitter opposition, and, at intervals, furious persecutions broke out, and many nobly died for the cause of Christ; but that the Christians were, for two or three continuous centuries, obliged to shroud themselves in the gloom of the Catacombs, from the face of their enemies, and were a people constantly living under the earth, is mere religious romance. The number of martyrdoms too, has been enormously exaggerated, and legend piled upon legend till the truth had become almost indistinguishable amid a mass of pious frauds. Mosheim, and others since his day have done good service in clearing away the rubbish and in bringing the truth to light,— which, in its simplicity, is far more affecting than the fictions which over-laid it. Christianity encountered persecutions, but they were temporary, and with a few exceptions, local. After the great persecution under the brutal Nero, which, though severe, was brief, there were long periods of repose, when there were no persecutions, and Christians had no reason to hide themselves, and multiplied rapidly. In fact from Nerva to the middle of the reign of Marcus Aurelius, that is from A. D. 96 to 166, and onward to the great persecution under Decius, in 249, though exposed here and there to local persecution, at times, the Christians had a fair field, were unchecked by the hand of the persecutor, and increased amazingly in numbers. The time during which they had to take refuge in the Catacombs, in any considerable numbers, was really limited to ten years of the reign of Decius, and to two or three years of the reign of Diocletian. The Catacombs, therefore, cannot be regarded as proofs of the extent of the persecutions that raged against the early Christians, for only to a very limited extent, and occasionally, did they serve as their dwellings or places of refuge.

It is only recently, and after lengthened and careful research, that the true character of these wonderful labyrinths has been ascertained. One thing is now placed beyond all doubt,—that they were not the work of Pagans, but were almost entirely excavated by Christian hands, and for a purely Christian purpose. When as yet, in Rome, the name of Christ was but faintly whispered among a few lowly ones who met, at dead of night, or earliest dawn, in some poor upper room, to worship and break together the sacred bread, there grew up in the hearts of these simple believers, a profound impression of the sanctity of the dead, and a passionate

desire to preserve, in all its integrity, the body that had been the dwelling-place of the immortal inhabitant. For had not their faith taught them that the body, as well as the soul, had been redeemed by Christ, and would be finally raised from the dust; and that body and soul, which had been such intimate and loving companions here on earth, would yet together tread the golden streets of the new Jerusalem? Above all, did not the culminating event of Christ's resurrection proclaim the sacredness of the body which, when He trod the earth, He wore, and took with Him to the throne on high? Could they lightly regard that wondrous human form, in which their Lord had lived and suffered and risen from the grave? This it was which made respect for their dead an almost absorbing passion, among these primitive believers, and led them to regard their dust as dear and sacred, to be guarded with pious care. The heathen around them were accustomed to place their dead on the funeral pile, and reduce the remains to ashes, laying up the poor handful of dust in an urn. Among Christians, such treatment of the dead soon came to be regarded as revolting and impious.

Speedily, however, a difficulty presented itself. Where could these poor, despised followers of the Nazarene find a safe resting-place for the bodies of their loved ones, in which they might await the resurrection trump, without fear of violation and desecration by heathen hands? They were too poor to purchase the spacious burying-grounds required by their rapidly increasing numbers, especially around Rome, where land was so valuable; and within the walls of the city, interment was sternly prohibited by law. Moreover, their sad experience told them that, at any time, persecuting rulers or a fanatical population might invade and desecrate even the graves of their dead; and that as the living were not always safe on the face of the earth, so neither would the dead be under its immediate surface. But was it not possible to secure, far beneath that surface, where the tramp and din of the great city could not penetrate, and the profane hands of men would not be likely to discover them, quiet resting-places for their dead, where in peace they might await the blast of the archangel's trumpet?

Urged by such pious feelings, and pressed by such a necessity, the early Roman Christians began the famous Catacombs, the primary object being the interment of their dead in safe resting-

places. In the valley of the Tiber, in which the "seven-hilled" city lies, the nature of the deposits, beneath the surface, is peculiarly favorable for carrying on excavations. A large portion of the formations consists of volcanic materials, called by the Italians *tufa*. This may be cut with little more difficulty than is required to cut an old cheese, but it hardens when exposed to the action of the atmosphere. Though so easily worked, the *tufa* is solid enough to make walls for excavated passages of vast extent, and to form the roofs of arches of considerable span. The excavators found that they could safely cut galleries of any length through this soft substance, and even run three or four galleries, one below the other, down to the utmost depth to which the *tufa* extended. The same facility of cutting passages enabled them, in certain parts, to expand these into more spacious areas, where might be hewn out a lowly chapel, in which, safe from their heathen enemies, they could meet for worship when they could not safely do so above ground; and in times when the fires of persecution raged, find a place of refuge from cruel death. Thus gradually the work went on, age after age, generation after generation. The more Christianity grew the more widely the Catacombs expanded, more space being required for the increasing numbers of the dead.

During the first three or four centuries of the Christian era, so extended had these excavations become that they formed a vast subterranean city of sepulchral streets and chambers—a necropolis underground, stretching away miles and miles, on all sides of Rome, under the green fields and smiling gardens of the Campagnia. The number of dead interred here exceeds all calculation, the population of this "city of the dead" far exceeding that of the living Rome overhead. A perfect network of galleries, in labyrinthine plan, with countless passages stretching right and left from them in all directions, makes a vast and intricate maze; and all this not on one level, but tier under tier to the extent at times of five distinct floors. And all these vast works were designed and executed from reverence and from love of the brethren, to preserve their sacred bodies, as far as might be, whole, undisturbed, inviolate, for the day of resurrection. The labour expended on this sepulchral city is indeed wonderful. We bow in reverence as we gaze upon the ruins of "hundred-gated" Thebes, or upon those stone mountains named Pyramids, or upon the remains of Baalbec,

alone in the heart of the desert: we are awe-struck before the ruins of the gigantic Colosseum. That the mind of man should have conceived, and the hand of man executed structures so vast, gives us a loftier idea of "the paragon of animals." We reckon them as titles to immortality for the kings and peoples who planned and made them. Our admiration is just and well-founded; but when we calmly consider that Oriental despots had, at their beck, as slaves, the millions over whom they ruled, and could command their services as builders, and their property as sources of supplies, we see there is nothing inconceivable in the erection of the Pyramids of Egypt, the hanging gardens of Babylon, or the palaces of Nineveh. But what shall we say of these vast Catacombs which, in extent and boldness of design throw the Colosseum and Pyramids into the shade, and surpass the wonders of the Mesopotamian cities? Our astonishment is increased when we reflect that this necropolis was the work of poor men—many of them Roman slaves—men destitute of talents, resources, learning. In this light, we must regard the Catacombs as far more wonderful monuments of the might of Christian faith than the gorgeous St. Peter's itself. Animated by this faith, these poor Christians boldly encountered Paganism, strong in its prescriptive privileges, hoary with age, sustained by an interested and powerful priesthood, and backed by the whole force of the Empire; and wielding no other weapons than those of truth and love, they hurled the altars and gods of heathenism to the dust. And while thus bearing on the cross to victory, they were at the same time constructing, in the bowels of the earth, a city more astonishing than the Rome of the Cæsars.

That this is no exaggerated estimate of the Catacombs, will be evident if we consider their vast extent. Many years ago a distinguished German traveller, who visited the Eternal City, and carefully studied these excavations, calculated that to visit every part of the single Catacomb of St. Sebastian—the largest of all—would be a walk of twenty miles; and that if the length of all the crypts, galleries, passages of communication and passages diving into the earth, in the Catacombs already explored, could be summed up and put together, there would be one hundred miles of this subterranean Rome. But since this calculation was made, many fresh Catacombs have been discovered, and there are many more still unexplored, or that have been walled up in consequence

of several persons having lost their way and perished in their gloomy recesses. Some estimate the whole number of Catacombs around Rome as high as fifty, and some of them extend three miles under ground, from the entrance to the termination. Several that were walled up during the middle ages have never been re-opened.

A visit to one of the Catacombs leaves an impression on the mind that can never be effaced. The entrances to nearly all the great Catacombs open upon one or other of the ancient high roads of Rome,—such as the via Appia, or via Flaminia. As the visitor enters these low, dark passages, and guided by the light of lanterns and torches, descends a flight of steps, he finds himself in a low, dark aisle, of unknown length, and shudders to see, on every side, yawning tombs, skeletons and skulls. The subterranean gloom is oppressive; and the sights that meet the eye in these death-realms, where for sixteen centuries the dead have been sleeping, each in his narrow cell, produce feelings such as no language can express. He thinks of the tears that were shed, of the prayers that were offered here so long ago, as relatives and friends carried these forms to their last resting places, uttered a last farewell, and took a last tearful glance as the slab was fixed which shut them in forever, in the rocky sepulchre. As the visitor advances he sees on both sides of the main aisle, narrower passages branching off and leading to other crypts from which other tortuous, winding galleries lead to aisles still more remote, the whole constituting a vast intricate maze, an immense wilderness of galleries, ambulacra and arched alcoves, all hewn out on one harmonious plan. Many of these side passages are wholly blocked up with rubbish, and others can only be got through by crawling on hands and knees. Without an experienced guide one would speedily loose his way, and wander hopelessly onward in the wondrous labyrinth. From one crypt the visitor passes to another, and thence to another and another according to the extent of the Catacomb. All this, however, is but what is to be found on one level only; and having examined the whole of the crypts on the first floor, the visitor is conducted by a staircase to a second floor beneath the first, where he finds precisely the same arrangement—niches along the walls, each being a tomb, and crypt after crypt connected by galleries and winding passages. His astonishment is increased when he finds beneath this lower deep a deeper still, a third and

even sometimes a fourth and fifth range of crypts, floor beneath floor, all arranged on the same plan, access to each being by winding steps or inclined planes. Down in the deepest of these cavities, with four tiers of crypts overhead, each having its dead arranged in ranks, from ten to fourteen deep, an awful silence reigns, deepening the "horror of great darkness." No sound from the upper world ever penetrates here; no stir of life is here, but only open or sealed up graves, mutilated epitaphs over skeleton forms, which clad in flesh, walked the streets of Rome when the Empire was in its prime,—scattered bones and skulls and other sad mementoes of man's mortality. The awe that creeps over the spirit amid such surroundings is overpowering.

The visitor to the Catacombs finds, in the uppermost galleries, at irregular intervals, that the central aisles have been enlarged both in height and width, so as to form chambers, the dimensions of which are inconsiderable, yet sufficient to contain a very small congregation of worshippers when closely packed. These chambers were the oratories or chapels and were dome-shaped overhead, the domes frequently ornamented with rude, primitive painting and sculpture—perhaps the earliest efforts of Christian art. Some served as baptistries, and in them may yet be seen the sacred font, still erect and undefaced, the cavity filled with water brought from a distance by pipes which were probably laid by the immediate successors of the apostles. The antiquarian can trace, in the forms and arrangements of these subterranean oratories, the model of the earliest churches of Rome which afterwards expanded into the grand cathedrals of Christendom. They consisted of two square or oblong chambers, one on one side and the other on the other side of the central aisle, and destined respectively for the accommodation of the male and female worshippers, who, in these days, were jealously kept distinct. They were lighted, sometimes by apertures in the roof, and sometimes by lamps hung on the walls around. These walls, like those of the passages and smaller chambers, were full of niches or recesses, in which the remains of their friends were sleeping, while the living were there praising the Lord for whom some of those friends had died as martyrs.

In a religious romance possessed of much interest, by the late Cardinal Wiseman, entitled *Fabiola: or, the Church in the Catacombs*, the following passage occurs: "A Catacomb may be divided into three parts—its passages or streets, its chambers or squares,

and its churches. The passages are long, narrow galleries, cut with tolerable regularity, so that the roof and floor are at right angles with the sides, often so narrow as scarcely to allow two persons to go abreast. They sometimes go quite straight to a great length; but they are crossed by others, so as to form a complete labyrinth or net-work of subterranean corridors. To be lost among them would easily be fatal.

"But these passages are not constructed, as the name would imply, merely to lead to something else. Their walls as well as the sides of the staircase are honey-combed with graves; that is, with rows of excavations, large and small, of sufficient length to admit a human body, from a child to a full-grown man, laid with its side to the gallery. Sometimes there are as many as fourteen, sometimes as few as three or four of these rows, one above the other.

"When the corpse, wrapped up in a fair linen cloth, with some embalming or preserving substance, was laid in its narrow cell, the front was hermetically closed, either by a marble slab, or more frequently by several broad tiles, put edgeways in a groove or mortice cut for them in the rock, and cemented all round. The inscription was cut upon the marble or scratched upon the wet mortar. Thousands of the former sort have been collected, and may be seen in museums and churches; many of the latter have been copied and published, but by far the greater number of tombs are anonymous and have no record upon them."

Not the least interesting feature of the Catacombs is the inscriptions on the graves of those Christians who lived in the dawn of the faith. These poor believers had but imperfect ideas of art; and on their oratories and tombs they confined themselves to the most simple, single figures—to some animal indicating the name of the dead; to a branch of palm denoting triumph in death or martyrdom; or to the rude image of a dove bearing an olive-branch. It was natural to men, circumstanced as were these Christians, to resort to symbols for the expression of ideas which none but they could appreciate. They would have regarded it as a desecration of the tombs of their kindred to decorate them with sculptured embodiments of heathen mythology. The warmth and fervour of the new hope which animated them expressed itself in language perfectly intelligible among believers in Christ; and regarding death, not as a passage to the dismal exile of the

heathen imagination, but to the home of all their hopes and aspirations, they wrote nothing on the tomb but the simple expression of their faith. One of the most common of all the emblems in the Catacombs was the simple figure of a fish, the Greek word for which was ἰχθύς. Now this word consists of letters which form the initials of the Greek words signifying "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour." This token of their faith, while known to the early Christians, would be unintelligible to their enemies. This one word offered an abbreviation of the name and descriptive titles of their Lord and Saviour. The simplicity of the inscriptions is very touching and very instructive, showing us the meekness and resignation of men who regarded all things as ordered by God, and as working for good, and claimed nothing for themselves but the privilege of submission. The epitaphs on the tombs are terms of endearment or veneration; and if they mark the tomb of a martyr, there are no complaints of persecution, no expressions of hatred towards the murderers, and no tokens even of exultation. They "sleep in peace," "in the peace of Christ," "in the hope of a resurrection;" and thus their simple tale is told. It is also very instructive to find, on these early tombs, no figures agonizing on the cross, no pictures of the cross and passion, the agony and bloody sweat, the precious death and burial. Pictures of the crucifixion are never found in cemeteries which were decorated in the early Christian ages. These primitive Christians looked upon death as but a short and sure road to eternal bliss; and regarded themselves as only separated by a thin veil from the bright mansions of the saints. To them death had lost its horrors, so that they enlivened the tomb with bright and cheerful colors, wreathing it with foliage and flowers, and presenting death under the most agreeable emblems. On the graves of their dead are no images of mourning and distress, no sinister symbol, no expression of hatred or vengeance; on the contrary, all these objects breathe sentiments of composure, gentleness, and brotherly love. The very name of death is banished from that city of the dead. "In Christ;" "in peace;" "Valeria sleeps;" such are the ever-recurring expressions of a faith which had robbed death of its spoils and the grave of its gloom. There is nothing artistic in the designs of these simple, unlettered men, but there is something higher and better than mere art, in their rude efforts to convey to the stone or

roughly plastered wall, an expression of the love and hope with which their hearts were glowing. The poor, often ill-spelt inscriptions, scratched, at times, evidently with the point of a trowel, on the soft mortar, and the humble, half-formed figures, denoting the merest rudiments of art, all assume a tender, touching beauty, and swell into graceful proportions, when we discern the soul of christian love and faith beaming through them all. How touching to find the figures of Lazarus rising from the grave; of the Good Shepherd with the sheep on his shoulders; of the three martyrs untouched amid the flames, portrayed on these gloomy walls; telling us of the inner life of that suffering Church which, through long ages, was "persecuted, but not forsaken, cast down, but not destroyed;" and revealing to us the source of that wondrous strength in weakness, and victory in suffering which sustained these early believers.

Some of the inscriptions on the tombs of those who suffered for their faith in Christ are very touching. Here is one: "In Christ.—In the time of the Emperor Adrian, Marius, a young military officer who had lived long enough, when with blood he gave up his life for Christ. At length he rested in peace." Here is another: "Primatius, in peace, after many torments, a most valiant martyr. He lived about thirty-eight years. His wife raised this to her dearest husband, the well-deserving." "Clementia, tortured, sleeps, will rise." "Lucius sleeps and lives in the peace of Christ." One sleeper is commemorated as "a friend of all men, an enemy of none;" another is described as "meek and lowly;" others as "borne away by angels." The praise of the dead and the tenderness of the living, though briefly expressed, are not passed over in silence. The words "sweet friend," "dear and faithful companion," "candid soul," "tender sister," "faithful brother," "most faithful servant of God," "constant in love and truth," are terms frequently repeated in these early crypts. But there are no cries for vengeance for the wrongs they smarted under; no symbols of hateful passion; on the contrary, tokens of love and joy, and legends of reconciliation. The humble, pure, self-denying spirit, the heavenly temper indicated in these epitaphs of the primitive Christians, was not inspired by Roman mythology or Greek philosophy, but by the Heaven-born faith that was now at work, making all things new. A monogram of the Saviour, a lamb, a branch of palm, a simple cross, but no crucifix, these

recur again and again, and tell of the birth of that new faith whose essence was love. The primitive cross, as the symbol of Christianity, was rather a cheerful and consolatory than a depressing and melancholy sign—a pledge of the resurrection rather than a memorial of the passion. It was at a later date that a degenerate taste and coarser art represented the Saviour in agony on the cross—death pictured in all its woe and unrelieved by anything tender and beautiful.

It is curious to note, in the history of the Catacombs, the change which passed over these lowly receptacles of the dead, where the humble believers were laid. When Christianity became the dominant power in the Roman Empire, and the necessity of using the Catacombs either for refuge, worship or burial had ceased, they became sacred shrines, to which multitudes resorted on the anniversaries of the martyrs, whose bones they held, and where it was still good to meet for meditation and devotion. Then churches were built over the entrances; the oratories were enlarged and decorated: the tombs covered with inscriptions which the humble sleepers would never have thought of. Later still, it came to be regarded as an honour and privilege to be laid in a place consecrated by the ashes of so many martyrs and confessors, and the influence possessed by such a resting place was thought to extend beyond the grave. Hence, burial in the Catacombs was eagerly sought for, even by Popes and Emperors. Popes Leo I. and Gregory the Great, whose missionaries converted the Anglo-Saxons; Popes Gregory II. and III. and Leo IX. were all interred in the Catacombs. The Emperors Honorius, Valentinian and Otho II. sought and found here a place of repose. Saxon Kings of England obtained the same privilege. Conrad, a King of the Mercians, Cedwalla, a King of the Western Saxons, Ina, a King of the Anglo-Saxons, with Queen Eldiburga his wife, all laid their bones here. The Princess Mary, daughter of Stilicho, and wife of the Emperor Honorius; the unfortunate Charlotte, Queen of Cyprus; and the celebrated Countess Matilda, the friend of Hildebrand, the great benefactress of the church, slept "after life's fitful fever" in the recesses of the Catacombs. Devotion took a new form when, in the 16th century, these crypts were explored and thrown open. The mouldering bones were taken from their dark chambers and sent as invaluable presents to Emperors and Kings; the humble monuments and rude inscrip-

tions found a place among the richest treasuers of art, in museums; and the plain tablets were brought to the light and inserted in the walls of the Vatican, for the inspection of travellers from all lands. The church, that once hid itself in the bowels of the earth, is now the greatest power in the world, and claims the reverence of mankind.

Many cases are on record of persons incautiously entering the Catacombs without a guide, losing their way and perishing miserably in their dark recesses. A story is told in Rome, and is said to be well authenticated, of sixteen young collegians who, many years ago, determined to have a holiday excursion in the Catacombs. They entered without guides, confident of being able to find their way back. No alarm was felt regarding them for several hours, but at length friends became uneasy at their prolonged stay. Parties of men were despatched to search for them, but all efforts were fruitless. They were never heard of again.

The adventure of M. Roberts, a French artist, some time in the last century, forms a thrilling episode in the Abbé de Lille's poem, *L'Imagination*. The following prose version of the tale, which I have met with, will be read with interest. Thus the story runs: M. Roberts, a young artist, inspired by the enthusiasm of his profession and his age, undertook to explore the Catacombs from one of the entrances in the Campagna, with nothing but a torch and a thread for his guide. As he wandered on, through gallery and passage, pausing from time to time to decipher an inscription, or sketch a monument, he gradually became so absorbed in his study that the thread slipped from his hand, and he had already gone some distance before he perceived his loss. Immediately he turned back and tried to retrace his steps. But how should he distinguish, amidst the passages that opened on every side, the one which had brought him there? He had gone but a short way when his taper began to fade, and in a few minutes went out. He was standing amid the silent grave, and the last object that met his eye was an open grave, and in it an outstretched skeleton. All was darkness and silence. If he advanced, there were pits and openings in his path. And then what had he to gain by plunging deeper into the hopeless labyrinth? He shouted for aid, and his voice rang through the vaults with a mournful knell that chilled his soul. Should he lie down by these bones and die? Should he rush wildly forward and meet a quicker death? Oh! for a ray of the sunlight that was shining

so brightly only a few feet above his head! And now all his past life came back upon him, as they say it does with drowning men, —his evil deeds and mis-spent hours, fearfully magnified, knocked awfully at his soul, as he stood alone, where none but God could see him. The thought of dying so young, with such bright hopes and possibilities before him—of dying so ingloriously and by such a lingering death, was madness. His brain whirled; his breath came thick and painfully; his limbs trembled, and he sank hopeless upon the ground. But, as he sank, his hands touched something there unlike the cold earth. Can it be possible? He draws it tremblingly, eagerly, cautiously, towards him. It is his lost thread. Hope revives. He feels as if he might yet be saved. Slowly now and watchfully, step by step, clinging fast to the precious ball, feeling his way with hands and feet, he winds his course back towards the entrance. And when at length he reached the opening, O how kindly did the stars look upon him—for day was long past—and how sweet the air, laden with the scents and sounds of life!

It would appear, from the following inscriptions, that the clergy of those days did not practise celibacy: "The place of Basil, the presbyter, and his wife, Felicitas." "The once happy daughter of the presbyter, Gabinus." "The Bishop Leo survived his eightieth year. His wife Laurentia made him this tomb."

There is one exception to the mild and peaceful character of the inscriptions, which is, however, pardonable, when we find the design of it was to guard the sanctity of the grave. On not a few of the stones we find anathemas pronounced against any one who would dare to disturb the repose of the sleeper. Here is a specimen: "If any one shall violate this sepulchre, let him perish miserably and remain unburied; let him lie down and not rise again; let his portion be with Judas." It is well known that Shakespeare's tomb is guarded by an anathema similar in spirit:

> "Good friend, for Jesu's sake forbear
> To dig the dust enclosed here;—
> Blest be the man that spares these stones
> And curst be he that moves my bones."

These lines were not written by the great poet. They are a quatrain in stereotyped form, used frequently, long before and long after the days of Shakespeare. The desire to guard the sanctity of the grave, is a sentiment natural to man in all ages and in all countries.

A TOUR THROUGH DANDERVILLE.

I mean to confine my remarks altogether to the people of Danderville. I do not wish any one, for one moment, to imagine that I tell anything I have seen or heard outside of that well-known town. I like to study people better than places, just because I think persons more important than things. People generally think so too. Why, you may go on praising or abusing the mountains, the forests, or the harbors of a locality, all your life, and they will never take any notice of you. But if you begin to flatter the people who live there they will applaud you as a genius; and if you tell the truth about them, or abuse them a little, they will hiss you off the stage, or pelt you with rotten eggs. Now the student of human nature has the advantage of the student of inanimate nature, in that he can so easily evoke the expressions of men's self-importance or their good taste. As to Danderville itself, we attribute all the natural advantages it enjoys to a kind and munificent Providence, and all the dirt and shabbiness that is in it, to selfish, mean man. But we promised not to go about the town smelling the gutters, but looking at the people. Now the inhabitants of Danderville are very respectable folks. They have built churches and go to them on Sundays. I will not say that contention and strife had anything to do with multiplying churches; nor shall I say that any of them go to church to keep up or make an appearance, to see the fashions, or do anything else, only worship God. I often noticed, however, how much the women had to say on Sunday about their neighbors' dresses and character, how much the men had to say about prices and politics, and how little any of them had to say about the sermon and the lessons from the Bible. They have several dram-shops which they patronize amazingly well. They say these places are schools of virtue and men go there to learn how to restrain themselves and be temperate in all things, but they seem to require a great many lessons. Some say they go there for medicine, but they seem to be very often sick, and take very frequent and heavy doses. Others go because they like it, and they generally get more than they can carry home. One thing is certain, drinking is quite fashionable in Danderville, and liquor

dealers are among its richest inhabitants. The children of the town go to school, the young men lounge round the street corners in the evenings, and the young ladies read novels and go to dancing parties. There are stores for business, and saloons for gambling, hotels for travellers, and stables for horses, just such as should be in every town. The principal trade of the place seems to be *attending to other people's business*, and that they seem to have carried to such perfection that they make every man's private affairs public property. The result is that no one's character is spared. Danderville thrives, and the inhabitants are as happy and agreeable as dogs and cats in watching each other in a butcher's shop.

Now, I may as well tell you, why I am so much interested in Danderville and its people. I was born and brought up there, and so were my fathers before me. I do not wish to hear any one say any harm about my native place, in case I should get my Danderville blood up. At the same time, I sometimes wish I had been born somewhere else. I revere to distraction the names of my forefathers. I can almost worship their graves, and no man shall, with impunity, breathe a word of reproach against them in my presence. But I cannot help confessing that I have often tried to calculate the possibilities of having different progenitors. With a different birthplace and a different parentage, there is no saying what I might have been. Why, I might have been a great writer, a great statesman, or a great traveller, and then I could have appeared before any audience, with *eclat*, even if we had to part in mutual disgust. Had I only been born in Africa, I should have been black of course, and roamed through the bush with other niggers, but I would at least have had the chance of discovering and relieving Dr. Livingstone, ere Stanley got to him. Then I could have put the wreath of laurels on my ebony brow, and, supposing I had condescended to lecture on the subject, I would have put the money in my pocket. Or, suppose I had been born in Greenland, I might have had enough to do to keep myself from starving or freezing, by eating blubber, and hunting walruses. But there is a bare possibility that I might have found the remains of Franklin, and written a book about it; or, perhaps, I might have piloted the Polaris, on her voyage to the North Pole, to experiment on magnetism, or to the bottom of the sea, to study marine botany. Had I been born in Switzerland, I would, no doubt, have climbed the Alpine heights,

mid snow and ice, leaping chasms, escaping avalanches, and shouting *excelcissimus*, and writing accounts of hair-breadth escapes and daring adventures that would make people's flesh creep, and their blood curdle. There is no doubt, but in my person, a powerful sensational writer has been spoiled, for want of the proper training. As it is, however, I can be thankful for the horrid sights I never saw, the awful dangers I never faced, and the wonderful adventures I never experienced. The greatest climb I ever had was up a chimney, in which I was almost smothered, but not with snow. The narrowest escape I ever made, so far as I remember, was in having my cap shot from my head and torn to tatters by a charge of duck-shot intended for a partridge. But as these things did not happen in the Alps, but in or near Danderville, they are scarcely worth mentioning, let alone describing in detail. Had I only been born in London, I would likely have been a well-bred cockney, quite able to enlighten the public generally on the grandeur, and greatness, and wickedness of the heart of the British Empire.

Oh! if Scotland had been my native land, I think I would have been a hero. I would have studied her history, sung her songs, learned her traditions, got initiated into the mysteries of her theology, flourished the tartan, smelled the heather, and drunk whiskey; and if that would not be enough, I would have gone to other lands to sell tourists' guide books or photograph views of the scenery of my native land. I wonder what kind of a Chinese I would have made. It appears to me I never could have learned to eat rice with chop-sticks or wear a tail on the back of my head. But it is hard to tell what fashion might have made out of me. Surely it would have been a luxury, beyond the powers of expression, to have first seen the light in that vast "lone land" of the great North West. Then I might have traversed its forests, hunted on its prairies, sailed on its lakes, shot its rapids, gazed on its canöns, or joined a railroad surveying party. I might not have been able to expatiate on its flora and fauna, or describe the grandeur of its scenery, or the fertility of its soil. I might not be able to locate its roads and canals, but I would at least have learned to drink rum, smoke tobacco, and yell with the genuine Indian war-whoop. And no doubt this accomplishment would have been highly entertaining to any intelligent audience in the wide world. But the fates are irrevocable. I was born in Danderville, and

true to the characteristics of my birth-place, I shall stand by Danderville against the world. My mother taught me to sing "Home, sweet home." I often sing it now, and sigh, and sigh, and sigh for the broad prairies, the snow-capped mountains and the verdant plains of other lands.

I might as well tell you why I did not become a great traveller. In the first place, I married young, and my family soon grew very large, and I never could get any one who would volunteer to do my work and provide for my wife and children, while I was gone to foreign parts. Though my wife could have provided for herself anywhere, still I did not think she would be able to scrape for the chickens; and whether or not, I could not leave my dear little chicks to hardship, let alone starvation. Not I,—the pets! Nor will I, if I should be obliged to go back and live in Danderville all my days, on pork and potatoes, with salt and buttermilk. A tourist's pleasure in sight-seeing can never equal an honest man's satisfaction in doing his duty.

In the second place, I never could get enough of spare cash to pay the expenses of a long journey. Nobody ever made me the present of a well-filled purse. No one seemed to want me as a travelling companion, who would make me a handsome weekly allowance, besides defraying all expenses. I could not make up my mind to borrow money which I never intended to pay back. I could not enter into a bogus speculation to cheat honest men out of their money. The principles of Danderville would not allow me to begin a first-class business on credit, and take my travelling expenses from the proceeds of the sales before paying my bills. I durst not set up a gambling saloon, for that would have disgraced my family; and I would not rob a bank, lest I might be sent to the penitentiary. So, because I could not get money to travel as an honest man, I would not, and I never shall, if I can help it, travel as a sneak or a rogue.

I have, however, ofter travelled in imagination where I could not go in person; and I sometimes fancy that in my imaginary journeys I have seen stranger sights than Alpine heights or desert plains. I have, for example, tried to turn myself into a mite and in that capacity explore the wonders of cheese-dom. Could we only behold the world as mites see it, we might tell strange tales. I have even soared with the eagle far above the clouds and thence surveyed the wide domains of eagle-dom in which nations were but little fields

and cities busy ant-hills. What a picture the eagle could draw of all human affairs! I have tried to travel with a fly on an exploring expedition over the ceiling, round the cornices and down the window panes of our dining room and even into the sugar-bowl and endeavour to realize its sweet experiences. What a description our world would be from a fly's stand point! Oh, that we could only interpret that buzz of his, and understand the thrilling sensations, the lofty ideas, the soul-stirring emotions that lie hidden beneath, or find expression in that inquisitive proboscis, or those whirring wings. But fly-dom is a region into which we human creatures cannot enter. Then I have thought of oyster-dom and thought of myself living in the world of that nutritious bivalve. Ah, if an oyster could only speak, what a sensational lecture it might make for the supper-table. It would really be enjoyable to hear what an oyster thinks of itself and its surroundings. I am sure I would like it far better than to hear what people think of oysters; but then I do not think that speaking oysters would be at all palatable to the inhabitants of Danderville. However, I feel that if by any means I could be transformed into a well travelled talking mite, a singing eagle, a writing fly, or a lecturing oyster, my popular reputation would be forever established. But then I am only a common-place, untravelled human being, whose field of observation has been limited to the people of one small town. I have looked at my fellow-townsmen through human eyes, and I describe them in poor human speech. I know that the people of Danderville will think I have a beam in my eye, and a frog in my throat. Well then I cannot help seeing double, and croaking a little; but I am sure that any misrepresentations I make are the slips of a slippery tongue, not the designs of a wicked heart.

My friend, Mr. Sharp, knows almost everybody in Danderville, which I do not. He is a first-rate judge of character, which I am not. He has access to every house in the town, which I have not; and he is a thoroughly honest and upright man. From him I have learned some of the most valuable lessons of my life. In September, 1869, he took me with him for a walk through the streets of our native town. We began our journey early in the morning, starting from the furthest outskirts of the town. The sun rose brightly, and the dew sparkled on the grass. The fields, enclosed for the most part by beautiful hedge-rows, looked fresh

and green, and the gardens round the houses exhaled the fragrance of roses and mignonette. It was just a morning to inspire one for walking leisurely, chatting cheerfully, and laughing heartily. We both felt that exuberant overflowing of spirits which makes serious work a kind of recreation, and silly nonsense unbearable. As we were walking on the raised-up path under the shadow of a hedge-row my friend began to moralize somewhat after the following fashion:

"It is wonderful how much self-made misery there is in our world. Men seem to take a delight in making their own wretchedness and then singing a continual dirge over their troubles. Now, this town is an exceedingly healthy place, but hundreds are ruining their constitutions by idleness and dissipation, and then blaming the climate for the disease. It is on the whole, a beautiful place, but there are some people continually looking into sewers and complaining that it is dirty. No doubt, there are a great many in Danderville, who are miserable and ugly, because they stint themselves of water and sunlight. It is a quiet place, if busy-bodies would only cease tattling, and tale-bearers give up kindling strife. It appears to me as if some people could not live without making a fire to scorch themselves and burn others. Men, to a large extent either make or borrow their trouble; some folks are like vinegar casks, that sour the sweetest things of life which you put into them. I hope that above all things else, I will never become a walking vinegar factory, to sour all the sweets of life to myself as well as to other people. I have seen men spoil the most beautiful flowers in handling them, and so some men's touch soils the purest things on earth and blights all moral beauty. We have heard of a man who rode in his sleigh over the bare ground in summer lest a snow storm should catch him unprepared; he not only killed his horse but wasted his time by unnecessary precaution. In fact, I am almost out of patience with people who voluntarily go out into the night and complain of darkness—who voluntarily pull nettles and cry out that they are stung—who voluntarily drink gall and then make wry faces at its bitterness—who voluntarily run their head against the wall, and grumble because they are bruised. Such people always insist on looking at the wrong side of the picture and find fault because they can see nothing, except dirty wood and cobwebs; they insist on taking the poker by the wrong end, and then get angry, because they are both dirtied and burned. On

the other hand, there are men who seem to be able to extract honey from everything; their soul seems to be a garden of happy thoughts and holy desires; they always seem to have the lamp of consolation and hope to light up the darkest night of trouble; they always look at the bright side of life, whether they can understand the picture or not. It is after all the sunshine in the soul that makes light on our pathway; it is the harmony in the heart that makes the real music of life. Now, here we are before a very beautiful residence; but you will see that Eden without does not make happiness within. The man who lives there makes himself and every one about him supremely miserable by giving way to a suspicious disposition."

We had stopped before a beautiful cottage embosomed in evergreens, and surrounded by a fine garden well laid out with walks, flower beds, and fruit trees; it seemed to be a delightful place. The garden, on the side next the highway, was enclosed by a high iron fence, surmounted on the top by long spear-like spikes which seemed ready to empale any one who would dare to climb over. My friend swung back a large iron gate which creaked heavily on its hinges as it opened. As we passed down the walk I surveyed the garden and saw several spring-guns set under apple-trees, and watch-dogs chained to the summer houses. The windows of the house were secured with iron gratings, after the fashion of country jails, but the bars were almost hidden by the foliage and blossoms of creeping roses that twined their tendrils around them. After knocking hard, and waiting for some time, we heard locks clicking, bars falling, and the door slowly opened, or rather partially opened. The man who appeared placed himself in the open space of the door-way, and scrutinized us very narrowly. My friend began the conversation by saying, "good morning" Mr. Suspectem, "I have come to see you about a robbery that was committed at Mr. Confidem's last night;" "come in then," said our pale-faced host, as he tremblingly threw back the door; continuing, as he followed us into his little parlor, "I thought that man would lose his property, He is so careless when rogues are so plenty—I take everybody for a rogue and always act on that belief." "Well" said my friend, "Mr. Confidem caught the thief in the very act of robbing one of his choice apple-trees!" "Ah," said Mr. Suspectem, pointing us to seats, "had he tried my apple-trees he would have been saluted by the contents of one of my spring-guns, or the worrying of one of

my watch-dogs; there is nothing like being prepared for the worst. Make everything secure against rogues; that is the principle upon which I act, Mr. Sharp. Were it not that I have taken every precaution with locks, bars, bolts, watch-dogs and spring-guns, I do believe I would have been robbed long ago. Oh, this is a terrible world—there is no trusting any one." As he said this, he cast very suspicious glances towards me, and I felt the blood rushing to my face, and half wished that some part of the "terrible world" would just retaliate by committing a burglary on his premises. Whilst he was busily engaged giving Mr. Sharp directions for Mr. Confidem, in reference to fortifying his premises against rogues, I looked around me. The room had a mouldy, confined smell; it was dark and damp. The man in his anxiety to make himself secure, had excluded the fresh air and sunlight. The man himself looked pale, haggard, and care-worn: his unhealthy appearance was no doubt, the result of the excessive watching against imaginary rogues. A great dog lay snarling at his feet and I could imagine that I saw the butt end of a pistol and the hilt of a dagger sticking out from beneath his coat. I felt very uncomfortable, and soon rose to depart. The dog growled, Mr. Suspectem kept his hand on the pistol, and we walked out before him like apprehended criminals ejected from his premises. We heard a muttered good morning, the door closed, the locks clicked, the bars rumbled, the gate swung to with a bang and a clatter, and we found ourselves in the fresh air and bright sunlight. We both drew a long breath of relief as we resumed our walk.

"That man," said my friend, "is just about as miserable a man as there is in all Danderville. He trusts nobody, and scarcely anybody likes to trust him. Suspicion makes his life a continual terror, and offends those who would be his friends, by imputing to them wrong motives. All the time we were in the house, he imagined we were going to rob him, either by a personal assault, or by a concerted plot with accomplices outside. He makes his house a prison rather than a home for himself, and for my part I would rather be robbed every night than live as he does in continual terror and suspecting everybody. And the truth is I cannot help thinking that the man who is so terribly suspicious cannot be a bit too good himself, It is only a knave that will treat every man as a rogue. It is a far better way to think the best you can of everybody. Mr. Confidem has been robbed three

times, but he does not fret much about it. He lives very happily and takes a very hopeful view of his fellow-men. He often says that he does not believe there are more than ten real thieves in Danderville, and he would willingly give them half his property to reform them. He said to me, this very morning, when talking of the attempt to rob his orchard: Poor wretches! they are welcome to the apples, and I hope they will not try to rob any other body. Had it not been for my early training and the restraints of religion I might have been worse than any of them. That man has sunshine in his soul and in his house. The neighbors often enjoy the smile of his countenance and the comforts of his home. He gives no room for needlessly suspicious thoughts in his heart, and his words of cheer and hopefulness often fall on drooping spirits, like dew-drops on wilted flowers. They comfort and invigorate. Mr. Suspectem is miserable, Mr. Confidem is happy."

"But," said my friend, "here is another case for your study. She is quite a respectable inhabitant of Danderville." I looked and saw a woman bare-headed and bare-handed, bustling about among the shrubbery and plants of a somewhat weedy garden. Every now and again she pulled up a thistle and shook the earth from its roots on her feet. My friend leaned against the garden fence and said, "how do you do Mrs. Fretful; "ah! Mr. Sharp," was the reply, "not very well—not very well at all. The sun is very hot on one's head this morning; the garden here is so full of weeds; the thistles are getting into my hands, and the earth is getting into my shoes and galling my feet. The thorn-bush tore my clothes all to pieces last night, and I had washed them so clean, and expected them to be all dried and ironed to-day. My peas are mildewing, and the neighbors' children have been throwing stones into my orchard. Oh dear! I am nearly worried to death, I would like to leave the place, but I do not know where to go." "Well," put in my friend, "you seem to have a comfortable house."

"Oh yes" continued Mrs. Fretful, "but then I am very lonely staying there without any company; and I am getting old, I cannot do my work so well as I used to, the windows shake terribly on windy nights, living costs so much, and nobody thinks worth while to come and call on me, now a-days. I do not think anybody in Danderville, cares a fig for me; there is scarcely one of

them would go to my funeral. However, when I am dead I won't care, I shan't miss Danderville, if Danderville don't miss me. My neighbours are a proud, cold-rife, hard-hearted set; I believe the devil has a mortgage on the whole of Danderville."

Here Mr. Sharp stopped her by asking the following question: "What would you expect Mrs. Fretful, if you put sweet milk into a sour dish, or a vinegar cask?"

"Why" she replied tartly, "the milk would sour, to be sure. But why ask me such a question?"

"Well" he replied, "I was thinking that the milk and honey of life are often turned into vinegar, by being put into sour vessels. When the piano is out of tune, the best fingering in the world will produce only discords. I am afraid that your heart is a sour vessel, a broken or untuned piano. Hence there is no sweetness for you in the world, no music in life. Why, there is your neighbor, Mrs. Content, if she had one-tenth of the worldly comforts that you have, she would consider herself as rich as a queen."

"Mrs. Content," broke in Mrs. Fretful almost angrily, "is very well off. She has little care. Nobody annoys her, and the neighbors are all kind and attentive to her, but——"

Here Mr. Sharp stopped her and said: "now Mrs. Fretful just listen to me. You will never be happy in your present frame of mind. Mrs. Content works as hard as you do; her house is only a hut compared with your house; her food and clothes are often scanty enough, but she makes the best of everything and is always thankful for her mercies. A little carefulness on your part would remove nearly all the causes of your trouble. If you must go out in the sun, why not put on a hat to protect you from the heat? If you must pull thistles, why not put on gloves? If you would not shake the earth on your feet it would not get into your shoes and gall you. People who hang their clothes on a thorn-bush on a windy night, deserve to have them torn. If you would put stakes to your peas in time they would not get mildewed. If you would be sociable with your neighbors, they would be sociable with you. Nobody likes to shake hands with a thorn-bush, sit in a room full of smoke, or listen to the filing of a saw. Your continual fault-finding pierces your neighbors like thorns; your grumbling is a smoke in their eyes; your complaints are grating on their ears. If you would only remedy the things which you can help and gracefully submit to what you cannot help, you

would have little cause for fretting. If you would only receive the blessings of life with a grateful heart, you might be as happy as the day is long. But there is a mill grinding away in your house which is scarcely ever oiled, and will make meal that will mould and breed worms. The bucket with which you draw your water from the well, is as sour as a vinegar cask, and it turns nearly all your food and drink to acid. There is a cricket continually screeching at your fireside that frightens away all your neighbors. You can never be happy, Mrs. Fretful, until your disposition changes."

By the time Mr. Sharp had got this far in his speech, Mrs. Fretful was evidently boiling over with rage. She ran through the bushes tearing her dress as she went, rushed into the house and slammed the door behind her with a vehemence that made the house shake. What a significance! what an emphasis there is in slamming a door! People in Danderville often defy an enemy, or clinch an argument, by making a door bang. In fact, door slamming is a kind of emotional gunnery, practised on purely ethical principles, and taught in the schools of Danderville.

As we turned round the corner of the street we saw a small clean looking house, with the door standing open, as if to coax in the air and sunshine. We heard the whirr of a spinning wheel making an accompaniment to a cheerful song of praise. The words which fell from the singer's lips were these:

> When all thy mercies, O my God,
> My rising soul surveys,
> Transported with the view, I'm lost
> In wonder, love and praise.

The singer paused in her work as we entered, and saluted us kindly. "So you are still working away, are you Mrs. Content?" said Mr. Sharp. "O yes sir," she replied, "and right glad I am to have work, and health to do it. Exercise is far better than medicine for me, and these beautiful sunny mornings are as invigorating as a shower-bath. I just threw open the door to get the fresh air and catch the fragrance from Mrs. Fretful's flowers. I am very thankful that I live so near her garden, for I get the good of it all the same as if it were my own. The lines have indeed fallen to me in pleasant places. My heritage is not very large, but it is a goodly one."

"But," suggested I, "you have no doubt a good many hardships to endure. You are not without your trials in life."

"Well no," she said, "I have my share of what people call hard things. But they are useful in their place. I generally find trials to be blessings in disguise. A hard road that is clean is better to travel on than a soft one that is dirty. Of course if people want to sleep, the soft place is the best. But I feel I am a traveller in this life and not a sleeper. I rather like the dark nights sometimes, for making the lamps of promise shine all the more brightly. Chastisement, though painful to bear, is profitable to remember. It always lightens the blow of the rod to cower closely into the bosom of him who lays it on. I can sometimes count it all joy to go into the fire, for I know when God brings me out, whether it be in this world or the next, my bonds will be burned up."

"But," said I, "you are surely sometimes sad, there are surely times when the future seems dark to you, and you feel afraid to face it?"

"Well, yes," she replied, "I am a little sad betimes. When I get looking backward at my own shadow, instead of forward to my sun and shield, I do sometimes seem to fall half asleep, and a feeling of oppression and loneliness, like a slight nightmare will steal over me, until I am awakened to consciousness, and realize where I am going and who is with me. I think I can truly say I have no sadness for earthly joys departed. I have no regrets for worldly possessions gone. When God took them, he gave me something better in their stead. He dried up the fountains of worldly pleasures, to open the fountains of heavenly joys. The thought of being an heir of glory, sometimes almost transports me with delight. As to my being afraid, I will tell you a little story, I hope it will be blessed to you, as much as the incident was to myself.

When I was a young woman, my father took me with him to travel in South America. One time we had ascended far up one of the peaks of the Andes. We looked down towards the plain we had left behind, and saw it all shrouded in darkness. We saw the clouds, like great mountains of dirty snow, rolling about, changing their form, mingling together and boiling in wild confusion, as if they were the smoke hanging over a half suffocated conflagation, that only required vent to set the whole atmosphere in a blaze.

We heard the roar of the thunder and saw the flashes of lightening away far beneath us. The whole valley seemed turned into a great boiling cauldron through whose confused contents fiery serpents were squirming and darting hither and thither. We knew that a storm was raging on the plain. Its fury was descending on the devoted inhabitants of the valley. But above us was a serene sky and a bright sun. We were in a calm, unclouded region, far above the turmoil and darkness of the storm. My Father said to me: 'Now my child here is a lesson for you: If you live near enough to heaven you will be above the storms of life; and if at any time you are caught in a storm always remember, that beyond the darkest clouds there is a serene sky and a bright sun.' "Now sir, when I see a storm coming, and I sometimes do,—my health is not always as good as it is this morning; work is not always as plenty as it is just now; provision is sometimes scarce, and in winter neither clothing nor fuel are any too plentiful; though I must say, God has never allowed me to want any good thing;—still, when things look a little dark, and I feel that there is a storm brewing, I flee up the mountain of communion, and sometimes I can rise on the wings of faith and love, almost to the very gate of heaven. The mount of fellowship, if we rise high enough on it, is always spanned by the blue canopy of God's faithfulness, and bathed in the sunshine of His love. Not that I always rise high enough to get out of the mist, but I always manage to find a shelter till the storm passes by and the clouds disappear."

You seem to have met with some sad misfortunes in your time, said I? "Not misfortunes," she said, "but kind chastisements which I needed. My Father's will be done. He is kind to me beyond my deserts. If the journey be somewhat rough, the rest will be all the sweeter when I get home."

I saw she was unwilling to enter into her past history, so we withdrew. I knew my friend, Mr. Sharp, would tell me all that it was necessary for me to know about Mrs. Content. We were scarcely at the door, when we heard her singing:

> From every stormy wind that blows,
> From every swelling tide of woes,
> There is a calm, a sure retreat;
> 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

As we walked along my friend remarked, "that woman was reared in affluence in one of the Southern States of the Union. She mar-

ried a wealthy and pious man. Her husband and four sons fell in the war. She and an only daughter were left penniless and almost friendless. She came to this town to try to earn a livelihood by sewing or teaching. A year ago she buried that only daughter. So far as I know, she has neither kith nor kin in the world, and probably she has not a shilling in her purse, or more than a day's provisions in the house. Mrs. Fretful has money in the bank, and more property than she will ever use; but in comparing the two, I cannot help thinking that Mrs. Content is the happiest woman. Truly, "godliness with contentment is great gain." What further happened in our tour through Danderville, I hope to relate to the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY on a future occasion.

THE GLOAMIN' HOUR.

BY AGNES WOODS MITCHELL.

SOME sage philosophers hae thocht,
That man's immortal part
May, sometimes, leave its clay-built house
To wander wi' the heart.
The truth o' this I canna say,
But, if it hae the power,
To cut sic cantrips through the air,
It 's in the gloamin' hour.

Wha has'na when the angels shake
The dew-draps frae their wings,
Felt something in his bosom wake,
That by its witchery brings
Auld scenes afore his very een,
Sae vivid and sae bright,
That a' the present is forgot,
In that enchanted light.

And, when the soughin' breezes waft
The breath o' favorite flowers,
And fan the cheek wi' feeling flushed,
And stir the spirit's powers;

Oh! has na thochts o' by-gane days,
Sae rushed upo' the heart,
That if the frien' beside us spak,'
The word has made us start.

But maist o' a', when far frae hame,
Life's wanderer has strayed;
When he has shared the stranger's cog,
Aneath new star-licht prayed,
Will come the pensive *gloamin' hour*,
And wi' resistless sway,
Bear him, to where the sun first rose
Upon his childhood's day.

And he will see the auld farm-house
Upon the green hill tap;
The tall dark plantin on each side,
The weel ken't barn-yard slap.
The barn itsel' o' gude whin stane,
The stacks in stately raws,
The bearded aits, the new ploughed land,
Maist black wi' hungry craws;

The sheltered garden, wi' its blooms
Sae exquisitely sweet;
The arbor whar' the rowans hung,
Aboon the mossy seat;
The gravel walks, on ilka side,
Wi' box and sea-pinks lined;
The woodbine, and the daisied sod,
Come a' before his mind.

Syne he will see the auld muir park,
Where Druids used to bow,
And weave the sacred misletoe
In garlands for their brow.
The "hermit-bird"—the blate cuckoo,
Now haunts the elfin dell,
And mourns among the gnarlèd oaks
That lonely he maun dwell.

And there the bright-eyed grouse he sees
  Amang the heather-buds,
While through the bonny yellow broom
  The frightened leveret whuds.
And he can fancy that he hears
  The speckled mavis sing;
Can catch the startled paitricks' whirr,
  As frae the grass they spring.

Can hear the lowing o' the kye,
  As slowly they return
Frae the green meadow, whar they fed
  Beside the wimplin burn.
Can hear the milk-maids' cheerful lilt,
  As to the byre they gang;
Thinkin' o' them, wha frae the plough
  Will trudge in by ere lang.

'T is thus the sair be-glamoured mind
  Resigns itsel' a prey,
Wi' a' its sturdy common sense,
  To saft illusion's sway.
And aye the *gloamin' hour* will bring
  Hame visions o'er and o'er,
Which to the musing wanderer are
  As welcome as before.

In sweet imagined bliss he breathes
  The caller morning air,
That o'er his heath-clad mountains comes
  Enriched wi' fragrance rare;
And glorious sun-sets fling their gold
  O'er hill, and dale, and stream,
Till every tarn, and blackened crag,
  Looks joyous in the beam.

He glours upon the red hairst moon,
  Just glintin' o'er the brae,
As braid and bright as Bruce's shield,
  In Scotia's gowden day.

Syne early life, and youthfu' sports
  Are present to his view,
Wi' a' their daffin, and their din,
  As though he saw them noo—

Blithe Halloween, the harvest kirn,
  The sliding doon the braes,
The herrying o' the piets' nests,
  On welcome Saturdays,
The sea-side wander 'mang the rocks
  Whar' foamin' surges roar,
The plunge aneath the sparklin' wave,
  That sweeps alang the shore,

The mad-cap deed, o' pushing aff
  The coggle frae the land,
And takin' to the open sea,
  In spite o' stern command,
And a' to reach some cloudy isle
  In bruilzie wi' the tide,
Whar' cannie feet are seldom seen,
  And gulls their nestlings hide.

Then deeper, dearer shades will rise;
  Perhaps a mother's smile,
Angelic in its beauteous ray,
  And powerfu' to beguile
The heart o' a' its loneliness,
  Its dool, and wastin' care,
The frosts the warld has o'er it brought,
  The eild—the cauld despair.

And then, a faither's warm embrace
  Will gar the senses dree,
And seal the pale and quivering lip
  In silent ecstasy.
The licht lies on his noble brow,
  His e'e is turned to heaven,
And wi' *nae outward sign* or *word*,
  The heart-felt blessing 's given.

Alas!—that faither may be laid,
  Beneath the kirkyard stane!
That mither wi' her loving heart,
  May too be dead and gane!
The happy bairns that round them clung
  Like lampits to the scaur,
May a' frae love's strongholds be wrenched,
  And scattered wide and far!

And lips that aften—aften met,
  When sweet "gude nichts" were said,
May never breathe their love again
  Beside a mother's bed!
Nor yet on ony spot on earth,
  However lone and drear;—
O, life! but ye are dreigh and sad,
  My soul what want ye here?

PHILIP BLAIR;

OR,

School Days in the Dominion.

BY E. LAWSON FENERTY, ESQ., HALIFAX, N. S.

CHAPTER I.

A DASH, a rush, a rattle of feet, and doors burst open with boyish vigor. "I say mother, I ain't going to school to day," shouted a fair-haired youngster of fourteen years, as he rushed breathlessly into the room where his mother and sister sat sewing, one bright morning in June, in his heedless course overturning chairs and stools, and extracting a terrific squall from the old house cat, which, contrary to all precedent, was stretched out with her tail at full length on the carpet.

"O dear! what a tiresome boy, I do believe you have broken the cat's leg;" said his mother, as pussy mewed piteously.

"It is not her leg, but I guess her tail will need reorganizing after that squeeze," he replied with a provoking grin, after eyeing the cat a moment. "But, I say I'm not going, hey?" the assertion, this time, by the tones, took the form of an inquiry. "Hallo!"

he broke in again, and before his mother had time to reply, as a dog whined outside the door, "there is Rags; I lost him down town. Let him in will you, Lottie?"

But his sister very properly (as he was nearest the door) did not move.

"All right! I don't care, he'll scratch a hole through that door in less than five minutes, see if he don't; and then I wonder who'll have to pay for it; you had better tell her to open the door, mother. There he comes now," as a scratch and whine seemed to verify his words; "he will do it in five minutes, easy," he added, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, and watching the door contentedly; "I'm willing."

But just then it was opened from the outside, and Rags in high glee at having discovered his master bounded in. The dog was a beautiful, glossy, large black-and-tan, very intelligent, or as Phil expressed it, "knows every thing;" he was petted by all the household, and as a consequence, was almost unbearably saucy."

"Poor old pussy," said Phil mischievously. Rags looked jealously at the cat, and gave vent to a growl of displeasure.

"Now Phil do let the cat alone," remonstrated his sister; "you know that he will hurt her."

"Who's a touching her?—poor old pussy," he persisted, looking significantly at the dog, who was watching his eyes intently.

"It is just too bad;" exclaimed his sister indignantly, as Rags made a rush at the object of Phil's malicious endearments.

The next instant, dog, cat, mats, stools, and a variety of other articles, were mixed in indescribable confusion; the melee varied by sundry squalls and howls, as the tide of battle favored one or other of the combatants.

"I declare I will have that dog killed;" exclaimed Lottie, vehemently, as soon as peace was restored by puss retreating under the sofa.

"You'd better not," replied Phil, shaking his head slowly; "come here sir, what do you mean?" he added to the dog, who stood looking from one to the other, doubtfully. Phil spoke severely, but the twinkling eyes belied the voice, and the dog rightly interpreting the look of approval, wagged his tail in a satisfied sort of a way, secure in having the moral support of his scapegrace master.

"There, that will do for the present," said his mother, "be off

and get yourself ready for school, and never let me see you set the dog and cat fighting again."

"I did'nt set 'em fighting, I only wanted to pet the cat."

"Don't equivocate," replied his mother, "but do as I bid you."

"Oh, but can't I stay home to-day?" he pleaded, in answer to this order.

"Is there anything of special interest, that you should be from your studies to-day? you seem to have taken a dislike to school lately."

"Yes," added his sister, "and I heard one of the boys say that he played truant,—mooched."

"You just mind your own business, Lot, you're always talking about something you have no business to, and if you don't take care"—here Phil frowned, and gave an ominous shake of the head that spoke volumes.

"I say Lottie," he continued, changing his tone, "just tell us who it was said I mooched, that is a good girl; was he bigger than me?"

But a shake of the head, answered his plea.

"Ah do."

"No I won't, you will only get fighting, and you are always at it."

"Was it Hen Bent? I ain't going to fight, and you have no business to say so, but if he goes splitting on me, I'll punch his head, see if I don't," he blurted out, forgetting in his anger his pacific assertion, not an instant before; "and I have got something else to say," he continued, looking severely at his sister," if you don't hold your tongue, you'll be sorry."

"Hush Philip, you must not quarrel with your sister."

"I don't care! she is always at me about something, but mayn't I go with the volunteers? they are going across the river for target practice, and there is two or three of them told me to come along. Cloudy and some more of the boys got leave to go, and it's such a bully day." Here Phil stopped breathless, anxiously awaiting the result of his arguments.

"No, I am afraid not," replied his mother after a moment's pause, "you have been away from your lessons quite too much, and even if there was no other reason, I would hardly allow a boy like you to accompany a lot of men; better get yourself ready for school at once, for you have very little time."

"I don't care! I am going with the volunteers, and I won't go to

school, so there." With this resolution, so valorously expressed, master Phil bolted through the door.

"Philip! Philip!" called his mother, but Phil was out of hearing before she had ceased speaking.

"I am sure I do not know what to do with that boy," said Mrs. Blair despondently; "he is getting quite beyond my control."

"Uncle Horace will make him mind."

But the good lady only shook her head.

The above scene took place in one of the pleasantest towns in the Dominion, a busy stirring place of about 8000 inhabitants. It was one of those charming spots where the town and country are so beautifully and rarely blended. One beheld on entering a long, straight thoroughfare bordered with handsome shops, glittering with plate glass, in emulation of their more pretentious city cousins; wide, clean sidewalks, with trees swaying overhead; stretching away on either side, avenues of what appeared to be trees only, until they were explored, when the comfortable homes of the moderately rich were discovered nestling among the shrubbery; or the stately residences of the wealthy, surrounded by handsome gardens, and embowered in glorious old forest monarchs, that had been left standing by some one who had an eye for the beautiful.

Down in the lower part of the town near the river, towards the tall chimneys of the factories, and around the shops clustered the dwellings of the poorer classes, some clean and tidy, some dirty and squalid,—"poverty point," the boys called it; among the alleys the children played, bareheaded, their elf locks bleached by the sun and wind, barefooted, hands and feet browned and dirty.

Trending away to the east and west, the hills rose from the river in graceful undulations, their bases studded with trim farm houses, surrounded by orchards and fields, the bright green of the fruit trees and grass showing in strong contrast against the sombre foliage of the tall firs, and spruce that grew further up on the highlands, and often in the lovely summer days, when strolling beyond the limits of the town, could be heard the faint sough of the wind as it swept among the branches of the distant forest, mingled with the lowing of cattle, or the bleating of a solitary sheep that had strayed from the herd, and then a golden haze overspreading the whole, mellowed the glare of the sun into softness: the whole scene filling one with that delicious sense of indolence which is born of nature alone.

In one of the pleasantest houses in this pleasant town of Croasdale, Philip Blair, our hero, had lived from his birth with his mother, Alice, widow of the late Dr. Blair, of Harborough, England. The Doctor had departed this life about two years previous to the opening of our story, aged forty years, leaving his widow, a pale, thoughtful woman, not distinguished for firmness, and very pleasant; Philip, the eldest, a square, sturdy youngster, with curly hair, a bright face and blue eyes that always seemed twinkling with mischief; Lottie, a lively, intelligent girl, and last, the pet, little Reggy, fair like his brother, but quiet and curious, always prying into something, and startling people with odd questions that would have suited heads ten years his senior.

The house they lived in, very pleasant and comfortable, set down in the midst of a beautiful garden, with the trees bowing themselves over it with every passing breeze, belonged to the widow, together with a rather scanty income, derived from some property belonging to the Doctor's estate in one of the cities.

Shortly after the Doctor's death, his mother, a stately dame, white-haired and spectacled, who had been previously residing with her daughter, the wife of a country lawyer, came to live with Mrs. Blair, and thus joining their incomes, had made quite a respectable revenue for the wants of the family. The old lady had a mania for putting things to rights, or, in other words, having every chair with its back squarely against the wall, the centre-table in reality as well as name in the middle of the room, the largest book exactly in the centre of the table, with the smaller arranged in regular order like planets about the sun. Another proclivity manifested itself equally strong: she was doing her best to spoil Philip, who, to tell the truth, was not averse to this, however much the order might be distasteful to him, but she never could be brought to believe that Phil was any the worse for escaping well-merited thrashings, or, in fact, that he deserved them; on his part, he was well aware of his grandmother's weakness, and took care to avail himself of it at every opportunity. As for the furniture, it might stay in its place when Phil was out, but when he came in it generally got mixed, and consequently, the old lady was in a chronic state of fuss a large proportion of the time.

As Phil opened the garden gate, after explaining his intentions

with reference to the volunteers and school, he was saluted with a "good morning; where are you off to in such a hurry? School?"

Looking up, he discovered his uncle Horace standing before him with an amused expression on his face, as if he half suspected the true state of the case, knowing Phil's failing; "where are your books?"

The boy, in reply to this question, looked up with stubborness written on every line of his face.

"I ain't going to school,—going somewhere else to-day."

"Did you get permission? Ah, I thought as much," as the boy's eyes dropped before the steady gaze of the man.

Mr. Morel took him by the arm and quietly led him into the house. "Alice," he explained, as he stepped into the room with his charge, "it seems to me I have caught a runaway." "No such thing," interposed grandmother, who made her appearance; "the boy only wanted a holiday." Phil looked up thankfully, with an inward conviction that, as Paddy would say, there was going to be a divarsion. Mr. Morel shrugged his shoulders, and made a grimace at the interruption.

"Where was he?" inquired Mrs. Blair.

"By the gate, going like a madman. I doubted the wisdom of getting in his way for fear of a collision."

"Not a runaway, though," replied Mrs. Blair quietly, but evidently annoyed at the old lady's lack of wisdom; "now Philip," she continued a little sternly, "go up stairs at once and get yourself ready for school."

"I ain't going," he growled, sullenly kicking the floor with one foot; "I guess I can have a holiday sometimes as well as the other fellows."

"You have too many, that is the real trouble;" said his uncle, "now sir, be off and mind your mother."

"You haven't any right to boss me," replied the boy defiantly, but started off, having a wholesome fear of his uncle's arm before his eyes.

"I wish you would go up to the school with him, Horace," said Mrs. Blair, after Philip left the room.

"If you think it necessary."

"Well, you know he is so stubborn, and has that notion about the volunteers in his head. I really believe he would go anywhere to be with them; why, he wanted me to let him join as a bugler—

the idea—it would ruin the boy: that and his grandmother," added Mrs. Morel in an undertone; "it's a toss up which would be the worst. But will you go?"

"Certainly; I will have him in school to-day, you can depend on that."

"You had better go right to the door then, for he has quite set his heart on a holiday to-day."

"O, you can rest easy on that score," replied her brother confidently, "he won't outwit me."

The public school that Phil attended was a large three story structure, the lower flat used as shops, the second and third as school rooms. Above these, again, was a large attic or lumber room for storing old desks, &c. The doors of this room and the school rooms were precisely alike in every particular.

"Where are my books?" called Phil, as he came thumping down stairs three at a time; "I left them in my room; somebody has taken them I s'pose; just the way, a fellow never can find anything he wants; you might help us look for 'em, Lot, instead of sitting there doing nothing."

"I am sewing," she replied curtly.

"You sew!" he replied scornfully, "as if you could do anything worth while; come and help me, and then you will be making yourself useful."

"Here are your books," said his mother, "just where you left them, under the hall table."

"Did I? I forgot, but it's all right now, thank you." Taking the books he bade them good morning, and started off with a willingness that was suspicious to say the least.

Mrs. Blair looked warningly at her brother; observing the look, he nodded in reply.

"Wait a moment Phil, and I will go along with you." But Phil was unaccountably deaf. Catching up his hat, Mr. Morel hastily left the room, overtaking his nephew at the gate.

"You can come with me."

"Or you with me," replied Phil, grinning, "as far as Hunt's corner, there is where you turn down, isn't it?"

"Sometimes."

Phil travelled along beside his uncle, chatting pleasantly, but with his mind quite made up not to attend school that day: he did feel a little uneasy, however, as when they came to where he

uncle should have left him, he kept on, evidently intending to go to the door with him: there was no help for it though, so he cudgelled his brain to devise some means to get rid of his tormentor; a bright thought entered his mind—the lumber room.

"Which is the room you belong to?" asked Mr. Morel, as they came to the main entrance of the school-house.

"Away up, the top one of all; coming in?"

"No! I will just go up stairs and see you in."

"Walk easy then," replied Phil, solemnly, leading the way on tip-toes, and hardly able to contain himself, as he thought of his trick; "Old Barton gets awful cross, if we make a noise going up stairs, when we are late,—says it disturbs the school, and he'll blame me if he hears any row now."

Away they went, stepping cautiously past both school-rooms; at the foot of the next flight of stairs, Mr. Morel stopped. Phil went in, and noislessly opening the lumber-room door just wide enough to admit himself, he turned, bade his uncle good morning, spoke to an imaginary master inside, then went in and closed the door without waiting for an answer.

The instant the door was shut, Phil clapped his ear to the key-hole, and breathlessly listened until he heard the retreating foot-steps faintly echoing down the stairs; when, chuckling gleefully at the success of his plan, he went to a window that overlooked the street, and cautiously watched until his uncle was out of sight, then hiding his books among some of the old desks, he opened the door and glided down stairs with his heart in his mouth, fearing that he would be discovered; however, he reached the entrance in safety, and with a bound, and a strong inclination to hurrah, only prudence forbade it, he got outside and scurried off, wisely intending to put as much space between himself and the school as would insure his safety from interference by the authorities, his mind evidently filled with the idea, that distance lent enchantment to the view, in this particular instance at least.

Mr. Morel, under the impression that he had seen Phil safely into the school, proceeded contentedly on his way to business, strongly of the opinion that all the boy wanted was a firm hand and strong will to make him go steadily, and that he was not half as bad as represented.

Phil came in at the usual hour for his dinner, and went away again, as his mother supposed, to school, she not having the faintest

suspicion that he could possibly avoid it, as his uncle had taken care of that.

Three o'clock, or thereabouts, that afternoon, Mr. Morel came in, as was his wont when business was not pressing, to spend an hour in the pleasant sitting room of Moss Cottage, chatting with his sister. In her present position she was always glad to see him, for with her straitened means and unruly son, his support and counsel were very pleasant, and often of great assistance.

"Well, Alice!" he exclaimed, cheerily, as he came into the room, "I got along famously with master Philip this morning; he was inclined to be sulky when he found that I was going all the way with him, but evidently thought better of it when he saw I was quite determined. I kept him in sight until he entered the school room. The fact is, that women don't know how to manage boys! that is where the chief trouble lies. Now I could get along with Phil capitally. This morning he soon discovered that I really meant business, and so gave up the contest. Indeed I have no doubt but that he would have gone straight enough, if I had left him at the corner, for I gave him to understand what he might expect if he disobeyed, but as I promised you, of course, I went up."

"I do not know, I am sure, whether it is my fault or not, but he is very hard to manage, and sometimes I almost feel inclined to give up trying and send him away to school, but then he is too young, and I should miss him so much," replied Mrs. Blair, a little sadly. "I think I heard the door bell, go and see Lottie," she added, turing to her daughter.

"I hardly know how to advise you, about sending him away, replied her brother, but as far as age is concerned, he is quite old enough. You will see plenty of shavers of ten, or thereabouts, in any of the boarding schools. I can't say that I approve, but," he continued thinking, and justly, that her boy's absence would make it lonesome for his sister, "for the present, we must try and manage him at home; you can count on my assistance, of course, if you will not consider it interfering."

"What nonsense, Horace; interfering indeed, after I hardly know what I should have done but for your so-called interference."

"Here is a note from Dr. Barton," said Lottie, coming in at that moment and handing it to her mother, smiling as she did so, for she had a faint suspicion of what it meant.

The Doctor, as they called him, in Croasdale, was the principal of the Gwinton grammar school, a fine, genial old gentleman, a thorough scholar, grave, yet kindly, firm in the discharge of his duty, he was well fitted to fulfil the duties of his important position, that of directing, and to a certain extent, controling the education of over four hundred children.

Now a note from the principal of the school usually meant that Phil was giving trouble, generally non-attendance. Mrs. Blair therefore took it, wondering what could be the difficulty; opening it she read aloud:

MRS. BLAIR,

Dear Madam—

Would you be kind enough to send me a note explaining your son Philip's non-attendance at school to-day. I make this request because I have reason to believe, from what I have heard, that he has remained away without permission. Trusting I am not asking too much,

I remain, yours respectfully,

J. HOLWARTH BARTON.

Mrs. Blair looked up from reading the note with a significant smile on her face, the ludicrous position in which it placed her brother was too strong for the vexation the information it contained occasioned.

He sat with a comical expression, a mixture of mortification and merriment, each struggling for the mastery on his face, but finally the fun of the thing, assisted by the contagious influence of his sister's smiles proved too much for his wounded dignity, and he broke into a long, hearty laugh.

"Well, Horace, what do you think about getting along so nicely with Philip? you could manage him easily, eh?" and Mrs. Blair laughed in spite of her trouble.

"I am sure I can't understand it," rejoined Mr. Morel, in a tone that was just a little tinged with vexation. "I watched him go into the school-room and heard him speak, as he did so, to the master, I supposed. The simplest way to find out the truth is to see the Doctor at once, but there must be a mistake somewhere, I am so confident; perhaps that is yesterday's note?" but no, there was the date, June 14th, plain as possible.

Mr. Morel at once left to ascertain, if possible, the real facts, and bring Master Philip to book, the knowledge that he had been so easily outwitted, adding not a little to his energy in the matter.

"Come back and let me know the result of your inquiries," said his sister, as he was going out; this he promised.

"How do you do, Mr. Morel," said the principal to that gentleman soon after, as he was ushered into the school-room by one of the pupils.

"How do you do, Doctor," replied Mr. Morel, at once plunging into the object of his visit. "I have called at the request of my sister, Mrs. Blair; she received a note from you saying that her son has not been at school to-day, and I presume from the tenor of it that you heard something to lead you to suppose he had not permission?"

"Perfectly right; perfectly right, sir," replied the doctor; "I did; correct too, was I not?" elevating his eye-brows and smiling.

"Decidedly, but I can't understand it."

"Can't understand it? simple enough; sent to school proper time, soon as he is out of sight, leaves his books somewhere, that is all you know until I send to inquire."

"I know that well enough," replied Mr. Morel, still looking puzzled: "from experience, possibly," suggested the doctor with a smile, attempting a joke.

"I don't deny that; I believe I was a boy once, but that is not what is bothering me; you see I came up with him this morning and saw him enter the school-room itself."

It was the master's turn to look puzzled: "enter the school-room, are you quite sure?"

"Positive, stood at the foot of the stairs until he went in, by the way, he belongs in the room above this, I believe?"

"There is none above this, what led you to suppose that?"

A light began to dawn on Mr. Morel. He looked at the master doubtfully, not at all disposed to inform him how he had been tricked, but from the suppressed chuckle, and twinkle in his eyes, he saw that the latter fully comprehended the situation.

"Step this way, I think we can solve the mystery," and leading, the master went up stairs and opened the lumber-room door, disclosing to view the old desks piled up in hopeless confusion. I think that is your hopeful nephew's school-room, not a promising one for the cause of education," he continued with a broad smile; but noticing the other's look of vexation he closed the door and came down stairs, remarking as he did so, that "in dealing with boys one must expect such things."

But this view of the case did not seem to strike Mr. Morel as correct, for he growled in his deepest bass, in reply, that he would break him of such nonsense. "I should suppose that you would have rather a serious time with so many, if he is a fair sample," he continued.

"Your nephew is perhaps the most, or rather among the most mischievous boys I have, but not bad at heart, only a little wild; wild and clever, keep him out of vicious company, and he will come out all right."

"I hope so, I am sure, Doctor; I hope so, but he has some infer—, I beg pardon, very bad habits—one in particular, his notions of truth are rather hazy, in fact, decidedly so, and is causing his mother no small anxiety."

The Doctor nodded his head, as if he understood that fact from experience.

Mr. Morel went on: "it's such a low, vulgar habit."

"The world is low and vulgar," interposed the master sententiously.

"In a boy, I mean," continued Mr. Morel, smiling.

"Or a man, or woman, or any one."

"I will agree to that, too, but I have promised to look after the youngster."

"Not a pleasant task for one in your position."

"I know it, may we count on your co-operation?"

"As long as the boy is under my charge, I will endeavor to discharge my duty faithfully, as I trust I always have done," answered the Doctor stiffly.

This was his weak point; he could not bear any imputation on his teaching abilities.

"You quite misunderstand me," rejoined Mr. Morel hastily; "there are none who are at all acquainted with you could suppose the contrary for an instant; I merely want to ask you to give him a little particular attention; of course, if I am asking too much, why"—

"O certainly! certainly! I think I can promise you that much," said the master, quite mollified. "I shall do my best, if only for his father's sake."

After thanking the master, Mr. Morel returned to his sister's, and rather reluctantly related the facts of Phil's escapade.

He came in as they were talking, and throwing down his books, sat down with the air of one overburdened with lessons.

"I do believe old Barton,"—"Mr. Barton you mean," said his mother quietly.

"All right, Mr. Barton, then," said the hopeful, "has got it in for me, I have the hardest lessons of any in the department."

"We can do without the story," said his mother, "and as for your lessons, they have not troubled you to-day; there, that will do," as Phil opened his mouth to speak; "it is not necessary to say anything more; your uncle has seen Mr. Barton this afternoon, and we know all about it."

"Well, he had no business to watch me this way," replied Phil, trying to look injured, and watching his uncle from the corner of his eye, "as if you can't trust a fellow to go to school by himself; the boys will think I am a baby next."

Master Philip was in danger. Mr. Morel started more than once to take hold of him, but a look from his sister restrained him.

Mrs. Blair told Philip he might go, first warning him that she would hand him over to his uncle to be dealt with, if anything occurred again.

"Why did you stop me?" broke in Mr. Morel impatiently, after the boy had left; "he deserves a good trouncing; you will regret this."

But Mrs. Blair only shook her head; she wished to defer the evil day as long as possible.

(To be continued.)

STATISTICS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

DR. DRYASDUST loves figures, adores them, asserts that they alone can solve all riddles, up or down from the origin of evil to the building of the Canada Pacific Railway. Though I abhor figures, and never found out the origin of evil, I profess myself a disciple of Dr. Dryasdust for a full half hour in order to introduce to the reader some statistics of Nova Scotia. The census of 1871 has not yet been published, but there is enough known through that census, and from other sources, to furnish us

with a few pages of dry reading. Mr. Costley, of the Registration Office, has compiled a Blue Book filled with facts very conveniently arranged and perfectly intelligible, and Mr. Costley shall be our faithful guide.

Statistics are dry? No, never! Look here. The very first fact stated is, "Marriages in 1871, 3,074." Think of that—think of the nods, and winks, and wreathed smiles—the jealousies and joys of six thousand love-lorn maidens and moon-struck swains. Every one of those three thousand weddings was an event of the profoundest interest to circles more or less extensive. What delicious gossip, what genial criticism, what gushing good wishes must have preceded, accompanied, or followed the happy event! What heavings of the great passion that has been supreme in human life from the day that Lamech sung his song to Adah and Zillah, or Penelope stood true to her wandering Ulysses!

In natural and proper sequence the three thousand and odd marriages are followed by a record of the year's births. The figure here is encouragingly large, although Mr. Costley assures us that the whole are not included. Perhaps six or seven hundred have escaped the public ken. We have on record for 1871, 10,452 births. Count, if you can, the trembling hopes, the fears, the joys, the sorrows represented by these figures. God bless the wee bairns—the whole ten thousand of them. What fair women and brave men of the future were dandled on knees or rocked in cradles among those ten thousand, who can tell? There is a sturdy and ferocious captain of militia cutting his first tooth; yonder a fiery politician uttering his first emphatic appeal to human ears—selfish from the first, eh! There, again, is the future belle of the parish trying the power of infantile smiles and tears,

> "Bright as his manly sire the son shall be,
> In form and soul, but ah, more blest than he,
> The fame, the worth, the genial love at last,
> Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past."

And—and—a great deal more of poetry about babies which those who have none of the ten thousand cannot appreciate, and which those who are blest with one or more do not require.

After the Marriages and Births comes——everybody knows what, I almost wish I didn't know——didn't need to know. We

cannot help it, nor can Mr. Costley, who compiled the statistics. Everybody, including belles and politicians, must contribute sometime or other to the column of deaths. Among the Bluenoses, the contribution was made as light as possible, amounting only to 12 in the 1,000. The number actually registered, amounted to 4,518; but allowance must be made for omissions. Poor little babies under three months old, contributed 447 to this total: 18 out of every 100 born, died before reaching the end of the first year. This seems appalling. There is no such mortality among the young of other animals. Dr. Wiseman assures me that much of the "slaughter of the innocents" is owing to what is called "bottle-feeding." The little one is deprived of his natural food, and then he has no choice but to droop and die, or to struggle up to a weak and diseased manhood. Like a shrewd little soul as he is, he prefers to give up the struggle in babyhood, and so he drops out of the race of life. Herod was never half as murderous and cruel as Mrs. Winslow, and the bottle-makers. It seems that in England, matters are worse than with us. We lose 18 babies out of every 100: the English lose 25 out of the 100. In England, 41 in each 100 deaths are of children under 5 years of age; in Nova Scotia, the proportion is only 28 in each 100.

The age at which death strike least frequently is from five to fifteen. This period of ten years gives only 7 per cent. of our aggregate mortality. Only 3 in each 1,000 of our population complete their century. In 1871, no fewer than 14 persons died in Nova Scotia, aged 100 years or upwards. Of these, 9 were women and 5 men. One of the men was a bachelor: and one of the women was a spinster. All the rest had been married, some of them three times. I need not suggest the elements of poetry, of comedy or tragedy that lie hidden under the last few figures. "The days of the years of our pilgrimage are few and evil," even when they reach 100. That poor old bachelor, and that dear old spinster were no doubt intended for each other's comfort and consolation. But the whole range of the Cobequid Mountains towered up between them, and there were no railways in the "days that they went gypsying, a long time ago." Think of the aching void in the heart of John Ross while he waited for the coming of Dorcas Hall. (I should have put it the other way; but no matter: it is all one now.) Nevermore need such life-long separations occur among us; for Leander may go to his Hero——John to Dorcas by rail.

The fact that we yield up only 12 in each 1000 to the old Archer is not the only proof that ours is an exceptionally healthy country. A greater number in proportion to population reach old age, than in any other country of which the death registration is given. In Great Britain, 15 in each 100, get beyond their 70th, and 6 in each 100 beyond their 80th year. In Massachusetts the proportion is nearly the same. In Nova Scotia, 19 in each 100 get over 70, and 8 in each 100 over 80 years of age. One in each 28,000 of Nova Scotians reach 100 years while in England only one in each 276,000 reach the same period, and in New England one in each 97,000.

Nova Scotia mothers have a strong partiality for boys. It is quite remarkable that while in England, there are born 104 boys to 100 girls, and in Scotland and Massachusetts about 107 boys to 100 girls, in Nova Scotia the proportion should be 114½ boys to 100 girls, the proportion does not continue. The mortality among male infants is fully one-fifth greater than among female infants. Death among us is partial to the male sex. In 1871 we lost 111 males to every 100 females, and this, although females considerably exceed males in the aggregate population. Up to 5 years of age, 114 boys die for every 100 girls, from 5 to 10 the mortality is nearly equal, from 10 to 40 the deaths of females is in excess; but after 40 the men drop off, in much larger numbers than the women. From 40 to 50, 119 males die for every 100 females; and from 50 to 60 the proportion is still larger in favor of women, 136 men dying for every 100 women. The women reaching 100 years of age are nearly twice as numerous as the men. The period of greatest deaths (beyond the infantile stage,) is, in Nova Scotia, from 60 to 70. In most other countries it comes ten years earlier. We raise over 100 pairs of twins every year; and we occasionally boast of trios and quartettes.

If one seeks the pathetic, the tragic, and the mournful in figures, just let him look at 126 drownings, 7 suicides, 55 deaths in child birth, 60 deaths of cancer, 97 of dropsy, 91 of whooping cough, or the 840 deaths from consumption. How many homes were darkened with the shadow of death? How many hearts broken by separation for which there is no remedy on earth? It is the old story, but it never ceases to interest the human heart while clouds and thick darkness hang over our destiny.

We are a sea-going people; we love the barren and billowy

main. I recall "barren," as totally and utterly inapplicable to our teeming waters, whence comes a very large proportion of our wealth. Over 20,000 of us find employment in fishing, and two years ago the waters yielded to us over five millions of dollars worth of fish. 3,885 barrels of Salmon; 100,991 Salmon in cans; 408,998 lbs. of fresh Salmon; 228,152 barrels of Mackerel; 201,600 barrels of Herring; 10,200 boxes smoked Herring; 10,055 barrels Alewives; 447,166 cwts. of Codfish; 119,539 Scalefish; 6177 barrels of Shad; 950,000 cans of Lobsters. Five-eighths of the produce of the fisheries in the Confederated Provinces came from Nova Scotia. Dry facts, hard figures, dreary details, "infinitely forgetable," as Carlyle would say. Stop a moment. Did ever you see a salmon tugging for life in a river at one end of a rod, and a skilful angler, managing as best he can, at the other end? There is romance, there is comedy enough about salmon fishing, though, of course, only a small proportion of the aggregate catch is due to the skill of the amateur. For others there is toil enough, and anxiety, and "hopes and fears that kindle hope" in the work. As for other classes of fishermen, their lives are full of peril, of adventure, of hardship. Every man of them can tell you of magnificent mornings and evenings off Mabou, or Cape North, or Indian Tickle, or the Magdalen Islands, or Gaspe. They can tell of handsome fortunes piled up in a few weeks, of swift and prosperous voyages, and bright and prosperous years. Ah! but there is another side to the story. Scarce a family in Lunenburg, Queens, Shelburne and other shore counties but have been clothed in mourning through disasters on the hungry ocean. You hear of mighty and sudden storms, of desperate struggles for long dark days and awful nights, against the wrathful winds and the tremendous waves. Many hasten to some favoring haven; many ride out the tempest; but some, always some, perish, and tidings of woe come to some expectant families, and grief overspreads whole villages. How often have I heard incidents like the following:—John Smith, of Smith's Bay, has a snug farm sloping down to the water's edge. By hard work, he and his six boys and five girls make ends meet. Mrs. Smith dreads the sea, for her father and three brothers were drowned in the big gale which wrecked the *Reindeer* on Gull Rock. But as Mr. Smith's boys reach early manhood they witness the successful enterprize of their neighbors. They cannot resist the general

contagion. John and George go to sea, to the fisheries, in Uncle Ben's vessel. They succeed beyond expectation. In two years they are able to secure a vessel for themselves. With their two younger brothers and two or three other hands they go off to Labrador. Before leaving home they are both engaged to be married in the autumn to two of Mr. Brown's daughters. Followed by the earnest hopes and prayers of mothers and brothers, sisters and sweethearts, off they go with favoring winds but aching hearts. In two months they secure a splendid catch, and with richly laden vessel they turn for home. The storm bursts upon them in more than usual fury, and they are never heard of more. It is an oft-told tale, with many variations. This being so, we should have more sea-songs among us, as well as figures about us. You know Kingsley's "Three Fishers." It is a successful attempt to evoke the sad music that underlies and overlies the fisherman's life:

"Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west, when the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman that loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out from the town:
For men must work and women must weep,
Though storm be sudden and waters deep
And the harbor-bar be moaning.

"Three women stood up in the lighthouse tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
As the storm-wreck came rolling up rugged and brown:
For men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep
And the harbor-bar be moaning.

"Three corpses lay stretched on the shining sands
In the morning sun, as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For the men that can never come back to the town:
For men must work and women must weep
And the sooner 'tis over the sooner to sleep:
Then farewell to the bar and its moanings."

The sea exacts costly tribute from us for the wealth we gather from its depths. It takes the flower of our youth, multiplies our widows and orphans, and sends mourning, lamentation and woe into many a once happy home.

We are a reading and writing generation in Nova Scotia. Our mail-carriers travel in the aggregate as much as if they had gone round the globe once a week throughout the whole year. They carry about two and a half million letters. In 1871 we digged out of our rocks no less than $355,699 of gold, and added this much wealth to the world's store. In ten years we raised $3,640,356. The coal we raised in one year, 1871, was worth at least two million dollars. Last year's yield would be about three millions. For (between ourselves) you may always allow for, say, twenty per cent. more coal being raised than you see stated in Blue Books. Reason why: coal pays so much of a tax per ton towards the Provincial Revenue. The number of our—. But stop there. I hear the impatient reader cry "mercy on us; enough figures for once. We are not ostriches of the desert, or born statisticians. In mercy stop." Well, be it so. But as ghosts are in the habit of saying to the fortunate folk whom they encounter, "We meet again."

THE ENGLISH IN IRELAND.

WHY the English went to Ireland to take upon themselves its government, how they comported themselves in that self-assumed office, and with what success, are themes fully and eloquently unfolded by the historian Froude, from the time of Strongbow's landing in that country down to the middle of the eighteenth century, in a volume of over 600 pages. In a succeeding volume we shall have, in due time, the remainder of the story. No doubt the main part of the book furnished the material of the lectures with which Mr. Froude lately favoured the American people. The daring attempt to justify the ways of England towards Ireland was by no means likely to pass unnoticed by the Catholic party, who chose their most eloquent man to break a lance with the representative of England. Father Burke was, probably as well qualified to enter the list as any one in America. In a neat volume entitled "Ireland's Case Stated," the Rev. Father, in five lectures, attacks and belabours the historian. We intend to examine the main positions of the historian and his critic.

As a general rule, there is but little satisfaction to be derived from controversial history. The dust and smoke of the battle prevent us from ascertaining who are the real victors. We are too ready to be carried away by eloquent statement, when we should alone be moved by certain fact. When religion has entered into the matter of the discussion, men's passions have become so heated that they can see nothing as it is. Evidence is twisted, and oftentimes destroyed; so that it may not be permitted to damage the character of a party. Exploded tales are again brought forward as though they were veritable truths. It is but rarely that we find a man who, laying aside passion and prejudice, sets himself honestly to the task of finding out the truth which is unpalatable to one party, while it is eagerly sought after by another. We fear that, though we must give the historian credit for good intentions, we cannot admit that he has altogether succeeded in the presentation of the Anglo-Irish question in the clear light of truth, and as little do we think has his critic arisen to that plain of vision where the lights of history are undimmed and undistorted. The historian, as an Englishman, tries to make the case of his country appear as fair as possible; the priest being the advocate of a cause tries not only to defend his client but to damage as much as possible the position of his antagonist. Yet from their opposing statements we can, at least in some important particulars, eliminate the truth.

We are not satisfied with the historian's reasons for the interference of the English in Irish affairs. If he had been able to shew, that when Henry first took Ireland under his protection, it was likely to become a formidable enemy, or that it was about to be seized upon by Spain, or some other power, to the detriment of England, we could have admitted the force of the reason. The fortunes of war may be the justification of the victors treatment, and policy may require a nation to anticipate an enemy in seizing the territory of a free but weak people. Self preservation is a law which justifies much, that without such plea is highly condemnable. It is not pretended that there was anything of this kind, which might be pleaded in justification of the English in their going to Ireland at first. There was no great enemy of England about to make a descent upon the shores of Ireland. The Danes had been defeated and driven off. Religion had not as yet become a bone of national contention. Henry went to Ireland to settle a quarrel between its rulers. It was as the

friend of Dermot McMurrough, whom the other chiefs had indignantly expelled from their midst, because of his odious crime that Henry invaded Ireland. The historian lays himself open to the monk, when he assigns as a reason for English interference, the cause of virtue or morality. But Froude makes the English justification to lie in the false morality that "might makes right." The boldness with which he lays down the propositions embodied in that principle, is the only thing in them which we admire. One who has always considered that weakness had other rights than those of mere submission will hardly believe that our representative Englishman should be so bold. Here however is what he says:

"When two countries, or sections of countries, stand geographically so related to one another that their union under a common government will conduce to the advantage of one of them, such countries will continue separate as long only as there is equality of force between them, or as long as the country which desires to preserve its independence possesses a power of resistance so vigorous that the effort to overcome it is too exhausting to be permanently maintained.

"A natural right to liberty, irrespective of the ability to defend it, exists in nations as much as and no more than it exists in individuals. Had nature meant us to live uncontrolled by any will but our own, we should have been so constructed that the pleasures of one would not interfere with the pleasures of another, or that each of us would discharge by instinct those duties which the welfare of the community requires from all. In a world in which we are made to depend so largely for our well-being on the conduct of our neighbors, and yet are created infinitely unequal in ability and worthiness of character, the superior part has a natural right to govern; the inferior part has a natural right to be governed; and a rude but adequate test of superiority and inferiority is provided in the relative strength of the different orders of human beings.

"Among wild beasts and savages, might constitutes right. Among reasonable beings, right is forever tending to create might. Inferiority of numbers is compensated by superior cohesiveness, intelligence, and daring. The better sort of men submit willingly to be governed by those who are nobler and wiser than themselves, organization creates superiority of force; and the ignorant and the selfish may be and are justly compelled for their own advantage to obey a rule which rescues them from their natural weakness. There neither is nor can be an inherent privilege in any person or set of persons to live unworthily at their own wills, when they can be led or driven into more honorable courses; and the rights of

man—if such rights there be—are not to liberty, but to wise direction and control."

And then he shews that neither boundaries, nor race, nor language can be any reason for combination into nationalities. There is no reason for nationality but power to maintain its independence. "The *right* to resist depends on the *power* of resistance." Scotland had a right to separate existence because she was able to fight England. If Ireland had fought better, England would have had no right to subjugate her. But, inasmuch as she was weaker than England, England had a right to govern her. Such is the principle of force to which Mr. Froude gives the freest play. England had a right to seize upon and govern Ireland because she could do it. Upon the same principle we can justify the bully, and the slaveholder, and the successful bandit, and every scoundrel who is able to take and hold one weaker than himself in bondage of any kind.

But Mr. Froude tells us of the terrible social condition of the people of Ireland when Henry took charge of it. The piety, he says, for which it had been famed. had degenerated into superstition, and no longer served as a check upon the most ferocious passions. Giraldus Cambrensis, who was sent by Henry the Second to report on Ireland, says, their chief characteristics were "treachery, thirst for blood, unbridled licentiousness, and inveterate detestation of order and rule." It may be shrewdly suspected that Giraldus colored the report to please his master. But having received such an account of them it was evident they needed "bit and bridle." Liberty to them was only mischievous, and the Normans came to take direction of them. If, indeed, the Irish were so much more savage than the other European nations, it would have been a mercy for Henry to take charge of them if he had made them more orderly, but, as the Monk has replied, there was war and disorder everywhere at that period—when the Roman Empire was broken up, and when the Normans and Danes and other free-booters were ravaging the fairest countries; and then, too, the disorder did not cease upon the assumption of the English authority, but continued for many centuries, and is not altogether abated till this day. There were, no doubt, some ostensible reasons why the Pope should be solicited to make over Ireland to the care of England. Probably he thought, with Mr. Froude, that the Irish Celts needed a ruler, and the Norman was a "born

ruler" of mankind. All we have now to regret is that the Norman should, with such assumptions and opportunities, have proved himself such a sorry and incompetent ruler as Ireland's whole history since then appears to prove. Had Ireland been allowed to work out her own problem, her case could not have been worse—it might have been a vast deal better.

Mr. Froude assumes that the grant by Pope Adrian of Ireland to Henry "was but the seal of approbation by the spiritual ruler of Christendom." That is to say, the whole world was of opinion that Ireland needed a foreign ruler, and the Pope's bull appointing Henry was just the *imprimatur* of that opinion. The Pope's action has not always been in accord with public sentiment. But passing over that circumstance, we note that Father Burke totally and absolutely denies that ever such a bull was issued,—that the alleged bull was a forgery. The reasoning of the eloquent Monk to establish this position is strong, but is inadmissible in the face of still stronger evidence that the bull was a genuine instrument. He says that the letter which Henry produced was dated 1155, but was not brought to light by him till 1175—twenty years after; that it was introduced into a work called "Metalogicus," published after its author was dead; that it was dated from Rome, whereas Adrian was not at Rome during all that time, and that John of Salisbury, who is said to have procured the letter, affirms that he found the Pope at Benevento where he stayed with him for three months; and further, that the same John of Salisbury never mentions the celebrated brief in his work, entitled "Polycratius," in which he professedly deals with his visit to Adrian. When Mr. Froude states that Pope Alexander III. acknowledges and confirms Adrian's grant Mr. Burke replies that this letter is another forgery, that three genuine letters of Alexander, of the same year, were dated from Tusculum, and that this fourth letter was dated *from Rome*. The inference is, that it cannot be genuine. But we reply to all this reasoning, the bull or letter of Adrian has been recognized again and again by the Popes themselves. Pope John XXII. in 1319, sent a copy of it to the King of England to remind him of the terms on which he held Ireland, and the bull is published by Baronius, from a copy in the Vatican library. Catholic writers of eminence and authority, now admit its authenticity,* and therefore all the reasoning founded on supposed

* See note in Edinburgh Review for January, 1873, p. 68.

screpancies of the place from which it was dated, must go for othing. The fact is only of importance because it has been denied, and because Roman Catholics are unwilling to admit that the beginning of English usurpation was sanctioned and approved by the head of their Church. In our view, the Papal approbation does not much mend the English case. It gives some colour to the affirmation that Ireland was in a very disorganized condition, but we know that other views and motives might operate in the procurement of the bull. The evidence laid before the Pope of Ireland's disorganized state was one-sided, and got up by Henry's minions to support the foregone conclusion that Ireland should be handed over to England to be dealt with as its King might see fit.

But, apart from the right of the English to govern, how did they administer the power which they assumed? There are several periods of that authority. 1st. The pre-reformation period, when the governors and governed were of one religion. 2nd. The period of religious rancour. 3rd. The period of emancipation. We make this division for the purpose of viewing the subject in different lights. With the last we shall not now deal, as the history is not before us yet.

The difficulties and mismanagement of English government in Ireland, commenced immediately. The Celtic chiefs were driven to the mountains; and the Fitzgeralds, Lacies, DeBurghs, DeCourcîés, Blakes, Butlers, Fitzurses, took the place of McCarthies, O'Neills, O'Briens, O'Sullivans, and O'Connors. Father Burke says the Irish welcomed the new comers as friends, and gave them part of their lands. No doubt, some of the Irish did but it was because they helped them to conquer another and stronger part of the natives. The Norman, having become "rooted in the soil," graciously condescended to let the Irish live, neither exterminating them wholly, as the Red races in America, nor partially, as were the Gauls by Cæsar, nor holding them continuously down by the sword, as the north of Italy by Austria. "The Normans," says Froude, "were not properly colonists; they were a military aristocracy, whose peculiar mission was to govern men; and, by making alliances with the natives, they seem to have succeeded to a considerable extent, in accomplishing the objects for which they came to Ireland. But it would appear that in the course of two or three generations, the Norman had become a Celt; and the Butlers and Burkes and Blakes were hardly distin-

guishable from the O'Briens, O'Neills and O'Connors, whom they had displaced. So, after a little, notwithstanding the "incessant fighting, and arduous police work, which knew neither end nor respite," by which the Normans tried to hammer the Celts into consistency and order, the result was, that in the century succeeding the advent of the English, many of the Normans had become Celts, in manners and ways; many more had, while still holding their lands, become absentees from their estates; disorder had become general, and society had fallen into a condition at least as bad, save in the four counties constituting the Pale, as before the Norman had constituted himself policeman to the Celt. Then came the wars of "the Roses," during which Ireland was left to itself, when, as might have been expected, her own power of self-government having been taken away for a century, it would have been wonderful if anything better than rapine and revenge and misery had been experienced. The case of Ireland was just that helpless condition in which the whole Roman world was left at the breaking up of the empire. Of course, after a long period, she might have conquered order, and returned to a civilized condition. But before there was time for the experiment, and indeed the English power had never altogether been withdrawn, the old master came back. Bosworth field having been fought, and the Red and White Roses united, the English Sovereign once more turned his governmental attention to his Irish people. The Irish problem had to be faced. Having claimed supremacy over the Island, the English sovereigns "were responsible to God and man, for the administration of some kind of justice there." "Once more there was to be an attempt," says Froude, "to govern, but how it was to be done" remained as obscure as ever. The country was in a frightful condition. "Barbarism had come back as if it were the fatal destiny of the country." There was the pale in which some sort of order still reigned. Then outside that limit, the Geraldines in Leinster and Munster, the O'Briens in Clare, the Butlers in Kilkenny, the O'Neills and O'Donnels in the north, exercised a rude supremacy. Under their titular leadership, the country was shared out between sixty Irish chiefs of the old blood, and "thirty great captains of the English noble folk," each of whom "lived only by the sword and obeyed no temporal power but only himself that was strong." "These ninety leaders, on an average, commanded seven or eight hundred swords apiece, but their retainers, when their

services were not required by their chief, were generally fighting among themselves. Every lad of spirit who could gather a score or two of followers, set up for himself, seized or built some island or forest stronghold, where he lived by his right arm on the plunder of his neighbours, and fought his way to the first place under his lord." Various proposals were made to remedy this state of affairs. The government was, however, handed over to the Earl of Kildare. The Kildares deriving their strength from their popularity, governed by humouring what were called "Irish ideas," among which were "the free right of every man to make war on his neighbour at pleasure," and the appeal to the ordeal of battle in any disputed case. After a quarter of a century of Geraldine rule, the system of repression was adopted. Henry the Eighth, while disavowing all intention of depriving the chiefs of their lands, required them to make a formal surrender, to be restored to them with English titles and to come under the legitimate jurisdiction of the King, though with certain liberty of use of the Brehon laws. That the Irish could not see the justice and beauty of this arrangement, seems a subject of wonder to the historian. Probably it would have been better if they had been able to conform to authority and law, as administred by Henry. But they thought differently, and wanted to be governed by their own ideas. Had they been left to themselves they would gradually, like other nations, have become emancipated from them. It was the fact that a foreign power was taking away what they held most dear that prevented them from seeing the benefits of the scheme proposed. But a new difficulty was about to arise which rendered the task of governing Ireland impossible to England. The religions of the governors and governed were to be henceforth different. To the antipathy of race was to be added the antipathy of creed. England was about to become Protestant. Of course, considering the relations of the two countries, other things being equal, Ireland would instinctively hold by the old faith which gave her a chance of throwing off the yoke of England. So when Kildare declared for the Pope he was thrown into the tower where he died; his son, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, was compelled to surrender and was hanged at Tyburn. The Kildare Geraldines were attainted; the estates of English absentees were confiscated, the Abbey lands of Ireland were given over to dangerous chiefs, who accepted them gratefully, surrendered their own lands to receive them back subject to English condi-

tions and English rule and inheritance, accepting English earldoms for Irish chieftancies, and consenting to the title which Henry took to himself, of King of Ireland. Matters looked bright and English rule might have at last succeeded had Henry lived longer, and had not his quarrel with the Pope given rise to complicated differences of doctrine which laid the foundation of future conspiracies, insurrections and revenges.

Passing over the disturbed reigns of Edward Sixth and Mary, we find things in no very orderly condition on the accession of Elizabeth. The element of creed now comes fully into play in the government of Ireland. The Church and Abbey lands with their revenues, which Elizabeth farmed out, that she might lighten the expenses of her government, were sources of dissatisfaction. The priests set themselves in opposition to the government which had despoiled their property. The authority of the Pope was used to neutralize the authority of Elizabeth. She was head of the English church, while he was king of the kings and queens of the earth. Society was thus again disorganized. Banditti roamed everywhere, and Elizabeth's soldiers sent to suppress them were almost banditti themselves. Shan O'Neill put himself at the head of the movement against Elizabeth who assisted the enemies of the O'Neills, and Shan was murdered. In the South she pitted Ormond and Desmond against each other. In the war which followed between England and the Geraldines, the country was wasted. So utterly desolated was Munster that the lowing of a cow, the sound of a ploughboy's whistle was not to be heard from Valentia to the Rock of Cashel. Hugh O'Neill, bred in the English Court and sent over to Ireland with the highest hope that he would bring everything over to English ideas, adopted all the Irish ideas. "Train a wolf's cub as a dog and he will be a wolf still," was the remark on his conduct. There was a war then of six years. To urge on the resistance of the Irish, a Nuncio from Rome proclaimed that no Catholic could, without sin, submit to a heretic Sovereign; far less take part against the faithful who were in arms for the holy church. This doctrine made toleration impossible, and compelled the maintenance of laws which, in time, provoked insurrection and all its fatal consequences. Had that doctrine been renounced it might have been possible to re-establish the Roman Catholic church; but how was it possible for a Sovereign to establish a church which not only held the

doctrine as an opinion, but put it in practice whenever opportunity afforded. So the strife went forward. But it was evident that unless Protestants were introduced into Ireland it could not be governed as a Protestant country, so, from time to time, as one portion of the country after another was desolated, or forfeited to the crown, it was planted with Protestants. Especially in Ulster had this planting gone forward. There Scotch colonists had, from time to time, settled not as governors or military leaders, but as farmers, weavers, merchants, mechanics, and labourers. "They went there to earn a living by labour on a land that up till that time produced only banditti. They built towns and villages; they established trades and manufactures; they enclosed fields; raised farm-houses and homesteads, where till then had been but robbers' castles, wattled huts, mud cabins, or holes in the earth like rabbit burrows." Then the natural wealth of Ireland began to reveal itself. Commerce sprung up. The wheel and the loom made music in every house. The fields waved with the yellow corn. Trade sprung up with England and France. The exquisite Irish wool was sought in the south of Europe. The only thing which gave a sombre hue to this bright picture was that these prosperous people were foreigners. The owners of the country were poor and improvident still. The natives, where they were mingled with the foreigners, caught the infection of industry, but where the Celts were without admixture and example, "Irish ideas" continued to prevail. If at an earlier period, before rancour and hatred of race and religion were produced, these industrious people had settled in Ireland, instead of the Norman Lord—"born ruler of men," who went to fight and domineer—what a different fate had been that of unfortunate Ireland. But then the land had to be taken from the natives that there might be room for these industrious people. Possibly. Yet we cannot help speculating on what would have been the happy condition of Ireland, had Scotland had the management of affairs instead of England. Nor can we refrain from thinking that a much happier history had been of that unfortunate island if Henry had just allowed the Irish to settle their own quarrels as the English had done during the Heptarchy, when probably there was just about as much disorder and rapine as was in Ireland when Strongbow landed on its shores.

But we must hurry on to the consideration of the rebellion of

1641. Whether there was a massacre at all on that memorable year, or whether it was of any amount to talk of, has been a subject of controversy. The reason why it has been debated at all is because it is held to form a reason and excuse for the penal era which followed. Froude, taking as his guide the thirty-two volumes of sworn evidence of eye witnesses whose testimony is altogether concurrent, affirms, as well he may, that a terrible spoliation and massacre were made of the Protestants by the Catholics in that year. Derry, Carrickfergus, Newry and Dublin, and other strong places were to be surprised on the 23rd October. The Irish people were to dispose of the English settlers and their families. The order was to drive them from their houses, strip them, man, woman and child—of their property, of their clothes on their backs, to take such chances for life as the elements would allow in the late autumn, to human existence, turned adrift amidst sleet and rain, without food or covering. The Scots were to be left unmolested, an order observed at first but afterward unheeded. So on that fatal Saturday, before the houses of the settlers, gangs of armed Irish appeared, demanding instant possession, driving out the families and stripping most of them to the skin. Those who resisted were killed: some saved their lives by flight. The doors of neighbours were opened in seeming hospitality, but within were those who had been taught that it was a mortal sin to give relief or protection to the English. Those who sought refuge were betrayed to the ruffians out of doors, or were murdered by their hosts. There were indeed exceptions, where parties were protected. Nor, at first, was massacre apparently designed. The ill-success of the scheme for the seizure of Dublin, Enniskillen, Derry, Coleraine, and Carrickfergus, exasperated the conspirators; and it is affirmed that the massacre was not begun till the Protestants set the example. Catholic writers say that the first blood was shed at Island Magee, when 3000 Irish Catholics were slain by the garrison of Carrickfergus. This was utterly untrue. The date of the event referred to was not November but January, long after the massacre had commenced. The facts, every item of which can be made good, are: Alaster McDonnel, had destroyed some English families at Kilrea; seventy or eighty old men, women and children, had been killed on the road by the same party between Ballintory and Oldstown. On the Sunday following, January 9th, a party of the expelled farmers, maddened

by their losses, accompanied by a few soldiers from Carrickfergus, slew in revenge thirty Catholics on Island Magee. These thirty were shortly converted into three thousand, and the event translated from the 9th January 1642, back to 25th November 1641, that a defensive operation might become the excuse for crimes committed months previously. The bloody work went forward. The contemplated spoliation merged into murder, which soon became a passion, and not only might the Protestants be seen naked and defenceless dragging themselves in hunger and cold to some place of safety, but savages of both sexes brandishing skenes; even boys practising their young hands in stabbing and torturing English children. Terrible were the scenes enacted, from which the eye turns away in horror. The massacre of the Indian rebellion was nothing to it. It was at first indeed greatly exaggerated. It was said that 200,000 perished in the first six months. At the trial of Lord Maguire the figures sworn to were 152,000. Others reduced the numbers slain to 40,000, or 37,000. Even these figures Mr. Froude thinks exaggerated. But Father Burke will have it that the whole story is a fiction. First he quotes Phelim O'Neill's proclamation on the day of the rising:

"These are to intimate and make known unto all persons whatsoever, in and through the whole country, that the true intent and meaning of us whose names are hereunto subscribed, that the first assembling of us is nowise intended against our Sovereign Lord the King, nor hurt of any of his subjects, either English or Scotch, but only for the defense and liberty of ourselves and the Irish natives of this kingdom. And we further declare, that whatsoever hurt hitherto hath been done to any person shall be speedily repaired; and we will that every person forthwith, after proclamation hereof, make their speedy repair unto their own houses under pain of death, that no further hurt be done unto any one under the like pain, and that this be proclaimed in all places. *At Dungannon*, 23 *October*, 1641.—PHELIM O'NEILL."

Upon this proclamation the Rev. Father proceeds to enquire:

"Did they keep this declaration of theirs? Most inviolably. I assert, in the name of history, that they did not massacre the Protestants, and I will prove it from Protestant authority. We find despatches from the Irish Government to the government in England, of the 27th of that same month, in which they gave them the account of the rising of the Irish people; there they complained, telling how the Irish stripped their Protestant fellow-

citizens, took their cattle, took their houses, and took their property—but not one single word of complaint about one drop of bloodshed. And if they took their cattle and houses and property, you must remember that they only took back what was their own. A very short time afterwards the massacre began; and who began it? The Protestant Ulster settlers fled from the Irish; they brought their lives with them, at least, and they entered the town of Carrickfergus, where they found a garrison of Scotch Puritans. Now, in the confusion that arose, the poor country-people, frightened, all fled into an obscure part of the country, near Carrickfergus, to a peninsula called Island Magee. They were there collected for the purposes of safety to the number of more than three thousand. The very first thing these English Puritans and a Scotch garrison did, when they came together, was to steal out of Carrickfergus in the night-time, go into the midst of that innocent and unarmed people, and they slaughtered man, woman and child, until they left three thousand dead behind them. And we have the authority of Leland, an English Protestant historian, who expressly says, 'This was the first massacre committed in Ireland on either side.'"

It is true that on the 27th Oct., four days after the insurrection, little or no blood had been shed, and the complaint is, that the Irish stripped their Protestant fellow-subjects, took their cattle, took their houses and property; but not a single word of complaint about one drop of bloodshed. Now, it is very disingenuous in the Rev. Father to conceal the fact that Mr. Froude and all the historians expressly state that there was no massacre *for some time after* the rising. The Father says "the Protestants began it," and tells the story of the massacre on Island Magee. But the sworn testimony is, that the killing of the thirty men on Island Magee was in January, 1642,—rather too late for a justification of what took place in November and December, 1641. But what can be put in opposition to the thirty-two volumes of sworn evidence taken shortly after? Why, this, says Father Burke—that a great portion of these depositions were not *sworn at all;* but Dr. Warner tells us that having heard it stated that the words "being duly sworn" were crossed out, he made a full examination and found no instance in which the words were crossed. We may safely allow the matter to stand as these depositions attest.

But then followed a ten years terrible war, and the Cromwellian pacification by cruel slaughters, the restoration, and the advent of William and the penal era. Upon these matters we have not time

at present to dwell. The laws were most repressive. No arms were to be used by the Irish; no Catholic child was to be sent to a Catholic teacher, nor was it to be sent to receive a Catholic education elsewhere; all Popish Archbishops, Bishops, Vicars General, Jesuits, Monks, Friars, or other regular Popish Clergy or Papists exercising any jurisdiction were ordered to depart out of the kingdom before the 1st May, 1698. Then by the 1st Act of Parliament under Queen Anne, if the son of a Papist became a Protestant his father might not sell, mortgage, or dispose of any part of his property by sale, the Protestant son became master of the father's estate, and finally a law was passed by which no Catholic should own a horse of more value than five pounds. If he did his neighbour might take him on paying down the small price. Well, what is the justification for all this? The historian points to 1641 and to the spirit and teaching of the religion which caused the massacre. And he says truly that Catholic writers express neither regret nor astonishment at severities such as the penal laws in Catholic countries, but reserve their outcries for occasions when they are themselves the victims of their own principles. We suppose it will not be denied that one principle of the Romish religion was at the bottom of all the rebellions in Ireland from the time of the Reformation. In the eyes of the Catholic church the power to dispose of Ireland was in the Pope,—a dogma which those who inherited the lordship of Ireland from the bull of Adrian, can hardly find legitimate fault with. It was a very inconvenient doctrine for the English after their quarrel with the Pope, however admirable it seemed to Henry when he got the rescript from Rome to go and take Ireland. Indeed, it is a puzzle and a difficulty still, what to do with those who hold by the old doctrine, for one does not know what in some conjuncture of favourable circumstances might be made of it. It was not, to say the least of it, wonderful, however much of a mistake, to find the English endeavouring to uproot a principle which was continually giving so much trouble and leading to rebellions and conspiracies and massacres. It was this principle which led to hatred of the doctrine of the mass which was confounded with it, and if the Catholics want that or any other doctrine of their church to be respected by Protestants, they would do well entirely to reject and renounce the dogma of the right of the Pope to manage the temporal affairs of the nations. This they are not likely to do, for the

same council which affirmed the infallibility of the Pope, decided also on that article of the Syllabus which affirms that it is a wicked error to admit Protestants to equal political rights with Catholics or to allow Protestant immigrants the free use of worship; on the contrary, to coerce and suppress them is a sacred duty when it has become possible, as the Jesuit fathers and their adherents teach. Till then of course, the greatest prudence is to be exercised with regard to the use of their physical power. Still, notwithstanding that this, whatever be the private opinion of Roman Catholics, is the doctrine of the church, England has gone on removing the penal laws till now there is not a shred of them remaining. England is right in this. We must never permit the intolerance of another to make us intolerant. Where England was wrong, was in ever passing the penal laws. It is easy, however, in looking back in the past to tell where our fathers erred, to show how the battle was lost and how it might have been gained. Let us hope that no circumstance in future will ever blind the eyes of the kings and rulers of nations to forget the rights of men in revenge of conspiracies against their authority.

Mr. Froude thinks that there are radical defects in the Irish character which constitute the great difficulties in the way of government, order and prosperity. Winning and seductive, capable of assimilating those with whom they associate to themselves, "they want that manliness which will give strength and solidity to the sentimental part of their dispositions." "This incompleteness of character," he says, "is seen in all they have done; in their history, in their arts, and in their literature. Their lyrical melodies are exquisite, their epic poetry is ridiculous bombast, . . . they have no secular history, for as a nation they have done nothing which posterity will not be anxious to forget." Their characters have "no dramatic outline," "their architecture is poor," their houses "from cabin to castle, hideous." Taste, truthfulness, cleanliness, are all absent. "The Irish is the spendthrift sister of the Arian race." He gives them credit for an attraction which none can withstand. Brave to rashness, yet infirm of purpose; unless led by others their bravery is useless to them; "patriots, yet with a history which they must trick with falsehood to render it tolerable, even to themselves; imaginative and political, yet unable to boast of one national work of art; attached ardently to their country, yet so cultivating it that they are a by-word to Europe. They

appeal to sympathy in their very weakness, and they possess qualities, the moral worth of which it is impossible to over-estimate, and which are rare in the choicest races of mankind.

There is a nice balance in these phrases of the historian which is not the mere trick of rhetoric. The contrasts are too true and real. But it may be enquired how far are these defects to be traced to the presence and rule of the English in Ireland. Battle-fields are not the places to cultivate the arts: people held in slavery may be pardoned if wanting in taste or sentiment. Men robbed of their lands and turned out of their houses burrowed where they could till they might get back their homes, so that poor lodging became to them a thing of wont and use. Why decorate the temporary mud cabin when its tenant was waiting for the house out of which he had been harried? Then how should they have a "secular history" any more than any other enslaved people? The accusation of want of courage at home is unfounded. Their want was of unanimity and of leaders. If they had changed commanders at the Boyne, the history of Ireland would have been changed, and that of England too. It is impossible to charge Ireland with a defect which may not be owing to the presence and management of "the English in Ireland."

Father Burke does not err much when he says: "The history of the English connexion with Ireland, is a history of blundering and want of tact, and not knowing what to do with the people—never understanding them nor knowing anything about their genius, about their prejudices, or about the shape and form of their national character," and that "if Mr. Froude has proved anything, it is that among all the gifts, one gift God never gave the English, viz:—How to govern people."

The religious and land questions are still the great subjects of contention in Ireland. One would think that both of these had been pretty well disposed of. But the Irish church wants back what she was despoiled of. The English establishment having been swept away, there is cherished the hope that the church of Ireland may be established. Then though tenant-right has been granted, and though improvements are to be paid for, there still lingers a hope to the heirs of the dispossessed, of recovering the lands of their fathers. "Ireland for the Irish" is still the watch-word. In 1848, poor Celts talked very freely of the houses occupied by rich Saxons, which they intended to have. Hatred is still

intense against England. The conclusion of Father Burke's last lecture, where he quotes with great gusto Macaulay's New Zealander; the battle of Dorking; the Alabama settlement; the probability of Ireland yet becoming a state of the American Union, etc. is proof of this. The difficulty of the English in Ireland is a snake scotched not killed.

There are many topics descanted upon in Froude's work which we have not room to notice. It is an admirable contribution to the understanding of the Irish question, if it does not solve the problem. Those who want to know the history of the English in Ireland should possess themselves of this book, and they would do well also to get Father Burke's rejoinder. The Monk sometimes makes good points; but we are bound to say that he serves up much exploded statement as history which, though it might do very well before an admiring audience, will not serve his cause in the long run. His chief force is in reply to the sentiment and morality of the historian's positions, whose historical facts are incontrovertible. The ventilation which the subject has received will do good. The opinion expressed in many quarters that Father Burke had the best of the argument will be entertained chiefly by those who, ignorant of the facts, have read only the Monk's lectures, but have not perused Mr. Froude's book.

AN EDITOR'S TRIALS.

I HAD a call from the Editor this New Year's Eve. I can see him now, as he stood with his left elbow resting on the mantelpiece and his head leaning upon his hand. He had an uneasy, hunted, grieved look that I had never seen—at least in such intensity—upon his countenance before.

I saw at once that the poor fellow was in a state of mind. By subtlety I led him on to the free unburdening of his soul,—the first, best medicine to the wounded spirit.

Standing there—at his feet the inseparable red satchel, bursting with MSS.; his coat out-swelling in great lumps and humps, from that overcrowding of the pockets called literary; and with eyes set in fixed, unmeaning stare at the crumbling ashes on the hearth,

my friend did deliver himself with an eloquent *abandon*, his possession of which I had never till that moment dreamed. I cannot follow his words; I can only give some faint idea of the general color and tenor of his passionate complaint.

An editor, he said, is the only human sufferer for whom there is no pity among his fellow-mortals. His is a lonely sorrow—there is nothing in the experience of those who are near to him that can help them either to mourn with him in his misery, or, what is sometimes needed more, to be glad with him in his joy.

Can you imagine the effect upon the human brain of the unintermitted wash over it of a steady, unending stream of MSS., year in and year out? Can you imagine the intellectual distraction, disintegration, demoralization, that comes of entertaining an inconsequent succession of plots, facts, fancies, freaks, rhymes, reasons, and theories—most of them of no force or value whatever? Do you wonder that an editor, after a good part of a lifetime spent in such abortive labours, should contemplate a lapse into a condition of downright idiocy?

He paused a moment in his speech. His left hand still clasped his forehead, but his right waved in mid-air, as if in time to the ceaseless pulsing of those waters of which he had spoken, and over which his eyes seemed even now vaguely to wander, like those of the "Ancient Mariner" over that wide and dreadful sea.

An awful thought entered my mind—is it really so? I asked myself; have his troubles actually touched that sensitive brain of his—are his own worst anticipations about to be realized? Suppose, I thought with a shudder, suppose he should be taken violently, and, as often happens in such cases, should turn upon his best friend—in a word, suppose he should demolish both me and the Old Cabinet before I had time to call for assistance. I glanced nervously at the brass-knobbed tongs, which happened to be on the side of the hearth near which he stood. But I did not betray my suspicions, and as he went on he gradually became calmer, and more and more like himself, falling at last into the stately phrase for which he is so justly celebrated.

. . . If the evil were worked only during the reading—he continued—it would not be so disastrous. But the horrible things haunt him. Wherever he goes he is followed by a phantom company, that brings him no companionship, help or solace of any kind—nothing but dissipation and annoyance. A face flickers before him—some dimly outlined personality—taking part in a half-remembered scene. He pauses to recall where he has met such a one—where and when such a thing happened. Then flash across his vision the yellow pages of a MS.—a week ago sent on its homward journey.

To spend one's days and nights in the company of disagreeable people, to whom the story-writers introduce him, without his consent or desire—to listen to their knock-kneed philosophies, their

cant, their mouthing insipidities—this is the fate of an editor! And if, in order to prevent the ghostly crew from dogging his very step, and making even his dreams hideous, he adopts the expedient of giving a mere mechanical attention to the words of the MS., this style of reading interferes with his mastery of the things he needs to read with the spirit and with the understanding also.

Who ever thinks of sitting down and writing a letter of condolence to an editor upon the rejection of a MS.? Who is there to remind him that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, etc., etc.! Here is he made by Providence the inflictor of a thousand hurts, and with no one to drop a sympathetic tear! Heavy-hearted, he frames gentle excuses and deprecatory declinations, knowing well that there is no art of putting things that can prevent a pang. The blow may be received with a sneer and a hit back; or with a real or feigned heartiness; or with hopeless resignation. The first experience, he supposed, is next in comfort to a letter of condolence; the second will do very well unless the author has taken too much encouragement, and is dooming himself to new and grave disappointments; but your resigned cases—there is the confounded part of it! It was never any portion of his literary ambition to perform the part of an executioner; he is too sensible of his own shortcomings to want to sit in judgment upon other people's work,—and yet he is made to figure, in the eyes of a host of good and gentle souls, either as a person of no heart or of no brains,—he is only too grateful when it is merely the lack of brains of which he is accused.

Of course—said my unhappy friend—there are certain MSS. that can be returned with few compunctions. If an editor could add to his printed and written "forms," one addressed to "idiots," another to "ignorant braggarts," another to "insolent grinders," another to "impertinent old ladies in pantaloons," his correspondence would be simplified, and his conscience saved. But what becomes of a man's moral nature after he has invented some nine hundred white lies in a twelve-month!

Again he paused. The same look that had frightened me before, once more crept across his face. His eyes, as then, seemed to go out over an awful sea, and his hand moved from side to side with the old pathetic gesture.

"Nice work this for New Year's," he burst forth at last—giving the little red bag a half-contemptuous push with the toe of his boot. The touch was an *open sesame*,—off flew the catch, and out sprang a dozen MSS., tumbling in confusion upon the carpet. He kneeled to gather the waifs, and as he was leisurely replacing them one by one in the bag, suddenly—as on a black night a porch is lit up when the hall door is flung wide open, or as the aurora makes luminous the darkness of the northern sky—his face was radiant with delight! He hadn't noticed the directions before, he said, but if there wasn't another poem from L. B.; and, he

declared! something more from F—— H——; and a new story from S——and wouldn't I like to see the handwriting of this last! and didn't I wish I could read it in MS. three whole months before the rest of the world,—so good-night to me!—and he had fled into the darkness like a lively, demented old miser.—SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE meeting of a new Parliament for the first time is always an interesting event. There are so many developments of character and of intrigue to be watched, so many positions to be defined, so many maiden speeches to be made, and so much marshalling of forces to be done, that the bystander can easily find food for amusement, and probably for not a little cynical reflection. The excitement deepens as the opposing parties become more evenly matched, and few can resist the tendency to cast their sympathies on either one side or the other during the struggle. The variety of issues presented to the people at the last general election for the Dominion was so great, and the want of consolidation on both sides so marked, that it was a matter of great difficulty to determine the actual result of the contest. The number of so-called independent members elect was disproportionately large; and, according as these would range themselves on one side or the other, the ministry or their opponents would have a majority in the House. As is usual in such cases, the first divisions clearly proved that the predictions of the newspaper organs on both sides were erroneous. The fact that the government has been sustained for the present, falsifies the vaticinations of the opposition, while the ministers themselves will scarcely feel disposed to consider their majority a safe one. It remains to be seen whether, in a House of two hundred members, a not very reliable majority of less than twenty will suffice to enable the government to weather the session in the face of an opposition powerful in numbers, consolidation, and talent. Many grave questions are coming up for discussion, including, more especially, the Pacific Railway, and, if we may rely upon the implied promise given recently in public by Mr. Blake, the Washington Treaty; the Premier will require all the ability, tact, energy and astuteness which he and his colleagues possess in order to ward off attacks, sure to be as determined as they are well arranged.

The reconstruction of a cabinet is not always or necessarily a sign of weakness; yet, the impression seems to prevail, that nothing but the most urgent necessity could have driven the

Premier to make the change he has made in the personnel of his administration. To use the homely, but expressive aphorism which was so great a favorite with President Lincoln: "it is a bad time to swap horses when crossing a stream." There can be at least no doubt respecting the difficulty of supplying the place of the veteran financier Sir Francis Hincks, who is already out of the cabinet, and will probably soon be compelled to leave the House.

The opposition have had the good sense to allow the address in in reply to the speech from the throne to be carried without a division. This practice has long been prevalent in the British House of Commons, and on account of the intentional vagueness of the wording, no one is considered as committing himself to any sentiment in it, by allowing it to pass without recording his vote against it, or even offering any hostile criticism. The very opening of the session was characterised by a series of fierce struggles on questions of privilege, and, judging from the results of the different votes, and the tone of the speeches, the country may congratulate itself that such unseemly exhibitions will be prevented in future by handing over the trial of controverted election cases to the judges of the Superior Courts. In the West Peterboro and Muskoka cases there were no questions of fact involved, the returns showing on their face that through grave irregularities somewhere, the verdict of the people at the polls had been set aside. In each case the opposition candidate had a majority of votes, the validity of which might be disputed, it is true, before an election committee, but about which no question had been raised. The returning officer in each case had chosen to exercise judicial functions, returning in one the minority candidate as the member elect, declaring in the other that neither was elected. In both cases, the House was asked by resolution, to amend the return, so as to bring it into harmony with the figures contained in the poll-books, in other words to declare the majority candidates elected, reserving, at the same time, the right to petition against their election, and contest their seats; and it was asked to do this on the ground that the functions of a returning officer were ministerial and not judicial. Setting aside for a moment, all consideration of the merits of either case *per se*, it seems strange that the House should have refused to amend the return in what was surely the more flagrant breach of privilege of the two, and should consent almost immediately afterwards to make the necessary amends in that which was less so. If a returning officer exceeds his power at all in failing to return the majority candidate, common sense would seem to indicate that he goes further astray in returning the wrong man than in refusing to return any. Not so thought the House of Commons, however; and, as this was a case of privilege, its will in the matter is law. That there is danger in the precedent established by the West Peterboro case, some of those who are responsible for its creation may live to find out, even

though the remedy provided by a change of tribunal may be more speedy than it is now. The House solemnly declared by a majority of sixteen, that the returning officer has the right to decide on the qualification of the candidates before him; what is there, then, to hinder the minority man being always returned? True, he could soon be unseated; but, meanwhile, the man who is really the choice of the people is mulcted in costs in order to obtain the seat to which no one denies his *prima facie* right. Probably the far-reaching consequences of their vote on the question did not trouble much a goodly number of the *moutons* who are sure to find their way into every deliberative assembly.

The session which has had such a stormy beginning, promises to have an equally stormy middle and end. Since the signing of the Pacific Railway charter, the correspondence between the rival companies chartered by the last parliament has been made public. Very little new light has been shed by this incident on the facts of the case, though charges of a grave nature abound. These may be reduced to two—that there is an intention on the part of the government and the chief spirits of the new company to hand the road over to American capitalists, and that the ministry have received their *quid pro quo* in the shape of a large sum of money to help to carry the late elections. It seems to have been acknowledged on all hands, at one time, that the road could not be built without the aid of American capital; and the charge made by the one company against the other of being willing to place the line under the control of an alien proprietary, seems, so far as the public can yet judge, to be fairly met by the *tu quoque* retort. An attempt is at present being made to secure sufficient English capital to carry on the enterprise. Should that attempt be unsuccessful, perhaps, indeed, whether or no, it will be impossible to prevent the stock from passing into the hands of foreigners, and with the stock must pass also the control of the road. The political power exercised by the company will enable it to make and mar cabinets at its pleasure; and with the Americanizing of the company and its directorate is inseparably connected the loss of the autonomy of the Dominion. The other charge, that of accepting a bribe, is as yet unsubstantiated in every particular, depending for currency on mere assertion. The public will be loth to believe that any body of men could be found in this country, who would be willing to transfer to the hands of aliens the control of a national work of such gigantic magnitude. They will find it still harder to believe that they would venture to negotiate with those who are interested in a rival road, and must be considered the enemies of the Canadian scheme. But if it should ever transpire that ministers have been found venal enough to sell their country's dearest interests for foreign gold, with which to debauch constituencies during a general election,

the most condign punishment cannot fail to be meted out to them by their incensed fellow-citizens.

After all, it has yet to be shewn, it seems, whether the Pacific Railway scheme is feasible at all. According to one member from Manitoba, the obstacles in the way of carrying out the scheme, as defined by the Act and the Charter, are virtually insuperable, while the grant of fifty millions of acres of land will cover all the habitable districts in the North West territories. If so, it may well be asked, and asked seriously and persistently, is the union with British Columbia worth it all? What will the country have in return for the thirty million bonus for the payment of which its credit is pledged, if it requires every rood of arable land in its unappropriated territories to make up the subsidy?

A danger, no less imminent than that involved in the Pacific Railway scheme, threatens the Intercolonial bond. It is not now making itself felt for the first time, though it is beginning to assume a more serious form than ever before. Different members of the confederation are manifesting grave signs of dissatisfaction with the financial basis of the union, and demanding better terms. It must be patent to all that whenever any one Province succeeds in drawing into its coffers a larger share of the general revenue than it gets at present, it must do so at the expense of the other sections of the Dominion, and it is altogether improbable that those other sections are going to submit to such a process without the necessity for disturbing the basis of union being established beyond the possibility of its being gainsayed. As if to burlesque the demand of New Brunswick for "better terms" the same cry now comes from Manitoba, a Province which obtained terms so extremely favourable when it was admitted, that a similar occurrence is not likely to take place again. Quebec is brought as closely to the verge of direct taxation as New Brunswick, and it is from her that the principal opposition to the demand of the latter will come, unless her members agree to make common cause with our own, in which case we may expect to find members of every shade of politics in Ontario uniting to resist the demands of both. It is easy to raise the cry of sectionalism, and such a cry would soon become a powerful disintegrator of the union. There can be no doubt that confederation has imposed increased burdens on the smaller provinces, which were too much governed before the union, and are absurdly so now. The duties of local Legislatures are principally of a municipal kind, and will gradually become more and more so. Common sense would seem to dictate the propriety of abolishing all the useless paraphernalia of a second chamber, excessive subdivion of executive offices, and all the other expensive and unnecessary parts of the governmental machinery, now that the great general interests of every part of the Dominion are managed by a central Parliament. Ontario is the only Province

of the Dominion shewing a surplus; had that fund not been in existence a good deal of the color for the present agitation would never have existed. On her behalf it is argued that her surplus is due to the ample provision made for local public works by local direct taxation, and to her self-denying economy in divesting herself of governmental appendages which are better adapted for ornament than use. The plea is urged that if other Provinces follow her example they will have a surplus too, and whether this plea is well founded or not, it will require no small amount of argument to induce her members of Parliament to abandon the position. If the financial pressure felt just now in Manitoba and New Brunswick would only lead to the extension of the boundaries of the former province, as it seems likely to do, and to a legislative union of all the maritime provinces, which does not seem to be at all close at hand, much benefit would result from it. In any case to ask for "better terms" under the threat, explicit or implied, of withdrawing political support from the ministry of the day, would be as suicidal as it is unfair. The demand is either an equitable one or it is not. If it is, let it be considered on its merits and not be mixed up with the chicaneries of politics. If it is not, and if the boon can only be secured at the expense of the just rights of other Provinces, it must be abandoned. New Brunswick members may hold the balance of power between contending parties now; the day will come when they will not, and their success in disturbing the financial basis of the union now would only pave the way for a reconstruction of it on less advantageous terms at some future time. These remarks have no reference whatever to the merits of the claim, which has certainly an apearance of plausibility, if not an as pect of truth; they are intended as a *caveat* against a mode of presenting it which appears to be looked on with favour in some quarters, and which all honourable men must sincerely deprecate.

The publication of the terms offered to Prince Edward Island by the Dominion Government has been the signal for a not unexpected explosion. As usual, the alleged inconsistency of the men in power in advocating what they once reprehended, is made the excuse for equal, if not greater inconsistency in their opponents. Those who always opposed confederation are naturally, if not justifiably exasperated at what they deem the trick played on them by their quondam leaders, though it is not necessarily any more a trick or a shuffle than the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Act by the Duke of Wellington, or the repeal of the Corn Laws by Sir Robert Peel. The whole history of constitutional government is full of seeming tergiversations, which may, with perfect honesty, be regarded by the perpetrators as specimens of the highest kind of statemanship. The Journals of the Island, always bad enough in temper and low enough in tone, are of

course making the most grotesque exhibitions of themselves, in their efforts to stir up a storm in a tea-pot. The smaller the pit the fiercer the rats fight. It will be better for Prince Edward Island when her sons, with soaring ambition and pugnacious disposition, can find a wider field at Ottawa, in which to measure themselves with foemen worthy of their steel. If, however, through the influence of political hate, or Jesuitical machinations, or any other cause, the present terms of Union should be rejected, it may be long before others equally favourable are placed at the disposal of the Islanders.

England has had her political crisis also, though it has been tided over for the present, and with an astonishing amount of dignity too. Whatever other charge may be brought against Mr. Gladstone, he certainly has, on more than one occasion, shewn an almost over-scrupulous desire to interpret the verdict of public opinion as being hostile to himself. His readiness to resign whenever an adverse vote takes place is often attributed to the testiness of his character, a charge which may have some foundation. At all events, whatever may have been the motives which actuated him in the late crisis, nothing could be better fitted to restore him to his former position in the public mind than his quiet resignation, his cheerful abandonment of all intrigue and negotiation, his dignified reserve while his opponents were taking counsel, and his absolute refusal to resume the reins of power until they had decided to unconditionally abandon their intention of trying to organize a cabinet. There has been, it seems, no change in the *personnel* of the administration, a result none the less to be regretted because it was to be expected. The prime minister's sense of dignity and his chivalry would not admit of his making a scape-goat of even Mr. Ayrton at such a time, though if the rejuvenated cabinet is to survive, it cannot long avoid the ordeal of reconstruction. Once a Tory of the Tories, Mr. Gladstone has verged so constantly and rapidly towards the other pole that he is now far more in sympathy with the Radical element among his bifurcated following than with the Whigs who accompanied him of yore under the lead of Lord Palmerston. The result of the inevitable progress of public opinion has left Earl Russell long ago on the conservative side of the political dividing line; the rearrangement of political landmarks, after the present ones have been effaced by the next political tidal wave, will doubtless throw another batch of conservative Whigs across the fence to swell the thinning ranks of Toryism. When the time comes for Mr. Gladstone to elect which branch of his following he will adhere to, there can be no doubt what his choice will be. It is to be hoped that, whatever may be the fate of his Irish University Bill, his foreign and colonial policy will be more consonant to the national mind, and more in keeping with his otherwise dignified demeanor

as the prime minister of a great nation and one of the best and wisest reformers of his day.

The only other foreign event of the month, which appears worthy of special mention, is the inauguration of General Grant a second time as President of the United States. The occupation of the Presidential chair by a man of his stamp, while such men as Sumner, Greeley and Seward sought in vain for an opportunity of filling it, is a species of satire on the democratic sneers so generally indulged in against a hereditary monarchy. It is quite true that a monarchy furnishes no guarantee against a fool becoming heir to the throne; but Responsible Government can at least tie his hands so as to prevent him from doing serious mischief. If a Charles I. or a James II., or even an Elizabeth found it impossible to assert their individual views too strongly, it is not likely that the better understood and more scientific maxims of constitutional government, as practised now, will ever tolerate interference with popular rights hereafter. So much can hardly be said of a system which elects a Chief Magistrate by dint of conventions and wire-pulling, and then places in his hands a kind of semi-despotic political power during his incumbency. President Grant's *penchant* for annexing territory crops out even in his inaugural address. He admits the right of the people to judge of the expediency of annexing new dominious to those already acquired; but, even with this reservation, it may well be questioned whether any real statesman would, at the present juncture, think or speak of annexing more territory at all. It is a soldier's talk, and the talk of a not very intelligent soldier at that. Surely it is time that this insatiable craving after territory should give place to the appreciation of a higher and nobler destiny among our neighbors. It is true that sensible men repudiate the manifest destiny dream, and the absurd Monroe doctrine; but if they want foreigners to believe in their sincerity and live on amicable terms with them, they ought to instruct their Chief Magistrate to eliminate all such visionary nonsense out of his state papers, whatever his private views may be.

STARRS & McNUTT,

DEALERS IN

Hardware, Cutlery, Lead, Zinc,

IRONMONGERY,

Window Glass, Paints, Oils, &c.

142 & 144 Upper Water Street, and 295 Barrington Street,

HALIFAX, N. S.

---

145 Barrington Street. 145

(OPPOSITE SOUTH END GRAND PARADE,)

HALIFAX, N. S.

J. C. MAHON,

DEALER IN

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS.

Horrockses Shirtings, Grey and White Sheetings,
Linens, Tickings, French Kid Gloves,
German Corsets, Paris Wove Corsets,
Patti Corsets.

MOURNING GOODS; MANTLE VELVETS.

Also—A full line of RICH BLACK SILKS, always on hand, low for Cash.

a2 **INSPECTION INVITED.**

For April.

AS THIS IS THE MONTH IN WHICH

RUBBERS

ARE MOST IN DEMAND, WE OFFER A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Rubber Boots and Shoes,

AMERICAN RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES,

CANADIAN RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES,

ENGLISH RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES,

all sizes and widths.

—ALSO—

GEO. A. KENT,

153 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

Standard Proprietory Medicines!

TAYLOR'S EDINBURGH COUGH LOZENGES prepared from the Prescription of Prof. Christison, Royal College Physicians, Edinburgh.

TAYLOR'S CHOLERA CORDIAL SYRUP, for Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Cramp and Spasm of the Stomach and Bowels. *Safe, Cheap, and Reliable.*

CHISWELL'S PECTORAL BALSAM! a celebrated preparation for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, &c., &c., for sale, Wholesale and Retail, at No. 63 Barrington Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS, FAMILY RECIPES, &c., carefully dispensed with the Purest and Best Drugs, &c., and are duly registered and numbered.

N. B.—No per centage allowed Physicians for their Prescriptions by

HENRY A. TAYLOR.

E. O. HUGHES & CO.

35 Dock Street, - - St. John, N. B.

IMPORTERS OF

ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN

FANCY GOODS,

Jewelry, Cutlery, Toys, Musical Instruments, &c.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

BISHOP & EVANS,

(*Successors to T. Wesley & J. H. Murphy,*)

HALIFAX MARBLE WORKS.

DEALERS AND Manufacturers in

Foreign and American

MARBLE.

MARBLE MANTLES of any design, with or without Grates.

Monumental and Church Work,

in all its branches, executed in

MARBLE, FREESTONE AND GRANITE.

Obelisks, Head Stones, Tablets, Grave Marks, Tomb Tables, &c.; Church Fonts, Mural Tablets, &c., in best Marble, from latest designs, and in most approved Style and finish, at Lowest possible rates.

FURNITURE AND PLUMBERS' SLABS.

☞ Country orders punctually and personally attended to.

BISHOP & EVANS,

Nos. 73 and 75 Barrington Street,

HALIFAX. N. S.

CALCULIFUGE

CURES

Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Dropsy and diseases of the Kidneys.

Warranted Purely Vegetable.

The only Sure Cure for the GRAVEL.

Do not suffer while a Remedy is within reach.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Wholesale Agents:

AVERY, BROWN & Co., Halifax, N. S.

H. L. SPENCER, 20 Nelson Street, St. John, N. B.

R. C. MARGESON & Co., Proprietors, Halifax.

GO TO

77 Barrington Street, 77

(OPPOSITE U. P. C. HALL,)

FOR

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

SUCH AS

Tea,	Flour,	Syrups,
Coffee,	Meal,	Pickles,
Sugars,	Currants,	Spices,
Molasses,	Figs,	Jams,
Cheese,	Raisins,	Jellies,
Rice,	Beans,	Honey,
Barley,	Soaps,	Fancy Biscuit,
Baking Powder,	Salt,	Spices.

Fresh Butter and Eggs.

Here you will always find a choice selection of Fruit.

L. HAMILTON, Proprietor.

P.S.—Tea from thirty to sixty cents per pound.

A. L. WOOD,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

STAPLE & FANCY

DRY GOODS,

Grey, White and Printed Cottons,

BRILLIANTS,
DRESS GOODS,
FLANNELS,
LINENS,
SHEETINGS,
CLOTHS,
LACES,
MILLINERY
MANTLES,
SHAWLS,
CORSETS,
RIBBONS,
SILKS.

☞ Worthy of special attention,—our **75 Cent Kid Glove,** full 20 per cent. under price.

A. L. WOOD,

143 Barrington Street, 143

HALIFAX, N. S.

F. H. BARKER,

Hermetically Sealed Goods,

HALIFAX, N. S.

FACTORIES:—

Sambro',
Ship Harbour,
St. Margaret's Bay,
Tum's Bay,
Lunenburg.

Lawson, Harrington & Co.,

Agents.

E. T. C. KNOWLES,

Attorney and Barrister-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c.,

Office—106 Prince William Street.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

P. FITZPATRICK,

CABINET MAKER,

No. 88 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and OFFICE FURNITURE, manufactured to order by experienced workmen.

D. E. DUNHAM, Architect.

DESIGNER OF

All classes of Public and Private Buildings, &c.

HAVING a thorough practical knowledge of Constructive Architecture, the Subscriber is enabled to DRAW DESIGNS, and furnish reliable estimates to suit any outlay in building.

OFFICE: 1 and 2 Bayard's Building, (106 Prince William Street,) St. John, N. B.

ROBERT B. EMERSON,

GENERAL DEALER IN

Cook, Shop, Hall and Parlor STOVES; STOVE PIPE, Plain and Russian Iron; COAL HODS; TINWARE, and a general assortment of Kitchen Furnishing Goods.

No. 5 CANTERBURY STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

HARNESS MANUFACTORY.

GEORGE MURDOCH, 159 Union Street,

Dealer in all kinds of Harness, in the latest American styles.

WHIPS, BRUSHES, CURRY COMBS, &c., always on hand. Strict attention paid to Repairing, Cleaning, and Oiling old Harness, &c.

G. MURDOCH, 159 Union Street, Saint John, N. B.

FLEMING & MACREDIE,

PLUMBERS AND GAS-FITTERS,

No. 22 Princess Street,

(OPPOSITE THE SAVINGS BANK,)

JOHN FLEMING,
ROBT. C. MACREDIE, } **SAINT JOHN, N. B.**

F. B. MARTER, Chemist and Druggist,

81 KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in DRUGS, MEDICINES, Perfumery, Soaps, Brushes, Combs, Cigars, Cool Soda Water, Syrups, &c.

Ships' Medicine Chests carefully fitted up. Prescriptions carefully compounded.

J. D. MARSTERS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,

Corner King and Germain Streets,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO ENLARGING AND COPYING OLD PICTURES.

WALES & GREEN,

BRASS FOUNDERS,

Paradise Row, Portland, St. John, N. B.

The Subscribers are prepared to manufacture, at short notice, and on reasonable terms:

SHIPS' RUDDER BRACES, BUTT BOLTS, CLINCH RINGS,

HINGES,

Tiller Fittings, of all patterns; Patent Roller Bushes, of all sizes;

In short, every description of BRASS WORK, required for fitting out vessels, made in a superior manner. Also:

MILL CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

Globe and Gauge Cocks,

ROUGH AND FINISHED, ALL SIZES AND STYLES;

OIL CUPS AND LUBRICATORS, with the latest improvements; WATER CLOSET FITTINGS, WATER and GAS FITTINGS, COUPLINGS, &c.

RAILWAY CAR BUSHES, babbitted with our Patent Metal, which is warranted superior to any other ever used for the same purpose.

WALES & GREEN,
Paradise Row, Portland, Saint John, N. B.

THOMAS LUNNEY & Co.,

CLOTHIERS,

No. 3 King Street, ... Saint John, N. B.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY SOLICITED.

Samples of Cloth and Directions for Self-Measure will be sent FREE on application.

Send along your Orders.

THOMAS LUNNEY & Co.

David McAlpine,

ADVERTISING AGENT,

100 *Granville Street,*

HALIFAX, N. S.

E. Howard & Co.

185 Hollis Street,

HALIFAX, N. S.

Will offer during this month great inducements to purchasers of

Spring and Summer

CLOTHING.

All Garments are well Made and Stylishly Cut, and a

"FIT"

is Guarranteed.

TERMS: CASH.

E. HOWARD & Co.,

185 HOLLIS STREET.

The advantage of paying Cash clearly demonstrated.

S. HOWARD & SON,

Hollis Street,

Have received the greater portion of their Spring Importations, which is now open and ready for Inspection.

Decided Advantages will be offered in all classes of GOODS.

Special Lots:

600 Japanese Silk Dresses, from 33 c. per yard.

720 Black Silk Dresses, from 60 c. per yard.

25000 yards of Grey and White Cotton, from 7 c.

All prices have been reduced 20 ℘ cent. in consequence of our adoption of a strictly cash system.

This change was called for in the interest of Cash Customers, who, under the old *regime*, paid the same prices as Credit Buyers, who obtained from 6 to 36 months credit.

S. Howard & Son,

Retail Department:

185 Hollis Street.

Wholesale Department:

Corner Prince & Hollis Sts.

English Offices:

21 Broom St., Manchester, G.B.

21 Lime St., London, G. B.

Old No. 131] Old No. 131]

145 Granville Street,

J. B. BENNETT,

MANUFACTURING JEWELLER AND IMPORTER OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS,

JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS.

☞ The quality of all Articles warranted when sold. An immense Stock to select from. Job work in WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c., executed with punctuality and neatness. An endeavor to please never fails of success. Call and see.

CHARLES ROBSON & Co.,

OLD NO. 11. NEW NO. 135.

GRANVILLE STREET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

IMPORTERS OF

SILKS, SHAWLS, LYONS VELVETS,

MANTLES, MILLINERY, DRESS GOODS,

HOSIERY, GLOVES, SILK UMBRELLAS, &c.,

and a full Stock of Staple and Fancy

D R Y G O O D S,

Wholesale and Retail.

PEILER, SICHEL & Co.,

141 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

PIANOS.

STEINWAY & SONS, HAINES BROS.,

CHICKERING & SONS, VOSE & SONS.

Mason & Hamlin's, Geo. A. Prince & Co.'s

ORGANS.

Sheet Music and Musical Merchandise.

E.P EILER & BROTHER, St. John, N. B. . SICHEL & Co., Quebec.

MAYFLOWER COLOGNE!

An elegant Perfume.

BROWN BROTHERS & Co., Halifax.

PRICE'S GLYCERINE CREAM,

FOR CHAPPED HANDS, &c.

BROWN BROTHERS & Co., Halifax.

BROWN'S

Concentrated Flavoring Extracts.

AND

FRUIT ESSENCES.

RELIABLE! PURE! STRONG! DELICATE!

BROWN BROTHERS & Co.,

Halifax, N. S.

P274.1

No. 5. Vol. I.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY,

A MAGAZINE

OF

Literature, Science, and Art.

MAY, 1873.

CONTENTS:

	Page		Page
Two Problems in Social Statics,...	385	The Masque of Lorenzo the Magnificent, ...	448
A Plot within a Plot,.....	398	Our North-West, ...	461
Sonnets, ...	406	Through the Storm,.....	472
A Tour through Danderville,.....	407	School and Health,.....	473
Dominion Ballads—No. 1.—The Three Norsemen, ...	418	Progress of Natural Science, ...	476
Philip Blair, ...	421	Roman London,.....	481
The Castaways of Gull Island,.....	435	Book Notices, ...	483
Caprian Wine, ...	447	Notes on Current Events,.....	491

J. & A. McMILLAN, ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. & W. MACKINLAY, 123 Granville Street Halifax, N. S.
DAWSON BROS., Montreal.

$3.00 per Annum in Advance.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS, SUCH AS COUGHS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

AMONG the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effectual remedy for all diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS. A vast trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of CONSUMPTION, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing COUGHS, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence: and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome INFLUENZA and painful BRONCHITIS, when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Sole Agency for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

H. L. SPENCER,

MEDICAL WAREHOUSE, 20 NELSON STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

GENERAL PATENT MEDICINE AGENCY FOR THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

MR. SPENCER would call the especial attention of Country Merchants and Consumers to a general assortment of PATENT MEDICINES, FANCY ARTICLES and TOILET GOODS, which by particular arrangements with the Manufacturers, he is enabled to supply to Dealers on the most FAVORABLE TERMS.

☞ *Correspondence and Orders solicited.*

No. 5.—Vol. I.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY,

A MAGAZINE

OF

Literature, Science, and Art.

MAY, 1873.

1873.
J. & A. McMILLAN, ST. JOHN, N.B.
A. & W. MACKINLAY, 123 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.
DAWSON BROS., Montreal.

W. MYERS GRAY,

Broker and Solicitor, &c.,

139 HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

Attends to the sale and purchase of Stocks, Shares & Debentures,

ALSO, TO SELLING AND LETTING HOUSES, LANDS AND PREMISES.

Collects Rents, Debts, and other monies on Commission, and makes prompt returns.

AGENT

For the Sale of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company's 7.30 Gold Bonds.

And for the Sale of the P. E. Island Government Debentures in Nova Scotia.

WILLIAM CROWE,

133 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

GENERAL AGENT FOR THE

"RAYMOND" SEWING MACHINES,

FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING.

PRICES FROM $15 AND UPWARDS.

THE excellent reputation these Machines have attained, renders it unnecessary to do anything in the way of puffing their merits. The subscriber claims to be the largest importer of SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES in these Provinces. Dealers will find it to their advantage to send for a Price List before purchasing elsewhere.

NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, BOBBINS, &c., &c., &c., for all kinds of Machines, always on hand. Also—TWIST, SILK, LINEN, COTTON, OILERS, OIL, &c., &c.

All kinds of SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED, ADJUSTED, and put in order promptly, and at reasonable charges.

MACHINES HIRED BY THE DAY OR WEEK.

CONTENTS OF MAY NUMBER.

	PAGE
Two Problems in Social Statics.—II. Emigration from an American Stand-Point,	385
A Plot within a Plot,	398
Sonnets,	406
A Tour through Danderville,	407
Dominion Ballads—No. 1.—The Three Norsemen,	418
Philip Blair,	421
The Castaways of Gull Island,	435
Caprian Wine,	447
The Masque of Lorenzo the Magnificent,	448
Our North-West,	461
Through the Storm,	472
School and Health,	473
Progress of Natural Science,	476
Book Notices,	481
Notes on Current Events,	

R. T. MUIR & Co.,

Wholesale and Retail Booksellers

AND

Manufacturing Stationers,

139 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

IN STOCK—

Every Description of Writing and Blank Book Papers.

PRINTING PAPERS, all Qualities and Sizes, White and Colored.

Printers INKS, all colors.

CARDS AND CARD-BOARDS.

Being the largest Importers of ROOM PAPERS in the Lower Provinces, we can afford to offer superior advantages to those who may favor us with their patronage.

WM. STAIRS, SON & MORROW,

HALIFAX, N. S.

Merchants and Importers of

Cordage, Canvas, Chain Cables, & Anchors.

BAR AND BOLT IRON, COPPER BARS AND SHEETS.

Muntz Metal Company's Bars and Sheathing.

NETS, LINES, AND TWINES,

White Lead, Paints and Linseed Oil.

DARTMOUTH ROPEWORK COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CORDAGE and OAKUM.

☞ Address D. R. W. C., Halifax, N. S.

JOHN F. STAIRS, Manager.

THE MARITIME MONTHLY.

THE Proprietors have determined to make this a First Class Magazine. Writers of known ability in the Provinces are engaged to supply Sketches, Tales, etc.

Persons having suitable original Short Tales, Sketches, etc., are requested to forward them addressed to "The Editor Maritime Monthly, Saint John, N. B.," for approval, with the price. If approved, remittance will be made on publication; if not, manuscript will be held to order of the author.

The favour with which the Maritime Monthly has been received gives assurance of success.

WE might select articles of greater merit than those which we publish. It is our aim however to make the Magazine, as much as possible, a medium of original Canadian thought, and with distinct provincial characteristics. Our readers will not do us the injustice of comparing our efforts with the Essays of Eclectics culled from the literature of the world. It is to be hoped also that they will allow for the difference of price and circulation. Thirty-five cents should give more reading than twenty-five; and the hundred thousand subscribers of an established Magazine will bring a revenue which will enable the publisher to give an amount of valuable material to which one with, as yet, but a Provincial field, and *comparatively* small circulation, cannot at once attain. With a steadily increasing list of subscribers, however, we shall soon be in a position to enlarge our Magazine, and thus to find room, not only for the best native talent, but for very excellent matter, of general interest to our readers.

We have added an additional sheet to the Magazine, and intend to make further additions and improvements in successive issues.

We have to apologize to our readers for the length of the articles in this and former numbers, and would impress on our contributors the virtue of brevity.

Advertisements and other business matters may be arranged with Mr. David McAlpine, Halifax, N. S., or his accredited agents.

To Agents we propose the following terms:

For $10 we will send four copies to one address for one year.
" 18 " " eight " " " " "
" 25 " " twelve " " " " "
" 40 " " twenty " " " " "

Subscribers in St. John and vicinity will confer a favor by paying their subscriptions to J. & A. McMillan, St. John, N. B.

JAMES BENNET, EDITOR.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

IS CALLED TO

J. B. ELLIOT & Co's

Mantle Department.

NEWEST STYLE OF MANTLE CLOTHS

kept constantly on hand.

MANTLES made to order in the most Fashionable Styles.

A CHOICE STOCK OF MILLINERY ALWAYS ON HAND.

132 and 134 Granville Street,

HALIFAX, N. S.

JOHN HERBIN,

WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER,

191 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

Importer of and Dealer in all kinds

GLOCKS, GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,

JEWELRY

of every description kept constantly on hand.

Manufacturing and Repairing done at shortest notice and warranted to give general satisfaction.

CHARGES MODERATE.

GEO. DAVIDSON & CO.,

WHOLESALE IMPORTERS OF

China, Glass and Earthenware,

CUTLERY, FANCY GOODS,

ELECTRO-PLATE WARE,

ORNAMENTS, LUSTRES, &c.,

79 UPPER WATER STREET,

(*Head Commercial Wharf,*)

HALIFAX, N. S.

J. & A. M'MILLAN,

Book and General Job Printers,

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS,

AND BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

78 Prince William Street,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

☞ Being provided with Steam Power, excellent Presses, and every requisite for promptly executing all work entrusted to our care, we are prepared to guarantee satisfaction.

☞ Particular attention given to orders from the country, and work speedily forwarded by express.

(ESTABLISHED A. D. 1840.) (ESTABLISHED A. D. 1840.)

M. S. BROWN & CO.,

Jewellers and Silversmiths,

128 GRANVILLE STREET, ... HALIFAX, N. S.

OFFER A COMPLETE STOCK OF FIRST CLASS GOODS IN THEIR LINE.

Fine Gold Jewellery.

Elegant Suites of BRACELET, BROOCH and EARRINGS.
Rich Opera, Guard, Brooch, Albert and Neck CHAINS, &c.
A superb assortment of Ladies' Gem RINGS.
Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, Opal, Pearl, &c., including all the newest designs.
GOLD, WEDDING, and GUARD RINGS,
The new *Patent Safety Shield*, an elegant addition to a Lady's or Gent's Chain, rendering it impossible to be lost with one of these attached.
Our assortment of LOCKETS, STUDS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, SCARF PINS, GENTS' RINGS and the various small articles incident to a general Stock, will be found very complete.

M. S. BROWN & Co.,
Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

WATCHES.

First class English Patent Lever and Swiss WATCHES. Self-winders and other styles, from noted makers.
An especially good assortment of Ladies' Hunting and Open-Faced WATCHES in Engraved, Chased and Enamelled Cases. Really Good SILVER WATCHES are also offered at very moderate prices.

M. S. BROWN & Co.,
Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

STERLING SILVER-WARE.

A Stock of Table, Dessert and Tea SPOONS, Table and Dessert Forks, &c., &c., of our own manufacture, always on hand at lowest rates.
The highest price given for old SILVER in cash or exchange.

M. S. BROWN & Co.,
Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

ELECTRO-PLATED GOODS.

SPECIAL TO HOUSEKEEPERS, HOTEL AND BOARDING HOUSE PROPRIETORS.

Our Stock will be found most complete and includes everything needful for Table use.
Rich and elegant Tea and Coffee SERVICES, WAITERS, EPERGNES, FRUIT STANDS, BERRY DISHES, CRUET FRAMES, ICE PITCHERS, BUTTER COOLERS, &c., &c.
Our E. P. Spoons, Forks, Ladles, &c., by the test of actual wear over a series of years, are favorably known throughout the Province, and have proved a perfect substitute for Silver at a very moderate cost.
An unequalled stock of Plated Table, Tea and Dessert Knives and Fish Eating Knives and Forks.
Finest quality Steel Table CUTLERY, with superior Ivory handles suitable to use with Silver or Plated Forks.

M. S. BROWN & Co., Granville Street, Halifax.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. I. MAY, 1873. No. 5.

TWO PROBLEMS IN SOCIAL STATICS.

II. Emigration from an American Standpoint: the Chinese Question.

THE gigantic and seemingly interminable struggle between labour and capital promises to be as cosmopolitan as it is protracted. For many generations it has been fiercely and uncompromisingly carried on in England, its latest culmination being the now celebrated South Wales strike. It has caused the development of Communism, Socialism, and the doctrines and practices of the *Société Internationale* in Europe. It has embraced with its ramifications the United States and Canada, ushering into existence the whole troublesome paraphernalia of Trades' Unions, nine hours movements, and strikes. Labour is naturally scarce on this continent, population not treading, as yet, very closely on the heels of subsistence. The labourers are, therefore, the better enabled to carry on the struggle with a measure of success which their European *confreres* may envy, but cannot hope to attain to. The capitalists are comparatively at their mercy, and it is not at all surprising that in their strait they should eagerly strive to increase, by every means in their power, the supply of labour in the country. To do so was the object of those who, generations ago, commenced the importation of negroes from Africa, and attempted to enslave the American Indians; and to do so is the grand aim of those who are now, and have for some time past, been engaged in the importation of Chinese, or what is popularly

but incorrectly termed the Coolie trade. The influx of Orientals to this continent bids fair to become one of the most important revolutions, both in its social, economical, and ethnical aspects, which have ever taken place since the day when Columbus first landed on its shores, and as such it is worthy of all and more than all the attention it receives. Our present object is to discuss briefly some of the bearings of this problem and its effects on the future condition of America, as well as on the progress of civilization all over the world. It will become apparent before long, though it does not seem to be clearly realized now, that there is a war of races growing out of the lesser war of labour against capital, and that the time is fast approaching when the most heartless and selfish of demagogues, as well as the most crafty and calculating of capitalists, will be compelled to think seriously of the danger which threatens all.

In proceeding to consider the problem of Chinese emigration to America, we shall be compelled, for want of space, to assume as true and accepted the ordinary estimate formed of the Chinese character, though it would not be a difficult task to show that even that estimate is none too low. The national intellect has always exhibited two somewhat paradoxical features: a capacity for making early and intelligent progress in the first stages of the arts and sciences, and an utter want of capacity, and apparently of inclination, to carry out improvements and inventions to their ultimate beneficial results. The former of these characteristics is shown by the antiquity among them of the arts of printing and paper-making, the use of the mariner's compass, the manufacture of gunpowder, etc.; and the second by the rudimentary condition in which these inventions are found even at the present day, and the limited extent to which they and others are applied to practical purposes. The same two intellectual phenomena are strikingly manifested in the peculiar stage of agglutination in which their language has from time immemorial existed, as if caught and crystalized in that state whilst still in its infancy. Morally, we have little to do with them at present in so far as theoretical ethics and moral sanctions are concerned; unfortunately their behaviour in practical life, both in their native land and foreign countries, is such as to make them exceedingly undesirable citizens until some radical change has been effected. Leaving out of view altogether the crimes, beastly and barbarous,

so much in vogue in China, we find gaming among the men and prostitution among the women to be almost universal on the Pacific coast of America. A gentleman writing from Ohio lately to the *Christian Union*, in reply to an article in favour of Chinese immigration, makes the following startling statements respecting the imported Coolies:

"They are human machinery; they are made abroad and simply rented to us. And these are to become our future manufacturers! Your author, to have done justice to his friends in the East, ought to have stated that these Coolies live secluded as a separate caste. Wives and families they have none, nor do they ever intend to have any in this country; but there are some four thousand five hundred Chinese women on the Pacific coast, of which number over four thousand two hundred are prostitutes, exported as such, bought at $300 to $800 a head by their countrymen in San Francisco, and by their countrymen exposed for purposes of prostitution. Our government, in connection with the Chinese authorities, has now stopped this beastly traffic, and, though the ulcer remains four thousand two hundred strong on the Pacific coast, the importation has ceased. Such is their social status in America, and such the future manufacturers of our Great Republic!"

Physically, the Mongolians are greatly inferior to the Caucasians, and, as in the case of the Negro, ethnical admixture can result only in the deterioration of the more favored race. But that feature of the Chinese character most pertinent to the present discussion, is the low standard of living which satisfies them, both with respect to the necessaries and comforts of life, and to social position and culture. Physical, moral, and intellectual inferiority may prove injurious to the ethnical character of the future inhabitants of America, since these will be a progeny arising from the admixture of superior with inferior races; but that evil is distant, and will only appear in all its magnitude to the curious and prying ethnologist of the twentieth or some succeeding century. The low standard of life among the Chinese, on the contrary, is operating seriously at present for evil, and its operations are likely soon to be extended by increased immigration.

Of course, the same law of increase of population* operates in

* To quote from a previous article: "The capacity of mankind for increasing in numbers is greater than their power of multiplying the means of subsistence; in other words: the ratio of increase of mouths to be filled is greater (potentially, if not actually) than the greatest possible ratio of increase of the food to fill them."

China as elsewhere, and it is there kept in check only by the impossibility of reducing any lower the standard of living. In all European countries, however densely peopled, room and food could still be procured for a much larger number of inhabitants, if those at present in existence would consent to live on lower fare, wear less comfortable clothing, and content themselves with less elaborate and expensive social and political institutions. But such is not the case with China. There the quality of food already in use is such, that a cheaper kind cannot possibly be procured; and when this fails, as it often does in Eastern countries, as it did lately in India, and still more lately in Persia, decimation of the population by famine is the inevitable result. A Chinaman will eat what a European will not touch, and what it is not desirable that he should. The food which would be no more than a necessary of life to the latter, would rank as a luxury with the former; and much the same distinction holds good with regard to everything else which goes to make up the standard of life. We might expect, *a priori*, that China would be over-populated, as in point of fact it actually is — a perfect hive of human beings, swarming with nearly four hundred millions of souls. As a natural consequence of this condition of things, dearths and pestilences are of frequent occurrence, sweeping away vast masses of the people, and creating vacancies which are almost immediately refilled by the unrestrained operation of the law of increase, the only effect of the removal of the pressure being the addition of a temporary impulse to the working of the law, instead of an elevation of the standard of life.

Let a stream of emigration once start from such a country, and what must be the result? Not, as past experience teaches, any amelioration of the condition of those who remain, but simply an opportunity for the more unrestrained operation of the law of increase of population — an opportunity similar to that provided by the sweep of famine or pestilence giving rise to increased mortality. Neither would the condition of the people be benefited, nor longevity increased, though as many were annually removed from the country as would be born, provided the reproductive power of the population were allowed unrestricted exercise. The only result would be to people other lands with an immobile, inferior, and, at best, but half civilized race. So sensible are the Chinese themselves of the fact that further increase of population is incom-

patible with even the present average length of life, that infanticide is openly resorted to in order to keep numbers in check; and as female children are more frequently the victims than males, the consequent deficiency of women leads to the commission of crimes fortunately unfamiliar to Caucasian ears.

For ages no emigration worth mentioning took place from China, owing to reasons too numerous and irrelevant to specify here, though the same crowded condition has there existed from the time when it first became known to Western nations. Contented with their low standard of life, and seemingly deprived of every motive which would lead to any improvement in their condition, the only places ever visited by the Chinese were the neighbouring Pacific Islands, while commerce with foreign nations was almost unknown and utterly abominated. But when gold was discovered, first in California and afterwards in Australia, a new career was opened up for the Celestials, and very soon they began to avail themselves of the means of egress thus furnished. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for July 1852, says:

"The disasters resulting to China from its late war with us—the increase of taxes—the injury to commerce and employment in certain Provinces of the Empire—and the general unsettling of large masses of the people, as well as the partial infusion of European ideas in the maritime districts—have greatly broken up the apathy and stay-at-home spirit of the Celestials. No sooner did news of the gold-discoveries reach Canton than the mania seized upon them also; and the remarkable spectacle was witnessed of a nation which had kept itself apart from the rest of mankind since the deluge, coming forward to compete with its fellow-races for the spoils of the earth."

Chinese emigration to America, therefore, dates back but little more than twenty years, and yet this short space of time has been long enough, as we shall presently see, to work a social revolution on the Pacific coast; what the next twenty years, with an influx increasing in geometrical progression, will accomplish, it would be now hazardous to predict. The migratory movement was at first, and for many years but slight in extent, and the emigrants were entirely of the male sex—men who came over for gold and returned to China with their earnings. Of late years, however, whole families have been in the habit of migrating *en bloc* for the purpose of settling, and in San Francisco alone there are now over 30,000 Chinese, of whom about one sixth are females. The

peculiar superstitions which once deterred a Chinaman from leaving his bones in a foreign soil have become almost completely broken down; the religious scruples which formerly stood in the way of emigration have been to a great extent overcome; we may therefore look for an indefinite extension of the number of those who are seeking to better their condition by migrating to other lands, all the more because the increase of population in China goes on with sufficient rapidity to keep the pressure up to the same pitch, no matter how rapid the efflux, or how extensive the exodus may be. The whole movement may not inaptly be compared, in its inception, its progress and its results, to the leakage of water through a Dutch dyke or an American levee. At first it comes in quantities so small and through an orifice so circumscribed that its operations attract but little attention. Once let the stream begin fairly to flow, however, while the pressure behind the embankment remains the same, and the most terrific results will soon ensue. So with Chinese emigration. At first the results were insignificant and continued so for many years; but the efflux has long since fairly commenced, and with the vast residuary power of reproduction which is sure to be brought into operation unless the standard of life can be raised, an indefinite increase in its volume may safely be predicted. Nor is there any likelihood of the movement coming to an end until all available space is occupied; for the ease with which superabundant population can now be got rid of will prevent any effort being made to restrict increase in China. In view of these facts, where is the desirability, not to say the necessity, of placing any restraints, other than those demanded by properly understood physiological laws, on the production of population in Europe? To do so would be to throw the uninhabited tracts of the earth's surface open to unrestrained Oriental immigration, to place a premium upon barbarism, and to do more than was ever done by Tamerlane or Zenghis Khan to retard the progress of civilization. It is not difficult to discern without an examination of dates that Mill wrote his Political Economy before the discovery of gold in California, and before Ah Sin ever ventured across the Pacific towards El Dorado of which he is constantly in search.

So much for the Chinese aspect of the question; if we turn to a consideration of the effects it has already produced in America, we will find our worst prognostications in process of fulfilment

before our eyes. Want of space compels us to refrain from attempting either to sketch the history of the movement or depict the barbarities incident to the Coolie traffic. Suffice it to say that, although purely spontaneous at first, and carried on in spite of the opposition of almost every class of Americans, it is neither the one nor the other now. Not only has it the capitalist for its ally and abettor, but organized effort and capital are regularly and increasingly employed in removing Coolies from China to almost every part of the Eastern and Southern States as well as California. Only a short time ago a proposal was made to the directors of the Samana Bay Company by those who are engaged in the traffic to land 30,000 Chinese labourers on the Island of Hayti. In fact the Coolie trade has come to be as purely a commercial speculation as the Negro slave trade ever was, the differences being mainly these two: that, while the Negro was kidnapped and carried off against his will, the Chinaman is willing and even anxious to take passage for a land where gold is abundant and where rice and dead rats do not constitute the staple food of the inhabitants; and while the Negro became the property of his new master in perpetuity, the Chinaman only binds himself long enough, at a known rate of remuneration, to wipe out the debt incurred by the advance of his passage money. Morally, the two trades are in different categories altogether, although the horrors of the middle passage are as frightful in the one case as in the other; economically, their results must be similar and almost identical. Let us see what these results are at present and what they are likely to become as time passes and the influx of the Chinese increases.

Knowing that a low standard of living means a rapid increase of population, and an equally rapid diminution of the wages of labour whenever competition comes into play, one might naturally expect a considerable depreciation in the salaries of employees, wherever the Chinese element has been introduced; but few of those who are unacquainted with the facts will be prepared to realize how far that depreciation has already gone. When Chinamen come into any locality they can of course afford to work for sums actually less than would suffice to provide the ordinary food and clothing of the Caucasian labourer, and yet be vastly better off both for present subsistence and future prospects, than they were in China. It is to the interest of the capitalist,

therefore, to employ them, and as European and American labourers will not condescend to accept the same remuneration, white labor is driven out of the market altogether. This is only what we might expect to take place, and experience fully bears out the expectation. Says the writer in the *Christian Union*, from whom we have before quoted:

"The Beaver Falls (Pa.) Cutlery Company have imported 165 of these Coolies to manufacture cutlery. In the early part of 1872 they gave employment to 350 English and American cutlers, and at that time they were sending off three car-loads of goods per week. Now only some 15 or 20 men are left at the works, and the Company do not send off as many gross per week as they did car-loads twelve months ago; and what goods they do manufacture by Coolie labour are worthless. Prior to the introduction of Chinese labour, Beaver Falls was a prosperous town. From 1868 to 1872 the population had increased from fifty to over five thousand. Since the introduction of Coolies the population are moving from the place at the same ratio, and property can be purchased for an old song. The 165 Coolies do not need even so small a concern as a 'one-horse' grocery to supply their wants. They do not expend one dollar in the improvement of the town, in building churches, or supporting schools. Every shop-keeper in the place might shut up his establishment so far as their trade is concerned, and as for the country at large benefiting one iota from their genius, either inventive, literary, mechanical, or through any other channel, the idea is preposterous. They are exactly what they seem, human machines, made abroad and imported into this country free of duty. And we think we have a perfect right to demand if these machines are imported free, that English cutlery, French goods, and German industries shall come here without a tariff. So much for Coolie labor at Beaver Falls."

The importation of Chinese into Pennsylvania is of recent date; on the Pacific coast, where it has been going on for many years, the effects are much more apparent. A few months ago an article on this subject appeared in the *Phrenological Journal* containing the following:

"Less than 100,000 Coolies have been imported into California, and yet they have enabled the capitalists to control the labour market. Previous to the introduction of Coolie labour, cigar makers commanded $30 per week; now they receive only $25 per month, and the scale of descent is true of other trades as well. Were 50,000 to be introduced into New England, or twice as many into New York, the labour market would be similarly affected. Generally speaking, were Coolies in number equal to 10 per cent. of the employed classes, to be introduced into the United States,

the employer would be able to make his own terms; all the forces of (Trades) Unionism to the contrary notwithstanding, and the results of years of struggle would be lost. But the introduction of Chinese labour to this extent is by no means impossible or even improbable. It has been done in California; experiments with Coolie labour are taking place in all the Southern States; already New England manufacturers are threatening its introduction into cotton and woolen manufactories; and generally, the attention of capitalists has been everywhere directed to the Mongol as equal to the solution of the problem: How shall the aims of Unionism be thwarted?

We need not dwell on the results of Chinese immigration, and its effects on the struggle between labour and capital, any longer than merely to indicate what seems to be its inevitable ultimate tendency. Evidently the available supply of Chinese labour is practically inexhaustible, owing to reasons already sufficiently dwelt upon, to which might be added the rapid increase of the Chinese element in America, due to a decreased rate of mortality as compared with China, and also to a larger number of births in proportion to the whole population. It is, moreover, certain that in a few years, if the present movement is allowed to go on unimpeded, a great proportion of the capital expended in the employment of manual labour will be expended amongst the Chinese, seeing that competition will compel even the unwilling capitalist either to adopt the same course as his less scrupulous brethren or leave off employing his capital in manufactures or even agriculture. What then will become of the millions of white labourers? They must either reduce their standard of living so as to be enabled to compete with the Chinese on fair terms, or they must retire from the contest and leave the Celestials to walk the course without opposition. But where can they retire to? It may be admitted that if Chinese labour could be excluded from British America this contingency would be a most favourable one for us; the extremity of our neighbours would then indeed prove our opportunity. But we need expect no other final result from this movement than a deluge of Chinamen here as well. Before many years white labour will, in all probability, be put on its trial in this country against the new alliance between an element of civilization on the one hand and one of barbarism on the other. That we are conjuring up no impossible or even improbable case may be perceived at once from the fact that the labourers of New

England perfectly understand the situation and appreciate the danger, while the capitalists are watching with intense interest and ill-concealed exultation the successful issue of the experiments at present on foot. The ultimate tendency must be to exclude white labour from the market altogether; but the matter cannot end here. As the Chinese become naturalized and domesticated on this continent their saving propensities will soon place in their hands the control of a large amount of capital, and this means the exclusion of the Caucasian capitalist from the sphere of his present operations as well as his employee. The superior intelligence of the European races ought to be more than a match for Oriental encroachments; but we must remember that all the selfish intelligence of one class of whites is at present employed in driving out the other, and when their own day of evil comes they will have nowhere to turn for support or assistance against a monster which they themselves have cherished and fostered till neither force nor ingenuity any longer avails for its control. Of all the Mongolian and Turanian hordes which have swept over civilized countries during the whole course of history, none ever exercised so great power or worked to so much advantage as this; and the danger to civilization is all the greater since it has for its ally all the selfish intelligence and power of the most intelligent and powerful class, and because its operations are so insidious that it makes hosts of friends even among well-meaning persons by the aid of one or other of a variety of plausible pleas.

What, then, is to be the solution of this Chinese problem? Are the Orientals to be allowed to pour into America, to drive out the white labourer by competition, to lower the standard of living and increase the population in a corresponding ratio, and to be the means of deteriorating physically, mentally and morally, the superior races with which they must in the long run be intermingled? Or are steps to be taken, in view of impending danger, to check the movement while such a course is still possible? Appealing to the enlightened patriotism, or even the enlightened self-interest of employers would be futile; for experience warns us that capital recognizes, as a rule, no motive but selfish cupidity, some would-be-reformers of the method of Political Economy to the contrary notwithstanding. It would be contrary to all our knowledge of human nature and the results of keen competition, to suppose that any employer of labour would continue to employ

that which costs him most, while his fellow-capitalists were able, by ignoring his patriotic scruples, either to undersell him or force him to content himself with smaller profits. Moreover, the persistent and seemingly perverse attempts of American labourers to control the rate of wages and the innumerable annoyances inflicted on employers by means of unions, strikes, and leagues of various kinds, hardly leave the capitalist any choice. In point of fact they compel him in self defence to look for some kind of labour which will be more easily controlled than that of the average American employee.

Presupposing that it is desirable to meet and check-mate the Chinese movement, there seem to be only two ways in which this can be accomplished.

The importation of Coolies might be prohibited by legislation. Very much can be said in favour of such a course, and, as the Celestials would be exceedingly awkard material for the smuggler to deal with, there can be little doubt that legislative prohibition could be made effectual. Paradoxical as it may appear, such interference, though belonging to a species of legislation always to be regarded with suspicion, can, for the present at least, be unanswerably defended by the very arguments on which the whole protective fiscal policy of the United States is based; that is to say, if the argument of the protectionist is a valid one, so also is the plea of the advocate for legislative interference with the Coolie trade. The whole case may be thus briefly stated: the labourer represents to a large extent the consumer of manufactured and imported goods; a duty is imposed on these for the benefit of the home manufacturer or employer of labour and to the detriment of the labourer, to whom it enhances the cost of living; at the same time, the law allows to the employer the privilege of importing cheap labour from abroad, to the further detriment of the labourer, who is thus forced by undue and unnatural competition to reduce his demand for wages or go unemployed; in both ways, therefore, the profits of capital are enhanced by curtailing the remuneration paid for labour. It is confessedly within the province of the Legislature to interfere with and abolish free trade in food and raiment, which constitute the raw material of labour; why should it, then, be considered an outrage to interfere with the supply of labour itself, in so far as it is affected by importation? That this view of the case is understood and will be acted on by the labouring classes, is becoming every day more apparent. It is

not yet many months since, at a somewhat noted indignation meeting held in Boston, to protest against the introduction of Coolies into the boot and shoe trade, resolutions were passed, affirming that the problem had to be settled in some way, and if the ballot did not suffice the bullet would. Legislative interference might fairly be invoked, we believe, on far higher grounds than even those indicated above. Everything that concerns the general well-being of the community may legitimately become subject to legislative control; and if it can be clearly shewn that the influx of Chinese is detrimental to the best interests of the community, as we believe it to be, in even more important senses than those dwelt upon in this article, then legislative interference with the Coolie traffic is not only legitimate but imperative. This is true, even if we leave out of view altogether the nefarious character of the traffic itself, which, if the reports of some of those engaged in it can be relied on, is little better than the African slave trade was. No other question appears likely to affect the future welfare of this continent, nay, even the very existence of European races over a large part of it, so closely as this Chinese problem, the real magnitude and difficulty of which appears scarcely to have dawned as yet on the minds of the vast majority of even thinking men. Some time ago, a number of American gentlemen interested in the matter requested John Stuart Mill, to give his views on the propriety of Legislative interference; and the latter, while acknowledging its legitimacy on both the higher and lower grounds we have indicated, thought the time for such interference had not yet arrived. There we must, with all due deference to the opinion of so great a political economist, dissent *in toto* from his conclusion. If legislation is ever to be resorted to as a solution of the question, now is the time; action should not be postponed until a period has arrived when the numbers of the Chinese have been increased to such an extent that the whole rate of wages all over the continent has been reduced to a half or a third of what it at present is.

But, failing legislative interference, or even independently of it, there is another check which may be resorted to. In order to counteract the forces at present operating to impregnate America with Orientalism of the most pronounced and unprogressive type, immigration from Europe should be encouraged in every legitimate way. From this it will appear more clearly than ever that it is neither necessary nor desirable to impose any artificial restraints

on the growth of population in Europe. No such restraints exist in China, and their introduction is highly improbable. Is it a desirable thing that European races, the most advanced in civilization now of any in the world, and the most capable of making future progress, should be kept from spreading by the operation of uncalled for restrictions, while the still vacant portions of the earth's surface are being rapidly filled up with Chinese? Apparently the three great races, the Gothic, the Sclavonic and the Mongolian, are destined to divide the habitable world between them. Hitherto the Sclavonian extension has taken place almost entirely by land, and even now it is pressing in central Asia upon the borders of China. The Mongolian race has for centuries stood still in a land filled to overflowing, and including within comparatively narrow limits nearly one half of all the population of the globe. The Gothic race alone has been in modern times the great colonizer, as the Greeks and Phenicians were in the early centuries of history. Now all this is changing; the flood-gates, which had for ages restrained the pent-up population of the East, have fairly broken loose. The Pacific slope of this continent has received a large accession of Mongolians; they are finding their way east of the Rocky Mountains in rapidly increasing numbers; and they are likely ere long to form a large proportion of the population of Australia. Westward Ho! has been the cry of the European since the days of Columbus. Eastward Ho! will henceforth be the watchword of the Celestials. The wave and counter-wave have fairly met on the Pacific coast of America, and the cry of distress from the Caucasian labourers there shows the force of the collision. What the end of the struggle will be can scarcely be considered doubtful so long as the inferior race has a large proportion of the intelligence and all the wealth and political power of the superior one working in its favour. Without indulging in predictions, enough has perhaps been said to show that the movements of the nations and the warfare of races are not yet done, and that history as well as social statics has problems for the future to solve of greater import and magnitude than any that ever disturbed the minds of our forefathers, or even enter now into the thoughts of the mere dreamers who love to call themselves practical men, but whose highest boast is that they never deal with any question that will not rank in the category of the shallowest expediency.

WM. HOUSTON.

A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

CHAPTER V.

"AH!" said Delaval, as he stooped over his host, probing and dressing the wound: "time has told, and sooner than we looked for, that the work of 'tumbling the landlords' has begun. And now to discover the miscreants!" said he, finishing with deft fingers his self-assumed task. Then he resumed, as if a thought had just occurred to his mind:

"It would not surprise me if our friend Bralligan counts for something in this business."

"Bralligan! always Bralligan? Why, what the mischief makes you suspect him?" broke in the Colonel, testily.

"No matter! If he is innocent there will be no harm done. It is just possible we may find a clue, nevertheless. So I will just make out a warrant for his apprehension, which you can sign; and we will have this affair sifted."

"Nonsense, man!" replied the uncle. "We are not in France, where they can arrest people on mere suspicion."

"No! but we are in Ireland, where habeas corpus is suspended, and which in point of fact is under military law. These are not times to stand upon ceremony; and with or without warrant, I shall take it upon myself to institute a strict search for the assassin, else were I derelict of duty both to the public safety and to one whose security I am bound to seek by every obligation, whether of love or relationship."

"I will be no party to any vexatious proceedings against an honest fellow like Barney, you may rely upon that, Delaval," said the Colonel; "I would as soon suspect my son there, who risked his life to catch the scoundrel."

"Well, I will myself assume the responsibility. But it is strange," continued the Frenchman suspiciously, "that coming so close upon them, as Monsieur my cousin must have done, he could find no trace whatever. Did the earth swallow them up? Did they vanish in smoke? They could not have run along the naked hill-side without one glimpse being seen of them, either from

behind or from beneath. They could scarce, fleeing in such haste, fail to leave behind them some token of their presence."

"Come, leave off bothering, Delaval," cried the Colonel impatiently; "Don't you see the boy is sick of it all? And no wonder: I'm sure I am."

"An instant, Monsieur. Did you not see any foot-prints; any article by chance left behind? Anything whatever?" and he eyed the boy keenly.

"You're worse than any Old Bailey cross-examiner, man," said the wounded man, more and more impatient. "Did you expect the boy on horseback to scent the trail like a hound; or to have time for such finickin nonsense, when, for aught he knew, his father might be dying down below? To hear you talk, one would think you suspected my child of being in collusion with my intended murderers."

"Well, this can wait," said the Frenchman, breathing hard; "I am off to the nearest barracks, and will have a *peloton* of dragoons along to range the country. But, in going, will you lend me some of your people till we ransack this man's hut?"

"Do as you like and have done with it," answered the Colonel, out of all patience, and wondering much at his nephew's persistency.

With a low bow of acknowledgment for his uncle's tardy permission, the Frenchman withdrew; but the sharp glance of the youth detected the expression of baffled malice that distorted his cousin's visage as his parting "*au revoir!*" was uttered.

Crossing the hall, Delaval encountered his sister. Three slight gestures, a shake of the head, a tap of the finger on his bosom, and a backward glance towards the apartment he had quitted—with a responsive look of intelligence on her part, was all that passed between the two, and they each went on their several ways,—she to mount guard in the sick room, and he to find or forge proof of Bralligan's guilt.

The Colonel, stretched on the *fauteuil*, with his bandaged arm supported by a cushion, had fallen into an uneasy, feverish slumber. Calvert, behind the sweeping maroon curtains of the deep bay-window, with his right hand thrust into his bosom, was gazing dreamily out over the lawn. Marie's quick eye took in every detail ere the door softly closing behind her announced her entrance.

With a look of anxious sympathy, just a trifle overdone, she surveyed the recumbent form of the sufferer, then with elaborate caution made her way towards the window, where the youth, embarrassed, had risen to greet her.

Motioning him to resume his seat, she stole behind him, and, gracefully bending, imprinted a light kiss on his brow.

"Poor child!" she murmured, "thou hast had trouble. The blue eyes are dimmed, the bright countenance is pale and altered. The good father hath been well nigh taken from thy head; and thou knowest not where lurks the foe. Thou wouldst give thy young life to protect, to avenge him. Thou hast thy suspicions; thy suspicions of a friend! But friendship has its dues as well as filial love. There is a sombre, there is a mysterious conflict between the claims of the one and of the other. For the moment thou art the arbiter of destiny. A life and a death hang upon the next cast of the die thou holdest in thy grasp."

And her sliding hand suddenly closed on the youth's wrist, the wrist of the hand hid in his bosom, that all this while had been unconsciously fingering the damning evidence of his humble friend's guilt.

"The die is in thy fingers," continued she. "The moment has come for the cast: which way shall it be thrown? Death to thy father, or death to thy friend?"

"Neither, traitoress! I see it all!" exclaimed the youth, as with a sudden motion he disengaged himself, flung open the sash, and leaped out on the lawn. * * * * * * *

Why this sudden rudeness? what had the youth seen?

We will explain. * * * * * * * *

Fortified by the Colonel's reluctantly accorded assent to his proceedings, Delaval had, as we have seen, started on his self-imposed task of discovery.

Hastily mustering three of the serving men, he communicated to them his orders; and the party of four were speedily under way at a smart trot.

As they were nearing the park gates, the sudden clear note of a thrush from a coppice on the right, arrested Delaval's attention. Stealing a glance searchingly around, he pulled up, signing to his men to go ahead, whilst he pretended to be engaged lengthening his stirrup leather.

No sooner had his companions swept round the turn and out of

sight, than a head might have been seen peering cautiously forth from a clump of foliage.

A few rapid words were exchanged; a hand was flung up, and a shining object sent flying through the air, which, being cleverly caught by the Frenchman, was instantly secreted. A second more, and the latter was out of sight.

Instantaneous as had been this whole transaction, it had been seen notwithstanding.

The dreamy, abstracted gaze of the youth in the bay window, with the fair girl hanging over him and lulling him by her blandishments, had unconsciously dwelt upon the expressive bit of pantomime we have described. Still, no impression whatever was left on his mind by the manœuvre.

But the flash of the flying object, and the hasty action of the Frenchman in concealing it, coinciding at the moment with the significant word and act of the sister, as her hand closed on his own wrist: all this revealed to him as by a sunburst the whole dark intrigue.

Retract then, if it please you, fair reader, your virtuous indignation at the want of gallantry displayed by our hero, and his flagrant insensibility to female charms, when, with the by no means courteous remark we have quoted, and the equally discourteous act that accompanied it, he broke loose so summarily from the siren's witching enchantments.

You can better imagine than I describe how a thoroughly incensed and humiliated beauty can look and feel.

Only I should not like to have been the exciting cause of the greenish glitter that burned luridly in those eyes' speaking depths, nor of the upward curl of the lip that showed the white, clenched teeth like the snarl of a tigress.

Only one word hissed out from the ruby lips, now white and distorted by passion, and that word, I am sorry to say, was a hearty commination, unfit to be recorded here.

Very naughty! you will say. But then, lovely woman at times does take a naughty fit! and, only think of the provocation, a woman, very lovely, very French too, with all her dread artillery of love-glances, wreathed smiles, silver tones, and inebriating caresses brought into play; and to be repulsed, to be outraged, and with the heinous aggravation of an opprobrious, insulting epithet superadded, and this too by a youth a mere boy, hitherto

her bond slave and blind adorer! In the moment of assured victory to have her whole deep-laid train thus exploded about her own ears!

What wonder that her pent-up irritation found relief in a roughly aspirated "Sacr-r-re!" that would have better beseemed her blaspheming trooper of a papa.

Thus at least judged the Colonel, who started up in amazement from his slumber, and, casting a bewildered look around, cried:

"Why, Marie is that you? Do you know I could have sworn I heard your father's voice blaspheming like a Turk amongst the Russians, as the sainted man was used to do when his blood was up?"

We will leave the sainted man's child to explain the seeming anomaly to the puzzled Colonel, which she speedily did to his perfect satisfaction, in a way peculiar to ladies when caught in a corner, by simply assuring him, with an angelic smile and a bewildering caress, that it was only his own unsanctified imagination that was in fault.

Meanwhile, what was Calvert about, and whither had he gone after his abrupt *exit*?

CHAPTER VI.

WHILST we have been wasting time in accounting for our hero's apparently irrelevant, and certainly irreverent remark, that young gentleman himself has lost none. Slipping round to the stables, he ordered out—to Larry's lasting wonderment—and backed—for the second time that day—his notorious bog-trotter of a mare.

"See what it is to do well in this wurruld!" remarked the groom reflectively; "there's ould Inkerman, becaze he wouldn't do a ha-porth but bolt, an' rair, an' fling hisself an' the young squireen! Jist look at him now; left to do nothin' but race round his paddock, and kick up his heels, an' snicher wid the laughter at that fool of a mare that *bid* to run so well this marnin' they can't kape the saddle aff her! But holy Moses! he's sure to break her wind if he hould on for a mile like that! Sen' it ben't his own neck 'll be in it! But it's a thrue word, 'The runnin' harse gets the runnin' road.' What's he afther at all at all? Maybe it's run aff wid him she is, sure!"

And truly the youth's running appeared wild enough. Not

staying to follow the winding avenue, he made a straight course across the lawn and the sunk fence that separated it from the surrounding woody enclosure. Tearing through the fir plantation, he cleverly leaped the post and rail fence at the corner nearest the stone bridge he and his father had crossed in the morning.

Pausing on the crown of the arch, he scanned the roadway before him, stretching away to the left.

There! half a mile ahead, and within a few furlongs of the wooded slope of the hill, he was evidently making for—there was the object of his pursuit—evidently the same, the hidden interlocutor of the Frenchman; the donor of the shining object which had aroused Calvert's suspicions.

His motions betrayed that he was anxious to avoid recognition. From a rapid stride his pace changed to a run as he saw himself observed.

Thinking, of course, the broken ground we have already described to be impassable for a horse except at a walk, the fugitive struck across it.

Confident in his beast's ability, Calvert immediately followed suit, thus saving a considerable *détour*.

And now commenced an exciting race between the rider and the runner as to which should first gain the sheltering wood.

By a thump fixing his *caubeen* more firmly on his head, the man settled to his work, with his figure bent forward, his elbows thrown back, and the long tails of his frieze coat flying level behind him.

Calvert, encouraging his mare by voice and hand, the good beast put forth all her power and made tremendous running. Some of her leaps were positively frightful—over deep, brown pools where the peat-diggers had been at work, and straight across bogs that even the frightened fugitive avoided.

He had nearly overhauled his man, had pulled out a pistol and was shouting to him to "stop or he would fire," when suddenly he felt the beast under him rising to another long leap, and then, with a shock that all but sent him over her head, she was down—down to the withers in deep, black, oozy slime, with a treacherous mantling of green. No foothold for beast or rider; no human help in sight. With a taunting laugh, his antagonist in the race had plunged out of view in the wood. Truly, to the hapless youth the case seemed desperate! Not so to his beast though.

With a rapid, churning motion, she tramped and tramped, till, getting her hind feet well under her, she made another frantic plunge forward. Not half a yard, but still something!

Again, and yet again was the same manœuvre executed, till at last the gallant animal, after a mighty struggle, brought her rider safely through to firmer ground.

There he had leisure to cast a look around, and see what had become of his quarry. No one in sight. Coasting round the edge of the wood-belt, he peered into its recesses,—all in vain.

"Fox stole away!" muttered Calvert in chagrin.

At this instant a huge stone rolling by drew his eyes aloft.

There! far up the hill, between him and the sky, a wrathful countenance, and a fist shaken at him with impotent menace,—an instant seen, and the next gone! and that was all.

Where had he seen that face? and the threatening action, how strangely familiar!

Ah! he had it now. His friend of the morning! All was becoming clear. Oh, to catch the rascal! Is it worth while trying? "Whoosh! hirroo!! get up you brute!" and his excitement breaks out in wild cries and a storm of blows directed at his exhausted mount.

No use though. He must resign himself to the inevitable. His beast, badly blown with her recent exertions, cannot be induced to repeat the break-neck charge up-hill of the morning. Nay, jibbing and balking, the premonitory symptoms of rebellion on the part of *Bob-na-sheelah* are beginning to appear.

"Soho! gently, lass, gently. We'll give it up then!" says Calvert, and in token of her approval of the conditions of peace, she subsided at once from the abnormal position of a biped that, for the last minute, she had by fits and starts assumed, into the more usual one of a decent, four-footed plodder. Her ears, from being viciously flattened against her neck, now erect themselves, and point in a business fashion forward.

Thus they began the ascent at last. Slowly and cautiously, but with sure steps, the mare wound her way laterally along the face of the hill.

Dismounting, to ease her a little, the youth faced round, and found himself some hundreds of feet over the level of the Bay beneath. The fresh ocean breeze lifted his hair and cooled his heated brow. The afternoon sun was lowering its course to where

the old ruined castle crested the Dog's Nose. The old castle! was *that*, then, the haunt that the scoundrel he had been in chase of was struggling to gain?

Very probable. How had he not thought of it before?

Cursing himself for his stupidity and tardiness, he faced the hill again, and his brute lightened of his weight, followed on as swiftly as he chose to lead. A hard climb, and at last he came on a sheep-walk not far from the brow of the ridge, and trending in the desired direction. Leaping on his now freshened beast, she started on with him at a smart trot. Ten minutes more riding in and out among the scattering bushes and low-lying trees, whose branches, stretching inland from the cutting Atlantic winds, at times almost swept him from the saddle, and he emerged on the green, close-cropped turf that marked where the outer court and glacis of the old castle had been.

A deep fissure, running sheer down for aught he knew, to where the yeasty waves surged and broke far beneath, formed a natural moat.

At its narrowest point, shewing where the drawbridge formerly spanned the gulf, stood the old arched gateway, with its rusty port-cullis bars and teeth still pointing downwards, and crumbling turrets flanking it on either side.

Putting his beast across the yawing chasm, and entering the gateway, the youth rode up the winding acclivity, the clashing hoofs waking strange echoes in the long-deserted ruins.

Hopeless now of recovering the lost scent, he was riding carelessly round where the horse-track widens into the central court-yard, when he was startled at sight of a human figure.

Not that he had come in search of evidently; and yet one not unfamiliar either, as his ingenuous countenance speedily shewed.

(To be continued)

SONNET.

A GRAVE we hollowed in the snow-white sands,
And buried Love beside the shimmering sea;
Then o'er the spot we bent with claspèd hands,
And said farewell, at parting, you and me.
I question now:—Was it to each we spake,
Or to the god that in the sands lay stark?
To him t'were vain:—our words could never break
The stillness of his dwelling, locked and dark.
Tides ebb and flow with angry fret and swirl,
Hither and thither proudly sail the ships,
But undisturbed the slumber of our pearl,
Utter, eternal is the god's eclipse.
So unto each the word was said, and we
Are strangers since Love's burial by the sea. E. B. G.

SONNET.

TO PENETRATE the mists that veil the sea
I strive in vain—a weary blank it seems,
Yet there my ship with pennons flaunting free
Do I behold in all my nightly dreams.
She comes, she goes, as ebbs and flows the tide,
Tricked out with flags as for a holiday;
So, years ago, with much of hope and pride,
Before the winds, I saw her sail away.
Then I was young, but now my hair is gray,
My eyes are dim with watching, and men laugh
And point at me, as down the busy quay
I totter daily—on my oaken staff
I lean my head—my tears fall down like rain,
For that brave ship of mine will ne'er return again.

E. A.

A TOUR THROUGH DANDERVILLE.

(Concluded.)

WE were now passing by a fine row of cottages that had beautiful gardens, and good tidy outhouses behind them. "Now," said Mr. Sharp, "I will show you something, and try if you can tell its meaning." He pointed me to a man crouching in the corner of his garden, close beside the fence which divided it from his neighbour's. He was blowing lustily at a fire of charcoal which was all in a glow. He was perspiring freely, his face was very red, and he seemed very much excited. I saw him take up both hands full of burning coals and cast them over into his neighbour's garden. I saw his neighbour quietly walk out of the house and put his foot on the glowing embers, and stamp them out. "Well" said I, "that man is certainly a fool, who burns himself for the sake of setting fire to other people's premises." "You may well say so," replied my friend, "that man lives in the fire for the purpose of having burning coals to throw at other folks. He is known in Danderville by the name of Spiteful-Bill. His neighbour Forgive'm-all, is sadly tried with him. But the one has far more pleasure in extinguishing sparks, than the other has in kindling them. Spiteful-Bill has been seeking revenge on his neighbour, because his hens scratched up his flower-bed, no doubt he will some day manage to burn Mr. Forgive'm-all's house and his own along with it. In the meantime, he has gone into the house to suffer the pain of burnt fingers, and cool off suddenly enough to give him a bad cold. Forgive'm-all will probably go round with oil and cotten to dress his wounds and send somebody to do his work for him till he gets better. There are a good many people in Danderville who have burnt themselves in trying to burn others, and they groan a great deal. They have taken colds from getting over-heated in kindling fires, and their cough is like a continual bark, and their expectoration is nasty, making a great deal of noise and dirt in Danderville."

We were then passing down the street in front of a fine new house—It was painted white with green shutters. There was a very neat garden in front of it just newly laid out, and surrounded by an ornamental white fence. The whole place exhibited good taste, and promised to be a very beautiful one. Close beside it,

was a dirty looking neglected house, appearing as if it might have at one time or another smelled, but had not tasted paint. The fence was broken down, and the garden filled with withering grass. In the dirty back-yard was a stagnant pool of filthy water, and in it was a man standing up to his knees in the water and all bespattered with mud, holding a great dripping mop in his hands. Every now and again he dipped the mop into the dirty water and with a great swing and a sharp jerk of his muscular arms sent a shower of spatters hard against the new white house. When he saw the mud sticking on the paint in great daubs, he laughed maliciously, and we could hear him saying: "I'll show you whether your house is any whiter than mine." We both knew this worthy citizen of Danderville very well, and passed him as quietly as possible, in case we might get a shower from his mop for the sole purpose of make our clothes look as dirty as his own. He lays his account to bespatter everybody who is any cleaner than he is himself. He has a talkative wife, and a large family, who can bake mud pies and throw dirt more expertly than anybody in the town. We will not write the name in case it might blot the paper.

We crossed the street and stood on the side-walk beside an elegant mansion, whose massive oaken door was approached by a flight of marble steps. "Now" said my friend, "let us stand here and see what will take place." As he spoke, a woman, wan and wasted like, very scantily clothed and carrying a pale, puny child in her arms, ascended the steps with apparent difficulty. She seized the silver knob and rung the bell. We could not hear very well what she said, but the words—hungry—bread—dying, were distinctly audible. The reply, however, was gruff enough for a Danderville dog-fight, and loud enough for a drill sergeant's word of command: "We never give anything to beggers; it only encourages laziness." These words were followed by a slam of the door that made a report like a cannon, just as if the speaker would shoot the beggar per force into the street. She descended the steps with trembling limbs, and tears coursing down her cheeks. At that moment a carpenter, smelling sweet of cedar sawdust and pine shavings came up. He took in the situation at a glance. He laid his hand on the woman's shoulder and said kindly: "you are hungry and tired my good woman, are you not?" "Yes," she replied, and the words seemed to choke her, "but my poor child is worse than I am." "Well then come with me," he said, "I have long ago learned from sweet experience that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

They had scarcely disappeared, when a young lady holding a sheet of paper in her hand skipped briskly up the steps. The door opened. We heard the reply: "can't give anything to-day, it is too poor an investment for my money." Bang went the door; and down came the lady looking rather crest-fallen from her repulse. As she stood hesitating on the sidewalk, a man with a wheel-barrow came up whistling as he came along. When fairly beside the young lady, he stopped both wheeling and whistling: "Ah well, Miss Brown, you are out collecting are you?" "Yes, John," she replied, "are you going to give us your donation?" "Oh yes," said he, "and I wish I could make it ten times as much," and he handed her a dollar bill. "I hope to be able to put many another dollar in the same bank before the year closes. I find it is the best investment I can make. The bank of heaven pays the highest interest."

"Now," said my friend, "the man who lives in that house is very rich, but his wealth is a curse to him. He lives wholly for self. Nothing is really of any value in his eyes out of which he cannot make personal gain. He is the chained slave of money, though he does not know it. His wealth, instead of being a fountain whence flows out streams of activity and blessings, is a stagnant pool which engenders disease in his own heart, and in the neighbourhood. His money is no better than a rotting compost heap piled up in his yard."

At the corner of the street we saw a very old man planting trees in a little garden. "Well," said Mr. Sharp, addressing him, "Old Generosity, what are you about there?" "Why" said the old man, looking up with a happy smiling countenance, "I am planting trees that my grandsons may eat of their fruit or rest under their shadow when I am dead and gone." That man looked green even in old age. There were not many of his kind in Danderville.

We had now come to the chief thoroughfare in the town. We paused, while my friend talked. "See that young fashionably dressed man with fine team and splendid carriage, driving at a furious rate and nodding as he passes to some one at the window of the opposite house. He wishes to be thought the smartest and fastest young man in Danderville. He is chagrined just now to think that Miss Sense did not return his salute. He will have friends while his money lasts, and after it is done the world will laugh at, or abuse him for wasting it. He is hunting a phantom

that will leave behind it the sting of disappointment or decoy him to ruin.

"There is a well dressed lady with a basket on her arm. She is carrying a load of provisions and a Bible, with which she is going away down to the farther end of the town, where she will wash, dress and feed, with her own hands, five poor, dirty children, and then read the Bible to their sick mother. She is happy in the thought that she is doing good, and shedding a little sunshine on other people's pathway through life. The lamp by which we cast light on others will illumine our own path. But fashionable Danderville turns up its primp, well-bred nose in genteel disgust at such a road to happiness. Moths never spin silk, nor butterflies make honey.

"See that pale-faced girl dressed in mourning and carrying a bunch of flowers. She is going to the church-yard to deck her father's grave. He died five years ago, but to his daughter it seems to be but yesterday since he left her. His memory is still green in her heart. She is happy in the thought that he looks down from his home above, and takes an interest in his orphan child. If such be an illusion, it would be cruel to dispel it; for if the earthly father does not watch his orphan child, the heavenly Father does. Our instincts often bring us far nearer spiritual truths than our senses or our reasons. Love will not let its object die. It embalms and immortalizes its dead. Pure love abhors annihilation as much as nature abhors a vacuum. Our affections tell us that the dust is only the garments which our beloved ones have left at the door through which they have passed to a better world. It is to bleeding affections that Christ says, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' And I think it is in perfect keeping with the hope which our Lord, through resurrection, inspires, to make death appear to be a sleep, and the grave-yard a sweet bed of repose.

"There is a student, with his books under his arm, happy with the hope of getting the prize for logic, which is to be awarded to-morrow. The lamp of hope always makes the chambers of the soul bright and cheery.

"There is a young man, with a Bible in his hand, going home after having tried to preach what he believes to be the Gospel to his fellow men. He has done his duty. As he walks along the street he listens to the sweetest of all earthly music, namely, an appro-

ving conscience. Many of the Danderville people have broken the keys of their conscience, so that it is far more pleasant for them not to touch it at all than listen to the discords which it makes within them. They keep their pianos in far better tune than their consciences."

We passed through the crowd feeling that the bustle around us was only the ripple on the surface of the stream of human life. It is the thoughts and feelings in human hearts that give to our lives all their force and meaning. The bitterness of our being is in the inner recesses of our soul. Its sweetness is there also. Were the inhabitants of Danderville only transparent, I could tell something worth knowing. As it is, I must be content with telling you what I saw, not what I ought to have seen.

Almost ere I was aware we got into a back street, where we could get a good view of the rubbish yards and kitchen gardens of some very elegant houses that fronted on the main street. We saw a rather cleanly dressed woman digging away in a pile of rubbish that was right beside the kitchen sink. I watched and saw her pick up an old bone, a worn-out garment, a broken wine glass, a torn picture, a cast off pair of shoes, and some other trash. She deposited them in a huge basket, smiling while doing so, as if she had found a treasure. After carefully turning up all the rubbish and dirtying herself considerably in doing so, she went into the next back yard. She immediately ran to the dirtiest spot in it, where she picked up, with apparent delight, a small piece of putrefying flesh. Then she stowed into her basket some broken wine glasses, cutting her fingers as she did so, a torn picture from an illustrated newspaper, an old tea pot and a lot of old rags in a filthy condition, and a general assortment of such rubbish as may be found in any well ordered back yard. "Now," said my friend, "while she is gathering up her load, let us go and have a look at the house she lives in." We turned around the corner and saw a rather dingy looking house, standing near the street, with all the doors and windows open. "We will not enter," said Mr. Sharp, "but only just take a glance in at the window. She keeps the doors and windows open so that the public may get the good of her museum of garbage." The smell which came from the window was very disagreeable, but the sight of the inside of the room was more so. The whole scene might be described in two words, dirt and disorder. The filthiest kind of rubbish was strewn around the

floor and hung upon the walls. It would disgust the reader, and perhaps dirty the paper, to attempt a description of the rubbish pile which she had collected. "These," said my friend, "are the scraps which she has gathered as a means of illustrating her neighbours character and history. She likes to exhibit these things as specimens of what her neighbours really are. Almost every person and family in Danderville is represented by a collection of dirty stuff piled up in her house, which she says sets forth their personal habits and family pedigree." Just at this moment the woman, puffing and blowing with the load she was carrying, came along. A bad odour proceeded from her, and she looked bedaubed and soiled from her morning's work. She laid down her basket, and began very exultingly to exhibit its contents.

"Ah!" she cried, "this is the way Mr. Generosity feeds his children. Look at that bone which came off his table. He gives to the poor and starves his family. No wonder the children are sickly when they get nothing but bones to eat. The hypocrite!! Just look at the clothes Mr. White's people wear. This dirty, tattered garment belongs to the family, and it just shows what they are. Look at the quantity of liquor that is consumed at Mr. Propriety's; they must drink like fish, and fight like dogs and cats, else I never would have picked up these broken dram glasses at the house. There is the picture of the house in which Mrs. Flashem was born, but she has torn it up and thrown it out since she has got into her fine new house. There are the old shoes which Mr. Shoddy wore when he was a cow-boy. They have the smell of the cow barn upon them yet. He thought he had buried them out of sight, but it takes me to dig them up. See the terrible kind of meat which the butcher sells. That piece of flesh is a specimen of the diseased meat with which he is cheating and poisoning his customers." And so she was going on when Mr. Sharp interposed: "Now, Mrs. Scandalmonger, there is no use showing us any more. You have been seeking for garbage and you have got it. The very search for such stuff has dirtied you. You would have made things look cleaner and smell sweeter had you buried these things all out of sight, instead of doing your best to drag them into the light. See what a condition your house is in by dragging into it the filth from your neighbour's back yard. Why the very odour of it is nauseous. It would be far better for you to bring flowers from their garden than rags from their

rubbish piles. Any person who seeks dirt can find it; and those who deal in it cannot be very clean. People who do not go farther than their neighbour's back yard to gather up curiosities, must have a very depraved taste. It is only dogs and swine that go rooting round people's premises in that way. You have gathered up so much that is bad and so little that is good about your neighbours, that your house is little better than a dog-kennel or a pig-stye."

We left without saying good morning. Hearing behind us a great noise we looked back, and saw Mrs. Scandalmonger with a face fairly livid with rage, brandishing a broken shoemaker's awl from the window. Mr. Sharp smiled, "Oh," said he, "she is mad and wishes to remind me that I was once only a poor cobbler."

We had not gone far down the street when we met a portly looking gentleman with a wrinkled face, a broad rimmed hat on his head, and a heavy silver-headed cane in his hand. My friend saluted him: "How do you do, Dr. Ira Warning?"

"Ah well," said he, "I do as well as I can, but I have a hard time trying to keep the people of Danderville right. They are an unmanageable race; they will not take my prescriptions; they go astray in spite of all I can do; they insult me; they injure each other; they injure themselves; they will not listen to my advice; they refuse my treatment, and rage at me for offering to doctor them."

I saw my friend looking at the doctor's breast and fancied I heard a strange buzzing sound like bees beneath bed-clothes. The Dr. felt insulted and broke out, "now Mr. Sharp, your eyes are entirely too sharp; why should you stare and take notice of things as you are doing? The men of Danderville should be taught better manners."

The buzzing became very loud, and my friend took to his heels; without asking what was the matter, I followed him as if I were a racer in the Grecian games. When we had run well, we stopped and looked back, and saw the Dr. stamping and fuming, and twisting his face into all sorts of contortions, while a lot of hornets were hovering like a cloud over his head.

"Now," said my friend, "that man imagines that he can reform the world by hornets; he believes he can sting people into good health, good manners, and good morals. But the people of

Danderville do not take any more kindly to the hornet treatment than to the cold water cure. He always carries a nest of hornets about with him so as to be ready for practice. He was just about applying his remedy to us to cure us of our apparent inquisitiveness; it was a good thing we escaped; I do not believe that hornet stinging will improve either a man's health or temper."

As we walked along, wiping the prespiration from our faces, I mused after the following strain, "angry thoughts are real hornets; they sting and annoy those who cherish them and enrage those against whom they are directed, even the truth told in anger arouses resentment. Scolding tongues or hornets nests will never bring about a reformation in the world. Hornet doctors are not wanted anywhere; their very buzz is disagreeable and their sting is painful. Danderville has had too much of such doctoring. Angry thoughts, like hornets nests, should be either smothered or burnt up."

We had now come to the outskirts of the town. Away up on the left of us we saw a great slaughter house where the butchers killed the animals whose flesh supplied the inhabitants of the town with meat. Not far from it there was also a large tannery from which was exported great quantities of leather. A little farther on we came to a neat cottage situated in a hollow on the right. The cottage was literally enshrouded in green shrubbery and flowers. We walked up through the garden and I observed that the blinds were down and there was crape on the door handle. We knocked gently and were admitted by a melancholy looking man with stooping shoulders, languid movements, and blood-shot eyes, who led us into a darkened room.

"So, Mr. Skimmer," said my friend, "you have had more trouble."

"Oh yes sir," said the man sadly, "another daughter is gone. My wife and five children are all gone, and I feel as if I would not be long behind them. Danderville seems to me to be a very unhealthy place."

"Well, I do not wonder that you think so," replied Mr. Short, "but do you not suspect some special cause for these deaths following each other in such rapid succession?"

"They say," replied Mr. Skimmer, "that the disease which caused death was typhoid fever. I do not know what originated

the fever. I once thought it was the house which caused it. There was a smell about it which I did not like when I came here to live. Some people advised me to let in the air and sunshine. I opened the doors and windows for the free circulation of air and the admission of light. Then some of my friends told me to paint it. I did so, and that kept down the smell for some time. Then some one suggested a garden whose flowers would keep the place fragrant. I planted and kept in order the garden you see, and in winter I had flowers kept in a conservatory with which I made the whole place smell of roses and geraniums, mint and thyme. Some other people told me to fumigate the building thoroughly. I have regularly used chlorine and carbolic acid gas ever since. I have spared no pains to make the house sweet and clean."

"Ah yes," said my friend, "but I believe your remedies did not go deep enough. They were all outside or surface work. The things you have done are all very important in their place, but the origin of the evil is, I believe, far deeper than anything you have reached. The truth is the drainage from the slaughter house or tannery beside you runs into your cellar. That is the real cause of the unhealthiness of the house. To make the house healthy you must get new drainage. You must either turn these pestilential waters past your dwelling or bury them deeper in the earth. No fresh air or sunshine through the windows will neutralize malaria in the cellar. Painting the outside will never cleanse the inside of your house. The odours of flowers is only sweetening, it is not destroying the poison you are drinking in. Fumigation may purify the air, it will not stop nor cleanse the fountain which generates the mischief."

He seemed to be incredulous and declared that nothing would cure the evil except a readjustment of the whole locality of Danderville; and he urged us to sign a petition to the Legislature to get the town removed and built in a healthier situation. We did not sign it, but if we need a political kite before the next election, we will not only sign it but make it a grand item in our canvassing ticket.

As we came out from the cottage I preached the following short sermon:

"This house is a good picture of what we often find individuals and society. There is a poisonous stream of evil flowing through the lower chambers of our being. We feel its injurious effects in

the disease and death which it is causing, but we do not suspect the real cause of the mischief. We see morals corrupting, and spiritual life expiring, without being able to apply a remedy. We try the fresh air of sound doctrine, and the sunshine of moral theories and philanthropic reformations. We plant and cultivate the flowers of fine sentiment and good taste. We even fumigate with the disinfectants of self-denial and legislation. But we feel that the cure has not been effected. Moral and spiritual disease still works death in the soul and in the community. The cause of all the evil is in the currents of impure thoughts that percolate the deeper recesses of the heart and the lower regions of society. These streams from social slaughter-houses of virtue, where men cater for depraved appetites, cause moral disease and death. Why should we not convey the streams away past us, or remove the slaughter-houses from our vicinity! Danderville needs draining as well as white-washing."

We were sauntering down the street homeward, chatting pleasantly together, when I imagined I heard footsteps behind me and felt the breath of some one blowing on my neck. Turning quickly round, I trode on somebody's toes who looked terror stricken, and distorted his countenance as if in the greatest agony. He slunk away limping and muttering to himself. His feet were bare and bleeding. His coat was ill-shaped, torn, and stained. He shook his head and fist very ominously as he walked along. The sun was shining very brightly, and I noticed that the shadow of a passer by came out fully on the wall of a garden just in front of this strange looking character. He hit the shadow a terrible blow on what he conceived to be the mouth, and broke his knuckles. He rushed away groaning and holding on to his bleeding hand, and passed through the wicket gate of the garden. He bent his steps to a little green plot of ground on which stood several bee-hives. He stood a moment to listen to the humming noise, then dropping on all fours, crept stealthily up to the hive. He got his ear close to the opening where the bees were going out and in—he lay still for a moment, when I saw him suddenly start up, give a fearful yell, shake a black knot of bees from his ear, and run screaming and stamping out at the gate, dancing beautifully to the humming music of a swarm of bees that buzzed about his head.

My friend and I both laughed, and I could not help saying, "why that man is crazy."

"Well, I think so too, but neither he nor the people of Danderville believe it. He passes for quite a sane man, and he has a great many brothers and sisters in town. His name is Dreadtalk. He supposes people are talking evil of him, and he is always trying to verify his suspicions. He thought we were slandering him, and by coming to listen got his toes tramped on. He went away with the idea that you did it intentionally, and henceforth you will be his enemy. He thought that man's shadow was jabbering at him and he struck it, he imagines now that it bit his hand. He suspected that there was mischief brewing against him in the bee-hive, and in trying to find out what it was he got stung."

We followed Dreadtalk down the street a little piece. We saw him pick up all the scraps of old letters and newspapers which he could find. To shun a dog that was coming up to meet him he rushed from the side-walk to the middle of the street, where he was nearly run over by a waggon, the mud from whose wheels plentifully bespattered his coat. He seemed almost distracted as he rushed back to the side-walk.

"Now," said my friend, "I once spent an evening at Mr. Dreadtalk's house. He made both himself and me as miserable as mice in a bee-hive. He would make one believe that the whole atsmosphere was full of poisoned arrows directed against himself; and the whole business of his life is either to dodge or catch them. I can tell you what he will do to-night. When he gets into his room he will empty his pockets of all these scraps of paper, and carefully examine them to find if they contain any charge or insinuation against him. This will dirty his hands and weary his eyes. He will then try to rub the wet mud from his coat, which he should let alone till it dries. He will then try on his shoes, which he left at home in order to keep him from making a noise. They will hurt his feet. He will then take out his note-book and write his account: ten studied insults; six severe injuries; fifty disguised sneers; two hundred insinuations; three hundred contemptuous looks; one thousand whispers; five thousand tongues wagging against me, and dogs without number that either barked or wanted to do so. He puts a book thus filled up for a pillow to sleep upon. He fills the whole room with ghosts of the imagination grinning and pointing and gibbering at him, and he doses off into a night-mare. He is a poor fool who thus fights with

either real or imaginary talk. It would be better to be eaten to death of mosquitoes."

But I believe this article is already too long, so I must stop. I will make it spicy by shaking some good cayenne pepper on it before I send it to the printer. We saw several other fools besides the above:

A father who was poisoning the well from which he and his family had to drink.

A farmer who had enclosed a fine field of barley with a substantial fence, but had left a panel down.

A woman kicking a sleeping dog and getting bitten for her trouble.

A beggar striking his benefactor.

A man winding his watch the wrong way and blaming the watchmaker because it stopped.

If I did not see all this, I should have done so, as such things are quite common in Danderville.

DOMINION BALLADS—No. I.

THE THREE NORSEMEN.

LEANED on his ashen spear Leif the Norseman.
Far to the north stretched the rocks covered with lichens,
And in the hollows marsh-pools bordered with berries.
Inland, reed-grass grew on the hummocks and dunes;
While near, on the landward, sloping west from the cliffs,
Were spread, like carpets, refreshing patches of green.
Thus mused Leif: "This Northland is barren and bare,
And I will seek another away to the Southward."

Then spoke Leif the Yarl:—
"Come hither, Scald, thou art gray and bald
As the scart on the point of Hellulu,
And thy beard like moss on the Iceland Pine,—
Prophecy now for me and my crew.
Shoot three war-arrows!" "That will I do!
One for the Lord,
One for the Sword,
And one for the Devil."

All stood round to see the sign.
The Devil's arrow glanced aslant, —
"Ha!" cried Leif, "just what I want."
The Sword's struck quivering in the heath —
"Ho!" said Leif, "sword rest in sheath."
The Lord's flew fair and cleft the butt —
"Ho! Ho," cried Leif, "a splendid cut!
I knew the Lord's would go level."

"All hands to sea!" laughed Leif, "the Lord
Will give us a land without the sword,
And the Devil can't raise an ugly gale,—
But see to the white Christ on the sail,
For I am a Christian, too, by Thor!
Of the Gospel school of the Conqueror,
Of Olaf the son of Trygger."

Full of sturdy life and vigor,
Steadily southward on the blue,
Leif the Yarl sailed with crew.
Four and twenty tugged the oars,
Twelve kept watch upon the deck,
Four stout men the vessel steered,
And one was in the iron cage
To keep ablaze the beacon.

Winds might storm and waters rage,
Not a point from south they veered,
Keeping well out from the shores
Little did Leif the Rover reck,—
Till after many days he stood
On a low shore rich in water and wood,—
"By the Lord's right hand!
This is mine own land,"
Quoth Leif,—that Christian deacon.

Said Thorwald, brother of Leif the Norseman:
"Let us outdo Yarl Leif, my brother,
He found a land, let us find another."—

He and men South they sailed
Past the landward mountains hoary,
Past the cliffs with sea-fog hooded,
Past Leif's Vineland low and wooded,
Past fair Isles, and through the narrows,
Never once their wings they brailed
Till they came to a promontory
Where the Skellingers abide,
Who upon them flights of arrows
Hurled, till wounded, Thorwald cried:—
"This is my land, my own,
Bury me here withouten moan;—
Well spake that Scald, so gray and bald,
Who stood to see the war-shafts thrown,
I see *my* shaft was the shaft of Sword's,
Leif's was the Lord's."

Followed Thorstein, brother of Leif and Thorwald.
With him and two score warriors mailed,
Brave his ship walked out to sea,
And kept its course due southerly,
'Till thus spoke Thorstein to his band:
"Long time we have left the Nor'land,
And sailed and rowed and sailed and sailed
Many a league and rolling mile,
And few but ailing men on rafts
Have reached this lonely desert Isle,
And troubles thicken for I am stricken,
But this is mine own land,—
Mine own though death sit on the strand.
Well spake that Scald so grey and bald
Who bade to shoot the three war shafts,
Leif's was the Lord's,
Thorwald's the Sword's,
And mine the Devil's,—which ill accords."

Learned clerks have vexed the brain
To tell what land these brothers saw,—
To reason and romance 'tis plain—
'T was Canada.

HUNTER DUVAR.

PHILIP BLAIR;

OR,

School Days in the Dominion.

BY E. LAWSON FENERTY, ESQ., HALIFAX, N. S.

CHAPTER II.

PHIL had so far profited by the warning he had received, after his exploit with his uncle, as to have attended school with commendable regularity for the past three weeks, but his restless spirit would not allow him to keep from mischief for any length of time.

But his mischievous propensities received a check one day that dampened his ardor somewhat.

One morning about half an hour before school time, a number of the boys had gathered about the school house, in groups of four or five, eagerly discussing the probable length of the holidays, which were to commence in the following week.

There were several that were hard at work at their lessons, some leaning against the fence, or walking to and fro, their tongues keeping time with their feet: one of the latter was a tall slender boy with a not unpleasing face, decidedly clever if one was to judge by appearances, but most cordially disliked by most of his school-fellows for his disagreeable manners and sneering language, which he never failed to indulge in when the opportunity occurred. This was more particularly the case when he hoped to obtain any advantage by so doing.

"I say, Bent," exclaims Phil, accosting him with a threatening frown on his face, "have'nt you been telling my folks about things that happened in school?"

Bent stared at Phil a moment, and raised his eyebrows superciliously in a way that was most aggravating; then, without deigning a word in reply, turned on his heel.

"You're a confounded sneak," roared Phil savagely, "do you hear that? I guess if the Doctor knew that you carried tales about, you'd get pulled down a little, I know."

"I don't want any thing to do with you," replied Bent, as Phil followed him, "if," he continued, "if you had as much sense as you have tongue, you would mind your own business, and not trouble me at all."

"O you cur!" said Phil hotly, "twisting his nose out of shape in a vain endeavour to look scornful, as if I'd bother you; *you* a tell-tale!" Here Phil made an indescribable noise, expressive of unutterable disgust. "I'd punch your head for two pins," he continued, his anger rising under the remembrance of his fancied wrong, and the provoking coolness of his opponent.

"See here, Cloudy, hold my jacket," he shouted, whipping off that garment in the excitement of the moment, and dropping it in the mud, under the impression he had handed it to his schoolfellow.

"Now," he exclaimed, walking up to Bent, both arms working belligerently, "if you must tattle, you have got to lick me first; d'ye hear?"

By this time Will McLeod or Cloudy, Phil's particular friend, came across from where he had been standing, and was speedily joined by the other boys, who gathered around, and cries of "form a ring! form a ring!" rose from all sides. This was soon done, with the two boys in the centre. They formed a fine contrast—the one, tall and slender, pale, and provokingly cool, holding the book he had been studying carelessly in one hand, the other plunged into his pocket, and with a sneer on his face that would have angered a less irritable boy than Phil, who standing poised easily on his feet, his head thrown back, face flushed, both hands clenched, now and then swaying as though anxious to punish his enemy, and as one of the boys said, "as mad as a hatter."

"What's the row with you fellows?" said McLeod, after picking up the jacket that lay on the ground.

"Why he's been splitting on me," replied Phil, "and I mean to make him stop it; but he is such a thundering coward;" this was said in a hopeless sort of way, as though the idea of Bent's fighting was almost too much to expect.

"Better put on your jacket Blair, you might get cold you know when you're so warm," rejoined Bent; "besides I don't choose to quarrel with every little blackguard I—"

Before he had time to finish the sentence, Phil rushed at him with a shout of "look out," and struck him a blow on the shoulder that fairly staggered him. "Come on now!" he added, but the other had no idea of such a thing; stepping back with his face paler than before, if possible, with fear and passion, he exclaimed, "don't put your finger on me again Blair or we'll see what the

Doctor will say about it." "Coward! coward," was hissed from the group.

"Let him go," said McLeod, taking Phil by the arm and leading him away. "He is not worth minding, a fellow that has any spunk would'nt blab everything; I'll fix you yet, see if I don't," said Phil shaking his head at Bent as he turned to go. "Wait a while Cloudy, and if you don't see some fun in school. I'll give him a dose he won't forget in a hurry."

"Look out for the Doctor," replied McLeod, "he watches you all the time lately."

"Oh that's all right, I know what I am about."

"I say Blair, there is the Doctor coming," said one of the boys in an undertone as he passed.

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing, only your jacket's off."

"By George you're right," replied Phil, hastily seizing it from McLeod and slipping it on, "any dirt on it?" turning around.

"A little on the shoulder, there, it's all right now," replies McLeod, after brushing it with his hands.

The bell ringing, the boys hurried into their places. Phil had to content himself with scowling savagely whenever he caught Bent's eye, which favour the latter returned by a provoking smile.

The following day Phil provided himself with a number of tacks with good broad heads, and stowed them safely in his pocket until he should want them; that morning he applied himself with so much earnestness to his lessons, that when the bell rang for recess, none were surprised to see him remain in, in common with others who were behind with their lessons, to take advantage of the quarter hour of an intermission for study. After waiting a few minutes until everything was quiet, he looked cautiously around, and as all were too busy with their work to notice him he slipped quietly underneath his desk, and creeping on hands and knees, reached Bent's seat without being discovered. Taking from his pocket four of the tacks, he arranged them on the chair so that Bent would be sure to get the benefit of two at least; he then returned to his own seat without his absence having been noticed by any.

The bell rang soon after, and the boys came trooping in flushed and breathless from their run in the air; all were in and seated

but the victim, who, being late, came hurrying down the aisle, reached his desk and sat down with considerable emphasis.

The scholars were startled out of all sense of propriety, by the spectacle of Bent, leaping from his chair as though it was red hot, and giving vent to a cry of the most intense pain. The suppressed laughter could no longer be restrained, as, standing there with woe-begone face, he clutched frantically at his trousers, and performed a variety of interesting feats.

McLeod understood the whole scene, and exchanged a significant glance with Phil, who was looking on with an expression of well feigned astonishment on his face, that boded ill for one so young.

"Silence!" exclaimed the master, as soon as he recovered from his astonishment at the uproar.

"Now Bent," he continued, his voice quivering with suppressed anger, "what is the matter?"

"Some one has put tacks on my chair, when I was out at recess," forlornly.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes sir," with a grimace, remembering his experience, "here they are," holding them out in his hand.

"Bring them to me."

He did so, and handed them to the master, who placed them on his desk.

"Stay where you are," as Bent turned to go to his place.

He did so, looking very miserable and uneasy, his hand wandering involuntarily to the afflicted parts, causing a titter among the boys and making the master still more angry.

"Boys," began the master in his most impressive tones, as soon as he had collected himself sufficiently to speak, "boys, I would not have believed it yesterday had I been told that there was a boy among all my scholars who could be guilty of such a cowardly trick. I can hardly believe it yet, he continued in a voice expressive of the most intense contempt, it is so low, so unlike a boy that speaks the English language." Phil winced. "I never wish to see any fighting among you, but I would ten, ay, twenty-times sooner see that, than that such a thing should occur again." (Phil felt better.) "Apart from the meanness that could prompt such a revenge, for I am convinced that that must have been the cause, it is positively dangerous, and it might injure a school-fellow for life."

Phil's face had undergone a variety of changes during the master's address. The scathing contempt he had expressed upset him completely, he moved uneasily in his seat, first looked frightened, then ashamed, finally determined: "It was I that did it," he exclaimed, jumping up, "and I'm sorry, I mean I 'm ashamed of it."

The eyes of the whole school were fixed on him.

The Doctor's face relaxed into a smile of genuine pleasure that was cheering for Phil, but it almost instantly resumed its expression of sternness as he spoke, "I am pained and astonished beyond measure," he said unsteadily: "come here."

Philip obeyed with a sinking heart.

"What could have induced you to do such a thing?" continued the master quietly.

Phil reassured by the tones, replied by giving a full account of the whole trouble.

The master listened until he was done, with an immovable face.

"So," he said, after Phil had finished, "you were anxious to fight, as well. You are progressing. What shall I do with you, eh?"

This was a poser. "Well, you see sir," replied Phil, "if he hadn't told tales, I wouldn't have bothered him, or if he had only promised not to do it again, but he wouldn't do that, only laughed at me, so I was going to make him, only he was afraid, so I had to do this."

The Doctor was compelled to smile at Phil's quaint reasoning, he could not for the life of him help it. Turning to Bent he said, "you can go to your seat, and try to be more of a man in the future, and always remember that your own business is the best business for you at least."

"As for you Blair, I shall punish you, but more in sorrow than anger, you can take your seat and remain after school this evening."

When Phil was travelling home from school that afternoon, fully half an hour later than usual, looking flushed and anything but happy, he met Bent full in the face. The latter greeted him with such an aggravating smile as to almost tempt Phil to drop his books, as he said afterwards, and pitch into him; but his last troubles were too fresh in his memory, so twisting his face into a very fair expression of disdain, he passed him without further notice.

The midsummer holidays had fairly commenced, and numbers

of the school boys were congregated in a large open spot, called the field; of course there were other fields; but whenever the field was spoken of without a distinguishing adjective, this particular one was understood as the one indicated among the boys at least. It was an unoccupied building lot, or rather several, that had never been disturbed by the pick-axe and shovel of the builder, although the site was in every way desirable; but a flaw in the transfer of the property at some remote period, had thrown the estate in Chancery, where it had remained, thus giving the rising generation an excellent play ground; for which favour I am afraid they were not sufficiently thankful to the law, often playing outrageous pranks on its blue-coated guardians, of which the town boasted several.

This property has been so long used for the purposes I have specified, that the boys had come to look upon it as theirs, including privileges, any curtailment of which was to be resisted strenuously; of course if there was to be a foot-ball match, the field was the place. Cricket, base ball, a fight, or in fact anything of importance was immediatly referred to this favoured spot, which had thus become the general rendezvous for the juveniles of that part of the town, and was always tenanted during the holidays by votaries of the different games that find favour among the youngsters.

Running past one end, it was open on three sides, was the street that led to the bridge. Like the field, "the bridge" simply was sufficient, from the fact that, unlike the field, it was the only article of the kind the town possessed. It was a long wooden structure, spanning the river and connecting the town with the country and villages on the other side.

It was a toll-bridge, and naturally enough possessed a toll-keeper, in the person of a queer old Irishman, who would be "the death of thim divils, the byes," as he said. I will do the "byes" the justice to say, that they most cordially returned the feelings he entertained towards them, and never missed an opportunity to annoy him.

Old Pimple—his nose was sufficient to account for the nick-name, even to a stranger—was an Irish emigrant with all the quaint fancies and odd superstitions of a genuine Paddy still clinging to him. He had imbibed, while at home, curious notions of Ameriky and its Injuns, "barber's chaps"—barbarous he meant, and a cor-

respondingly exaggerated notion of what his own importance would be among those he deigned to visit. Barnabas Regan, Philomath, better known as Barney the scholard, among his friends in the Ould Country, was an original in his way. He stood fully five feet three inches in his boots, his breadth and length being equivalents, or as the boys said, "as tall one way as the other," with arms and legs like exaggerated sausages, a round shiny head, almost entirely innocent of hair, little twinkling bead-like eyes, and a mouth that defies description, it was of such enormous dimensions, and capable of so many expressions.

But the nose—that was the feature which marked the man. If Napoleon the First could by any possibility have got possession of Barney, he would have made him a Field-Marshal of the Empire, or something else. The possessor of such a proboscis was a public man in spite of himself, for who that had seen it once could ever forget the owner. Its size was marvellous, but before its colour and character, its size sank into insignificance. It was ridged and seamed as though small rivers had coursed over it, in lumps and hills, apparently the result of amateur earthquakes; and then the magnificent blending of the most flowing colours, from a rich purple to a fiery crimson. It is related that one time, when he first took the situation of toll-keeper, one of the merchants sent a boy to him to get cents in change for silver. The boy did as he was directed, and coming to the toll-house busy with his own thoughts, his head down, he began without looking up, "Mister Pimple,"—Barney scowled viciously—"Mr. Winter sent me to see if you could give him cents for— O Moses what a nose!" he exclaimed, just then looking up and eyeing Barney's distinguishing feature in helpless amazement. He did'nt get the cents.

The old fellow lived up town, and when passing to and fro usually took a short cut through the field diagonally, thus saving a long corner.

"I say boys, here comes old Pimple," exclaimed Phil to the group who with him were deep in the mysteries of ring-taw.

"Well let him come, he won't hurt us."

"Isn't he pretty," continued Phil with a laugh, "O that nose—that wonderful nose!"

"You had better not let him hear you Phil, or you 'll get a lick from that stick of his some day."

"All right. Now just be quiet and I'll get him to tell us what he was in Ireland," replied Phil.

"How do you do Mr. Regan," Phil began as the old fellow approached.

Barney looked flattered, for was not he always called "Barney, and Pimple, by thim divilskins."

"Well byes, but none av yer antics," he added, flourishing his stick, and eyeing the group suspiciously, as they crowded around him.

"Oh Barney! Oh Mr. Regan! you know better than that."

"Aisy now, aisy, kape over there all av yez or I'll—"—here he made a threatening move with his stick. He had no notion of giving them a chance even for a lark.

"I guess you can trust us," said Phil, moving up close to his elbow, and looking confidently into his face, "you see we were talking about you. I said you were in the House of Commons when you were home, the other fellows said you was'nt, which is right?"

"Ahem," replied Barney, on his high horse at once, stretching himself with dignity to his full height of five feet three, pulling up his shirt-collar, and setting his cane firmly on the ground—

"Ahem, there's nayther av yez right, ye see, by rayson I did'nt stay there long enough, but I was just about thinking ov it whin I left, at the earnest persuashions av me friends. I was a promenint pollytishun and a leader among the people, but was'nt appreshiated by the Govment: ye have to be a Govment-man to get into the House there.

Phil pulled up one foot, and winked vigorously in the direction of the boys.

"I've heard you were an orator," said McLeod, solemnly.

"Bedad yer right this time thin," replied Barney, his mouth extended to its utmost limit, which from courtesy we will call a smile.

"There, didn't I tell you so," said McLeod triumphantly, giving Phil a tremendous poke in the ribs.

Phil was taken with a fit of coughing.

All the rest had colds.

Barney looked from one to the other doubtfully.

But the sober faces that met his view, as they emerged from their respective handkerchiefs, reassured him.

"Well, I guess all the orators go to the House of Commons," rejoined Phil, looking at Barney appealingly.

Barney wagged his head sapiently and said, "av coorse, an wasn't it that I was tellin yez, an its wonderful the edjecashun it nades to be that same. O musha, the coorse av study I've gone through. Beggora I belave I know iverything, from illigant ixtracts from the British Constetushun like this;" the old fellow gave another pull to the long pointed shirt collar that stood half way up his cheek, placed one hand behind him, under the long coat tail, half closed his eyes, and waving the stick gently to and fro, began:

"Av law ye'll sure get a pound,
An what I am sayin's no bounce,
But whin his Lordship the Justice comes round,
Sure av justice ye'll not get an ounce."

"There," he exclaimed, "what do yez think av that? but I ought to av been a lawyer," he added musingly; then looked around to see how this idea was received, "there's no doubt of it."

"By George, but Barney's right," said Phil sympathetically, turning to the boys, "he has just the cut of a lawyer, and knows everything," added McLeod.

"How did he get to know so much?" said little Winter, innocently, taking all that was said at its face.

A burst of laughter greeted this question, which Barney overheard.

"I imbided it from me progenithurs," he replied, turning a face, every line of which was a line of severe wisdom, on the small questioner; "ye see all me ancesthurs from the Kings of Connaught down to me nephew I lift at home were av a litherary kind, an how could I be anything else but cute sure wid all that before me;" and Barney winked sagely after the manner of an old owl; "an me connicted wid the best in the land," he added pompously, "there's me uncle, related to his grace the Archbishop."

"How's that? How's that Barney, tell us?"

"Well av I must tell yez," he replied modestly, "I must I suppose. His Grace was a Harrigan, ye see, a lower branch of the family, as Harrigan is a corrupshun av O'Regan, but as I was sayin, he was an O'Regan, barrin he spilt his name different, but that makes no manner of odds, bekase ye see the orthographical

connictshun av the contixt wid the antecedents that are subsequent dimonsthrates beyond a doubt the relationship."

"And thin," he continued waxing warmer as he proceeded, "was'nt he the proud owner av a dog, that was own brother to the one the Lord Liftenant had; to be sure he only had him a wake, for some low blagyerd of a thief stole him; but begorra me uncle stole him first, so it was even;" and he started to go.

"Hold on Barney, tell us some more about your swell relations," said Phil.

"Can't do it now, byes," he replied gravely, pulling out a huge old fashioned bulls-eye watch, that he had obtained since he came to the place; but with characteristic mendacity, he said as he held it up to view, "there, that's been in the family for cinturies, an it cost a mint av money, bekase ye see it was one ov the first that was iver made," and the old fellow turned on his heel and stalked off with dignity becoming an O'Regan and a relative of his Grace, the Archbishop, not to mention being the possessor of the watch.

"Oh Phil! my face is sore," said McLeod, as well as he could for laughter. The rest of the group seemed to be in the same predicament, from the shouts and ha, ha's, that came from all sides after the old keeper left them.

"It was fun to hear him tell about the watch though, bein in the family for centuries," mimicked another, "and he bought the old concern from one of the firemen on the boat; I've seen it dozens of times."

"Look here boys," said Phil, "an old chap like him that tells such awful lies ought to be punished."

The boys grinned at this, the idea of Phil talking about punishing any one for telling crams, was rather too good.

"You need'nt laugh," he continued looking around with a twinkle in his eye, "what makes it so bad in him he's so old you know. Now I'll tell you how we'll punish him; he will pass here on his way back to the bridge, won't he?"

"Yes."

"Well then let us go to work and dig a hole about so deep," putting his hand on his knee, "and fill it with mud, d'ye see? and then cover it over with gravel like the rest of the path. Who will go in for it?" and Phil looked inquiringly at the boys.

"I will, so will I, all hands," said one after another.

"Let us commence then, here is a good place, you see we can get behind that fence and watch when he comes along."

They were soon at work as busy as beavers with sticks, shingles, and whatever they could lay their hands on in the way of something to dig with, and in a short time had made the hole sufficiently deep.

"I say Winks, go and get some water, will you? that's a good fellow," said Phil, looking up from his work; "we will soon be ready for it."

"I don't think I will then; it isn't just the thing to fool an old man like Regan, you might hurt him."

"How good you are! I say boys, hark at old sober sides; it won't hurt him, only muddy his boots a little, and as for the *old man* part of it, I guess he would be just as lively as you" (and that isn't saying much, interposed another) "if he wasn't so fat."

"I don't mean that; you ought to have more respect for him."

"Ha! that is good. Why he gets tight, and I would like to know who respects a man, and an old man at that, that drinks, not me. One of you fellows go for some water will you?" said Phil impatiently, "you Hammond."

"All right," said the one addressed as Hammond, "what will I get it in?"

"Where is that tin concern we ducked the darkey with the other day? There it is over by the fence."

The water was obtained and put in the hole, together with earth enough to make a soft mud; it was then covered with gravel and carefully levelled to resemble the rest of the path.

"There!" exclaimed Phil standing off and eyeing their handiwork admiringly; "he'll slump in there just as nice and easy!"

"We had better go ahead with our game, boys," said McLeod, "or he will think that there is something the matter."

"No! no! behind the fence, that is the place," replied Phil, "we can see everything from there. I'll go up to the corner, and when I see him coming, I'll sing out, and cut for the fence. He will soon be along."

"There he is now," said little Winter, in a loud whisper, tugging at Phil's sleeve, as the toll-keeper came into view around the corner of the house.

"Hush!" said McLeod, "and get out your marbles." Barney came sailing along, his nose in the air, humming a tune and beat-

ing time with the stick. He strutted on with as much importance as though the position he held was one of the chiefest. He was watching the boys at their amusement as he passed with a look of lofty condescension and graceful patronage.

"That's right, byes, enjoy yerselves while ye are young and free from the cares and responsibilities of the world." Here Barney began "to put on his dignity," as one of the youngsters said; but unfortunately as he was pulling himself up he placed his foot on the treacherous spot, and down he went with a jerk that threw him forward on his face, and brought the old beaver down over his eyes.

"O! murder an ouns!" he gasped, as soon as he had recovered sufficiently to speak and free his eyes from the hat. A comical look of horror overspread his face as he rose from his position. "O musha! but its an earthquake!" he exclaimed in accents pitiful, "an me in the midst of it. Fwhat did I come to the place at all for, wid earthquakes an whirligigs and things going about loose widout any restraint at all?"

Just then a peal of laughter, loud and long, rose from the boys. Barney's soliloquy proved quite too much for their gravity.

The old fellow by a vigorous effort extricated himself from his disagreeable position, and arranging his hat, turned towards them with a look of sorrowful dignity on his face that was ludicrous to behold.

"Fwhat will become av the honor av me office?" he said with the utmost gravity, "if ye do bese playin thricks on me in that manner. O byes, byes, it's a sorrowful day for me any way to see yez wid no more respect for the aged," he continued, in tones of almost fatherly sorrow, but with a malicious leer in his eyes that Phil was not slow to see.

"Stay where you are," whispered Phil in an undertone. "I say, Barney," he went on, "you wont hurt a fellow if he helps you to get fixed?"

"Av coorse not," he replied in a voice of unmistakable satisfaction.

"Well then put down your stick."

"Oh no," he rejoined, shaking his head decisively, "I cud'nt do that, why I'm thrembling all over wid the effects of the collision."

"You won't hurt me then?" said Phil, coming closer, "and I'll make you all right."

"No, ye can dipind on that," at the same time grasping the stick firmly, "barrin a bit of a whack to remimber me by," making a vicious blow at Phil with it.

But the boy was too quick, for as the blow was descending he sprang back out of distance, exclaiming, "O you treacherous old beggar; put down your stick and I'll fight you," and Phil threw himself into position and shook his fists in a most aggravating manner.

This conduct on the boy's part irritated the old keeper beyond endurance. With a shout of "I'll teach ye," he rushed furiously at him, Phil turned and started with a spring, ran with all his speed, and he had need of it, for the old man despite his fifty years displayed running powers that would not have disgraced one much younger.

Unfortunately, as it seemed, when Philip started he turned in the direction of a long strip of water that extended nearly across the lower part of the field. It was not more than two feet in the deepest part, and twenty feet wide, but most unmistakably muddy. Phil made straight for this in spite of the warning shouts of the boys. Barney was close at his heels, puffing like a small engine, his hat off, and the long coat tails standing out behind as though they had been starched.

"What a fool," panted McLeod, racing along after, to give Phil a helping hand. "Come on, boys, he will half kill him if we don't help him; he can't get clear now unless he runs through, and if he tries that, he'll get stuck sure, for the mud's more than a foot deep."

Phil's position, to say the least, did look doubtful; he was nearly to the edge of the pond, and if he turned in either direction, he would be sure to be caught, for it was pretty evident that the old un' was a trifle the fastest.

"He's caught him!" exclaimed McLeod, as the toll-keeper put out his hand to seize Phil, just as he reached the edge of the pond. But Phil was quite equal to the emergency. Dropping on his hands and knees with the speed of lightning, as the keeper was about to seize him, he took him wholly by surprise, and as he plunged forward with the impetus acquired by his run, his legs struck Phil's body, and he took a magnificent header into the combined elements, earth and water. Phil jumped up, rubbing his sides, for the blow was severe, and looked with some dismay

on the result of his manœuvre. It did seem almost too bad, for as Barney rose from the waters like a second Neptune, he was a pitiful sight to behold, with the dirty water streaming down over his bald head and red face, and dripping from his clothes, both fists working away at his eyes to clear them. He excited the sympathy of the boys at once. McLeod gave him his hand, and led him unresistingly up where it was quite dry. Barney's fiery ardor was entirely quenched by the bath he had received, and he submitted in a helpless sort of a way to the good offices of the boys, who swarmed about him like ants, with their handkerchiefs, doing their best to make him presentable. Fortunately, the water was deeper than usual, and covered the grass for quite a distance, so that he escaped what might have been a serious mishap had he gone fairly into the mud.

"Oh Barney, I am awful sorry!" said Phil, in a voice of real sorrow, "I am sure we didn't think that anything like this would have happened, but you are so uncommonly quick. I was sure I could beat you easy or I would never have come so close." O Philip! Philip! to be so artful for one so young.

But Barney refused to be flattered, and looked reproachfully at Phil, who blurted out, "you needn't look that way at a fellow; it was all your fault—chasing me; here is your hat." Phil had the hat in one hand and the stick in the other. "Cloudy, you can give him the stick, I'm blessed if I do," passing the stick to McLeod and backing off to a respectful distance.

Barney took the hat and stick, and started off, intensely disgusted with the country, the people, particularly the younger portion, and himself. The respect he had fancied he possessed in the minds of the boys, on account of his birth and position in Ireland (as told by himself) was all gone, and the world was a blank; but he recovered, to discharge the duties of his position, as more than one youngster discovered who tried to run the toll or cross the bridge without paying, the remembrance of his injuries lending vigor to his arms on such occasions. The tales he told grew daily more marvellous; the estates he might have possessed but for some foolishness on his part, extended at the rate of a thousand acres a week; in fact, Barney was not cured permanently.

THE CASTAWAYS OF GULL ISLAND.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

TO a stranger the sea-coast of Newfoundland presents, for the most part, a dreary and repulsive appearance. Dark, frowning cliffs, lofty headlands, miles on miles of rocky walls, from two to three hundred feet in height, with little verdure, even in summer, crowning their summits; bold promontories sculptured into grim, fantastic shapes by the blows of Atlantic billows,—these are what greet the eyes of the voyager as he sails along the eastern coast. The iron-bound shores present no pebbly beaches on which the summer waves break, in softened music; but rugged, precipitous cliffs frown defiance on the stormy Atlantic, and not unfrequently shape themselves into forms of stern, majestic beauty. At intervals the coast-scenery is varied by the occurrence of those majestic estuaries for which the Island is so celebrated, some of them fifty or sixty miles in width at their entrance, and stretching away inland from forty to nearly one hundred miles. These noble bays, reaching out their countless arms on all sides far into the interior, and shaping their indented sides into some of the finest harbours of the world, serve to entice the finny tribes, with which the surrounding seas are swarming, into the deep recesses and shallower waters where their food abounds, and thus bring them within the grasp of man. Around the shores of these great bays the fishermen cluster, every little harbour, creek and cove having its fishing hamlet. In almost every spot where a fishing boat can find shelter, the rough stage and "fish-flake," for the landing and drying of cod, may be seen; and, in the summer season, the fishing banks, all around the shores, are dotted with the little boats dancing over the waves. It is wonderful to think how prolific are these fishing grounds, and how inexhaustible their resources. It is calculated that an acre of good land carefully tilled, will produce, once a year, a ton of corn, or two or three hundred weight of meat or cheese; while the same area, at the bottom of the sea, will yield an equal weight of food to the fisherman, each week of the year, provided he can carry on his operations,—and this without any ploughing, manuring, or sowing.

Between Cape Race, the most southern point of the Island, and

Cape Freels, three of these great estuaries open,—Conception Bay, Trinity Bay and Bonavista Bay. After passing Cape Freels and running through Hamilton Sound, the great bay of Notre Dame is entered, being more than fifty miles wide at its entrance, and perfectly studded with islands. From this great bay, numerous smaller bays run many miles inland, the most considerable being Green Bay and Hall's Bay, each about twenty miles in length. Both these bays are famous hunting-grounds, from whence the trappers not unfrequently cross the Island to the Bay of Islands, on the western coast.

The most northern point of Notre Dame Bay is named Cape John. Seven miles south of it lies Tilt Cove, now famous as the location of a rich copper and nickel mine. In the year 1857, Mr. Smith McKay, an intelligent and enterprising explorer, arrived at this little Cove, then containing about a dozen poor huts of fishermen. His visit was not quite a casual one. The magic wand of science had pointed to this region as a spot where, among the serpentine rocks, a search for copper ore would, in all probability, be attended with success. To Dr. Dawson, of McGill College, Montreal, belongs the honour of this scientific vaticination. A hint from him induced Mr. McKay to visit this part of the coast. When at Tilt Cove, his eye lighted on a piece of bright yellow stone which stood on the mantel shelf in a fisherman's hut. The poor fisherman had no idea that the piece of yellow rock, which he had picked up at the bottom of a neighbouring cliff, was anything more than a curiosity. "Knowledge is power." The experienced eye of the explorer saw in it the treasure of which he was in search. For a small reward, the fisherman conducted him to the cliff where the fragment had been found. There, amid the clefts of the rock, he saw the outcropping of the precious lode. The mine was discovered; the fortune of the explorer was made. In a few years the little fishing hamlet had undergone a complete transformation. Its population had increased to more than a thousand, among whom might be seen scores of stout Cornish miners, with their wives and children. Neat, comfortable cottages had displaced the old dilapidated huts; and several handsome frame houses, for the superintendents of the works, had been erected. Shops, with all the necessaries and luxuries of life, were opened. A handsome Church and a Roman Catholic Chapel added much to the appearance of the village. Signs of comfort and

prosperity were abundant on all hands. Great heaps of ore might be seen near the openings of the "levels" that were driven into the lofty cliffs; and far within the bowels of the hill the blows of the miners resounded, and, at times, the rumbling noise of their explosions, like peals of distant thunder, were heard, as they blasted the mineralized rock. An excellent jetty and wharf adorned the little harbour, alongside of which large vessels lay in safety, moored by great chains which were fastened to bolts driven into the rocks. The cove was often crowded with shipping, the larger vessels being engaged in loading the ore for Swansea. A coastal steamer, carrying mails, visited the locality fortnightly during summer, and connected it with the Capital. Altogether, Tilt Cove was a pleasant sight; and its prosperity has gone on increasing to the present hour.

On the 5th December, 1867, a vessel named the *Queen*, of Swansea, John Owens master, left St. John's with supplies of various kinds for the miners at Tilt Cove, and with the view of taking on board there a cargo of ore for England. There were fifteen souls on board, including the Captain and crew, two of them being females. The vessel was an excellent one; and as she had only to make a run of some two hundred miles along the coast, and had on board a pilot, the thought of danger entered the mind of no one. One of the passengers was Mr. Dowsley, of St. John's, who was about to open a drug store at Tilt Cove. On the evening of the 5th a fearful gale arose; the vessel being light in ballast, was driven out to sea about 160 miles. The storm lasted nearly three days, those on board expecting, every instant, that their vessel would be capsized or swamped, as she was tossed about like a cork on the surface of the water. A far worse doom, however, was in store for the ill-fated voyagers. When the gale abated, they ran in for the land, and on the evening of the 11th December made Gull Island, a small rocky islet off Cape John, and about three miles from the shore. As the night was closing in, they did not venture to run for Tilt Cove, and accordingly stood out to sea till daylight should appear. On what trifles, as we call them, the most important events appear to turn! About twelve o'clock that night, the pilot felt so sure in regard to his course, that he took the fatal resolution of running for the harbour, without waiting for daylight. The ship was put about, and held on her course safely till six o'clock on the morning of the 12th December, when,

in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, the sea running mountains high, she struck with fearful violence on Gull Island. The shock was awful; and soon the gurgling inrush of the water told them that the ship was fatally injured. As the frightened passengers, startled from their slumbers, rushed on deck, they could dimly discern, through the snow-drift, a low cliff only a few yards distant. No time was to be lost. A sailor managed to scramble ashore, and a rope was passed from the ship to the rock. By means of this rope, those on board were dragged up the cliff. Eleven out of the fifteen on board were thus drawn, as speedily as possible, to the summit of the cliff, when the cable parted, the vessel slid off the shelving rock and drifted out of sight, a sinking wreck, with the pilot and three others on board. No doubt the latter found a watery grave; but a death of lingering agony, such as it makes the heart ache to think of, awaited the poor unfortunates on the Island.

Only ten or fifteen minutes elapsed from the time the vessel struck till the cable gave way, and she then glided off into the darkness, drifted across the bay, and was broken to pieces on the opposite shore. Those who escaped were unable to save anything; and in the rush and scramble to get ashore, thought of nothing but how to preserve their lives. When the morning came, they found themselves in a most forlorn position — partially clad, drenched to the skin with spray and the falling snow, shivering under the December blasts, and among the eleven castaways there was not a single particle of food of any description. The only thing obtained from the ship was a portion of an old sail which by some means had drifted ashore. The spot on which they had been cast is a low, rocky islet, about a quarter of a mile in length and the same in breadth, utterly barren, uninhabited, and with no vegetation except a few patches of low scrub-bushes. Worst of all — it does not contain a single spring or brook; and not a drop of water could be had. No materials for kindling a fire were available. Without tools or resources of any kind, the poor sufferers could only crouch together under the scrap of canvas, in a small "gulch" or hollow, hoping that some boat or vessel might pass within hail and rescue them.

At first, no doubt, their hopes of deliverance must have been strong. They were but three miles from the nearest main land, on which were some scattered dwellers; and but five or six miles

from a village called Shoe Cove. The first day after they landed was bright and clear. They could see the smoke from the cottages ascending into the morning air, and cheerful signs of life ashore. Boats too were moving about in the bay, for a number of fishermen were out shooting sea-fowl. With what eager eyes these poor shipwrecked men and women must have watched throughout that day the movements of the boats, hoping that they might come near enough to see their signals of distress; and how their hearts must have sunk as they saw them return to the harbour, and the short winter day closing in gathering gloom, as the sun went down beneath the waves! How appaling the prospect of their first long night on the cold rock, hunger already gnawing fiercely at their vitals, and a burning thirst beginning to fever their blood. As they sent up their heart-wrung prayers to heaven for deliverance, they watched, one after another, the lights ashore disappearing, till only the pitying stars looked down upon them, and then, clinging close to one another, they sank into an uneasy, fevered slumber, to dream of home, with its love and warmth, where were the dear ones, all unconscious as yet of their sad fate. The weary hours of that long first night on the rock—a night that seemed to them as if it would never close—slowly passed away, and at length the dull, gray light of the winter morning began to creep over the moaning sea, awaking them to a full sense of their misery, and of the awful present that now seemed more and more threatening. Still, the thought that they must die there slowly, of cold and hunger and thirst, was too terrible, especially when help was so near,—when only that little breadth of the hungry sea severed them from those who would welcome them with open arms, and even risk their lives to save them. Strength returned and hope revived as the sun arose; and they comforted one another with the thought that they were so near human succour, that surely this day would witness their deliverance. They would be missed and sought for, and no doubt Gull Island would be searched. It was not possible, the sanguine spirits among them thought, that they should be left to die unaided within two or three miles of human habitations. There were still many chances in their favour, and many ways in which help might come. The coasting craft, running for Tilt Cove, or some of the fishing boats, would be sure to pass near the Island. Alas! had they but known it, on that bright, clear day alone had they any chance of rescue; and unhap-

pily they were either stupefied by the suddenness of the calamity, or so benumbed with cold and suffering that they failed to light a signal-fire, the smoke of which could have been seen along the shore, and would have brought them help. As events proved, some of them had matches in their pockets, and some combustible materials might have been gathered, which a portion of the sail might have been spared to ignite; but if the attempt was made, it would seem to have been soon abandoned as hopeless. They seem to have been trusting solely to the chance of a passing vessel, which, at that period of the year, was most uncertain, on that lonely, storm-beaten coast. It does not even appear that they managed to hoist a signal, owing probably to the want of anything to serve as a flag-staff. Their utter inability to do anything to help themselves, and their being compelled to wait impotently, under the gnawings of hunger and the more terrible pangs of thirst for the approach of death, looking out on the pitiless sea breaking on its cold gray stones, must have been the most bitter portion of their sufferings. So long as brave men feel they can do something, they do not lose heart; it is when they find themselves powerless they sink into despair.

When the morning of their second day on the desolate islet dawned, dark heavy masses of cloud to windward indicated that another snow-storm was approaching. We can fancy the poor, pale, shivering castaways dragging their stiffened limbs from beneath the frozen canvas, and eagerly scanning the bay for the sight of some friendly sail, seeing only the angry scowl of ocean, hearing the mutterings of the approaching storm, and then searching one another's countenances for some gleam of hope, and meeting only looks of blank despair. And then, as the fierce nor'-easter rushed across the bay, hurling the snow-drifts on its wings of gloom, freezing the blood in their veins, we can see them, in imagination, cowering beneath their wretched shelter, huddling together for warmth, and perhaps trying to cheer one another with the expression of a hope which they but feebly realized. All day the snow continued to fall, shutting out the sight of sea and sky, and all hope of present deliverance. A terrible thirst now consumed them, far harder to bear than the dull gnawings of hunger. Another dreary night dragged through its slow hours, which were broken by death-like slumbers, from which maddening dreams aroused them at intervals. The storm

had abated, and their rocky prison was now covered with snow. Hunger and thirst were doing their deadly work; and some were so weak they could scarcely stand upright. Hope began to die out, and dull, leaden despair crept closer to each heart. Rapidly failing strength told them that the end could not be distant. Some who thought themselves sinking, and who expected they would be the first to die, left messages of love and farewell for the dear ones they should see no more, with those who were likely to survive, and had a farther chance of rescue. We can fancy the two poor women, reading their fate in each other's eyes, quietly clasping hands, leaning their cheeks close together, offering a prayer for mercy, and silently awaiting the approach of death.

One secret, unuttered dread, lay heavy on each heart in that sad group—more awful than even the fear of death—"should I be the first to die, ravenous hunger will at length drive the others to the last extremity—my body will never lie in a quiet grave, it will be devoured by my famishing companions." Alas! the poor sufferers were not to be released by death so soon as they expected. They had yet to lie many days and nights on that snow-covered rock, in the last extremity of human woe, looking into the stony eyes of death, as, like a hungry lion, he slowly crept nearer.

How the hapless group spent the dreary hours, what words were spoken, what prayers were uttered, which of them bore their sufferings most calmly; what arrangements they made for keeping an outlook, or what efforts for lessening their sufferings—of all these nothing can ever be known. Let us hope that some, if not all, felt the sustaining, comforting power of religion in those trying hours, and even from such a terrible death-bed, could look heavenward with humble hope. On the fifth day, one of the sufferers, Mr. F. Dowsley, feeling that there was no longer any hope, wrote a farewell letter to his wife, with a pencil, in his pocket-book. I have been permitted to copy this letter, and to make use of any portions of it which are suited for publication. It is pathetic and mournful in the last degree. After describing the circumstances under which they had been cast on the island, he wrote:

"This is our fifth day, and we have not had a bit or sup, not even a drink of water, there being no such thing on the island. It is void of everything which would give us any comfort. It is so barren and bleak that we cannot get wood to make a fire to

warm us; our bed is on the cold rocks, with a piece of canvas, full of gutter, to cover us. You may fancy what my sufferings have been and are. You know I was never very strong or robust. My feet are all swollen, and I am getting very weak. I expect that if Providence don't send a boat or vessel along this way to-day, or to-morrow at the farthest, that some of us will be no more; and I very much fear I will be the first victim. If so, you will not even have the gratification of getting my body, as they will make use of it for food. I am famishing with the thirst. I would give all I ever possessed for one drink of water. If I had plenty of water, I know I should live much longer. I feel a dreadful feverish thirst and no means of relieving it. Is it not a hard case that I cannot even get a drink of water? Oh! did I ever think my life would end in this way—to be cast away on a barren rock, in the middle of the ocean, and there to perish with cold and hunger and thirst, and our bodies to be bleached by the winter's frost and the summer's sun, and to be food for the wild fowl! Oh! is it not sad to think of this, and such a little thing would save us! We are only six miles from Shoe Cove, where we would be received with open arms. Now, my darling, as I plainly see that in a few hours I must appear before our God, I wish to say a few words about your future prospects." (Here follow directions about family affairs.) "Whilst I am writing this, under our little bit of canvas, I am shivering with weakness and cold, from head to foot. I don't know how I have written what I have, but this I can say—the facts are worse than I have named. Give my love to my darling children, and tell them to think often of my sad fate. Tell them I leave it as my dying request to be kind and obedient to you, and to be advised by you in everything. Oh, my darling Margaret, you will feel, you will pity me, when you know of my unbounded sufferings and sad fate. Oh do, and pray for me, with the children, incessantly. I must now conclude, my darling, as I am unable to write more. Embrace my darling children, and tell them to be obliging and kind to each other, for, without this, they cannot expect to prosper. Tell them their unfortunate father leaves them his blessing. Should our fate be known before the Spring, if George would think it worth his while to come round, he would be able to get my body or bones, which I would like to have laid in Belvidere cemetery. If I were with you and my dear children, and had the priest, I don't think I should fear death quarter so much.

"I must now, my darling, take my last farewell of you in this world. May we meet and enjoy one another where there is no sorrow, no trouble, no affliction. I leave you, my love, my blessing. Your loving but unfortunate husband,

F. DOWSLEY."

We can fancy with what bursting hearts and streaming eyes the poor wife and children read these touching utterances of a love that beat strongly for them in death, when many months afterwards the poor remains were brought home, and how they will treasure these last solemn words of tender farewell! This letter is dated "December 16th, 1867," but it was not destined to be the last. Days and nights of fearful sufferings still awaited them before death came to their release. The following letter is dated December 18th:

"*My darling Margaret*—

"I have been out to see if there might be any chance of a rescue, but no such thing. I am almost mad with the thirst. I would give all I ever saw for one drink of water, but I shall never get it. We are all as wet as a sink. My clothes are all wet and frozen. I am going under the canvas to lie down and die. May God pity me and have mercy on my soul.

"Your loving and unfortunate husband,

F. DOWSLEY."

The foregoing letter was written on the seventh day of their sufferings; and we would naturally conclude, considering their circumstances, that, without food, drink or shelter, life could not be prolonged for many more hours. It is, however, startling to find that, six days later, all of them were still living. A third letter, written by poor Dowsley, is dated "December 24th, 1867":

"*My darling Margaret*—

"We are all still alive, only that we have had no relief ever since, nor any sign of it. We have not tasted a bit of food, up to this time, of any kind, with the exception of the dirty snow-water that melts around and under our feet, which we are glad to devour. The place we are sheltered in, if I can call it a shelter, is up to our ankles in water. Oh, what a sad Christmas Eve and Christmas Day it is for me! I think I can see you making the sweet-bread and preparing everything comfortable for to-morrow. My feet were very painful last night. I was in complete agony with them. My clothes are completely saturated. Oh, I never knew how to appreciate the comforts of a home, or a bed, until now. We shall never see one another again in this world. I had no idea we should have lasted so long. Our case is now hopeless. There is no hope of deliverance. My sufferings have been beyond description since I landed on this barren rock. Don't forget to give my love to George and Eliza. Oh, how I dread"—(words illegible—probably "another night.") "I would write more but feel unable. Oh, my darling, if I could but once

see you and the children, I think I would be satisfied to die. Embrace them all for me. Give my love to Mary —— and Mrs. G——, and all her family! Tell them all to pray for me.

"Your loving husband,

F. DOWSLEY."

This is the last sad record which was discovered; and probably the hand that wrote it was, soon after, cold in death. A more touching memorial of affection amid awful sufferings, it would be difficult to imagine. From it we learn, on the most unquestionable evidence, what would otherwise have been incredible, that eleven human beings lived, under the circumstances I have described, for thirteen days without food or drink. In all probability, their lives were prolonged for such a length of time by their swallowing the half-melted snow around them, as described in the last letter I have quoted; though this seems to have still left them consumed by a raging thirst. Moisture too must have been absorbed by the skin, from their saturated clothing, and would help slightly to meet the cravings of nature. I believe instances are on record of persons having subsisted without food for more than a fortnight, when access to water was obtained. In the case of the sufferers on Gull Island, we know, for certain, that they were all alive on the thirteenth day; after that we know nothing, except by inference, of what took place, and can only conjecture how many more days elapsed before kind death released the last sufferer. It is too painful to dwell on the possible horrors of the closing scene, or to imagine one after another dying, till the last man, looking around with glazing eyes, saw the ghastly faces of ten frozen corpses, and was glad to crouch among them, under the same wretched canvas covering, praying for death to release him from the terrors of their stony gaze. This much is certain, that the fierce cravings of hunger at length drove some of the unhappy sufferers to that extremity from which nature revolts most strongly. Two skeleton forms, lying apart from the other dead bodies when disccovered, and almost denuded of flesh, told a sad tale. May heaven preserve us all from such an awful death!

At length, on that lonely spot, the last groan of the sufferers was hushed in the sleep which was never to be broken. All was still. Through the cloud-rack the pale moon looked down upon the two ghastly skeleton forms—upon the dead women, their hands clasped, the head of the one reclining on the shoulder of the

other,—upon the wan, worn faces of the dead men, some so calm and peaceful, others with traces of anguish and woe, which once seen would haunt the dreams of the beholder till the close of life. But the snow-drifts, shaken from the wings of the storm, fell softly on the sorrowful scene, wrapping the sleepers in a spotless winding-sheet, hiding all traces of suffering, effacing all records of the dreadful past, even as the divine mercy and love wrap our poor world around, hiding in their beneficent folds the scars of our sinning and suffering humanity, and quieting its convulsive sobs. The storms of January came and raved around the sleepers, but they heeded them not. The foam-crested billows dashed themselves far up the cliffs, with angry roar, but did not disturb "the sleep that knows no waking." The vast ice-fields floated down from the frozen north, encircling the lonely sleepers on the rock, and converting the face of ocean into a white, solid table-land far as the eye could reach. The glittering icebergs glided past in silent grandeur, as if they feared to disturb their slumbers. But, at length, the April sun came with its warmth, dissolving the frozen masses, bringing the soft breezes off the land which drove away the chilling ice-fields, and thus gently uncovering the faces of the dead, that sorrowing friends might see them once more, lay them, with loud weeping, in the soft bosom of earth.

On the 21st of April, a small schooner was cruising near Gull Island, in search of seals. A boat was despatched from it to shoot some birds that were hovering near the shore. One of these was fired at and fell wounded on the Island. A fisherman landed to recover it, and had gone but a few yards when he was struck with horror and consternation at the sight of the two skeletons lying almost close together. He called to his companions, who were speedily beside him. On further search, they found, underneath the frozen canvas, the dead bodies of seven men and two women. Horror-stricken, they hurried back to their vessel with the doleful intelligence. The truth at once flashed upon them—that these were a portion of the crew and passengers of the ill-fated *Queen*, all of whom were believed to have gone down on the wreck, but had really perished of hunger and cold close to their very doors! It was a harrowing thought to the poor fellows, that had they known of their mishap on the fatal 12th December, they could have rescued all in a couple of hours; had they even within a fortnight after, observed any signal of distress on the uninhabited

island, it would not have been too late to save them. Dark and mysterious providence! All things seemed to have conspired to cut off help and hope. Had the *Queen* been wrecked where she struck, an immediate search for survivors would have resulted in the rescue of all. With sad hearts they headed their vessel for Tilt Cove, in order to make known the sorrowful news, and get aid for the removal of the bodies. The little village was convulsed with grief. Coffins were hastily got ready, and a schooner was despatched to convey the bodies from Gull Island to Tilt Cove, for interment. The horror of the scene was completed when it was found that the bodies were frozen so firmly together that it was necessary to separate them with crowbars and force. In the cemetery at Tilt Cove all found a quiet resting-place, except the body of Mr. Dowsley, which was transmitted to his family in St. John's, and, in accordance with his dying wish, was interred in Belvidere cemetery.

As everything connected with the sad fate of these castaways is of interest, I subjoin copies of two other documents found on the persons of the sufferers. The first is one which was found written in the memorandum book of the Captain, and ran as follows:

"No. I.

"We left St. John's, N. F., on the 5th December 1867, with 80 tons stone ballast, about 10 or 12 tons general cargo and lumber, and a mail bag full of letters for the Union Mine, Tilt Cove. When running for Gull Island, Cape John, in a snow-squall, struck on it, when not able to see anything even when on top of it, at 6 o'clock A. M. on December 12th, 1867. Did not save anything only this book and the ship's papers, which are in a tin case now here,---and Lord have mercy on our souls. We will all perish here, without food or clothes or fire.

"JOHN OWENS,
"Master of the Queen, of Swansea."

"No. II.

"The *Queen*, of Swansea, got on the rocks on Gull Island on December 12th. The captain, mate, and seven men landed on Gull Island on December 12th by means of a rope, just as we stood, neither bread, nor eatables, nor clothes. Boatswain, pilot, and one of the ship's crew went away with the ship, and a married man, a passenger, and all these four perished with the ship. This is written on the Island, after landing, by me.

"JOHN OWENS,
"Master of the Queen."

The following letter was found on the person of William Hoskins:

"Whatever person or persons pick this up I hope they will send this small box, with its contents, and a revolver which is in my coat pocket, to Captain Hoskins, Tilt Cove Union Mine.

"Dear Father, Mother, Sisters and Brothers,—I expect this is the last you will hear or see of us. We have been here 108 hours. We could not get any thing on shore to eat. There were fifteen on board. We lost four men that were driven off in the vessel. We got on shore by means of a rope on the morning of 12th December. Dear friends, do not grieve for us, we are giving our time to prayer. There is no one dead yet, but all are getting very weak. We shall have to wish you a long farewell. If we do not meet on earth, may we meet in heaven. The revolver belongs to Willy Parsons—give it to him for me. We must bid you good bye. We remain your affectionate children,

"WILLIAM and GRINELDA HOSKINS."

The tale of the poor castaways of Gull Island will continue to be told, for many a year to come, around the winter hearths of the Newfoundland fishermen, while the storm is raging without; awakening gentle pity in many a heart, and helpful compassion towards the suffering and sorrowful, of whom the world is so full.

CAPRIAN WINE.

BRING me a cup of the vintage of Capri,
Odors of violets flooding its brim;
Here, in the cold north, I would be happy,
Calling up memories misty and dim.
Memories carried, like Orient treasure,
Over the seas to the homes of the West,
Gathered by hearts palpitating with pleasure,
Hidden and guarded far down in the breast.

Voices that sound like night wind in the cedars,
Come with the odors of Capri to me,
With hands that were faithful and tireless weeders,
In gardens of life reaching down to the sea.

The thirst of my spirit this vintage can slaken,
Time, sorrow and distance, like clouds, disappear,
Long silent singers their strains re-awaken,
The brave and the noble who perished are here.

Up from the beaker, as up from the ocean,
Sparkles arise like the eyes of the dead;
Coming in dreams, with a living emotion,
And pale fingers parting the curtains of dread,
Rosy cheeks nestling far down in white pillows,
Fanned by the wings that are not for our gaze,
Hoary heads sinking fast under the billows,
Driven by tempests for many long days.

Lost in the past, like the victims who perished,
Hurled from the cliff by the tyrant of old;
Who has their names or their memories cherished,
Who has the tale of their mystery told?
Violets bloom where the loving are lying,
They breathe in the odors and smile in the vine;
Kiss, rosy lips, separation defying,—
I bless thee for giving this Caprian Wine.

CARROLL RYAN.

Ottawa, 1873.

THE MASQUE OF LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT.

LORENZO DE MEDICI, who, from the profuseness and splendor of his reign, gained the appellation of the Magnificent, was a man of such restless and brilliant intellect, that in a short time after the administration of affairs came into his hands, he became the restorer of the arts, the Mæcenus of the literati, and the glory of Florence, his country. With great generosity he gathered from all parts of Europe the most celebrated scholars of the time, among them Pico Mirandolano, Angelo Poliziano, Ermolao Barbaro, Massilio Ficino, Cancandile and many other men of genius, who were entertained with regal magnificence and lodged in his house, making it (says an Italian biographer) "a

delicious hotel of the muses, and an areopagus of the sciences and liberal arts." So well was he acquainted with the popular poetry of Italy, and so much did he admire it, that not only did he restore it with the help of his scholarly collaborators to the splendor that it had almost lost since the death of Petrarch, but he was himself the originator of a new adaptation of it to the purposes of public festivals and rejoicings, and to which was given the name, *par excellence*, of "Canti Carnascialeschi," or Carnival Songs. These festivals were celebrated in Florence with extraordinary display. During the administration of the Magnifico, no pains were spared to ensure their success. Contemporary writers relate how these celebrations were held during the night, by torchlight, by bands of masqueraders on foot, on horseback, and in cars, dressed appropriately to represent classical and mythological "triumphs" and allegories suggestive of the arts, the passions, the virtues and vices, beings embodied and disembodied. In such guise the company paraded the city, singing, to the accompaniment of music, all sorts of canzonettes, ballads, madrigals and barzelletti, appropriate to the subjects represented. Lorenzo and the scholarly knights of his table did not think it beneath them to design and superintend these pageants, and to substitute their more polished compositions for the rude effusions of the vulgar muse. Says the editor of the first published edition of these convivial pieces: "When these triumphs and these songs were well designed and executed, accompanied by every imaginable pomp, when the invention was happy, the meaning clear, the words popular and pleasant, the music simple and gay, the voices sonorous and well matched, the dresses rich, brilliant and appropriate to the characters, the machinery well constructed and artistically embellished, the horses many, fine and handsomely equipped, the night illuminated by immense numbers of torches and flambeaus, nothing could be seen or imagined more agreeable or more calculated to please every taste." Of the vocal accompaniments of the pageant, some were gay and gallant, some conveyed a moral or *jeu d' esprit*, but almost all were satirical. A collection of the most popular was published at Florence, in 1559, by Anton-Francesco Grazzini, commonly called "the Lasca," under the title of "*Tutti i Trionfi, Carri, Mascherate, o Canti carnascialeschi andati per Firenze dal tempo del Magnifico Lorenzo de Medici fino all', anno* 1559." The edition most

commonly met with, and at the same time the most accurate, is that published "in Cosmopoli," 1780.

The bright Italian day had gone down. Dusk deepened into dark, for, although the stars shone out with a chastened lustre, fortunately for the coming celebration, there was no moon. All the population of Florence was in the streets, and were setting in steady currents towards the palace, in which was usually held the administration of justice. In front of that edifice a temporary facade had been erected, and there the Magnifico was present with his personal friends and the chief citizens of the Republic. Gorgeous they were, especially the ladies, in the bravery of silks, and velvets, and gems from the Orient, for, now that the commerce of her merchant princes had poured into her lap the luxuries of the East, great was the contrast between the Florence of the Medician era and that of the simpler preceding period.

At a given signal, the carnival was begun. The first spectacle on the programme was one of those adaptations of Greek fable that the newly awakened taste for classic lore had rendered familiar, or at least amusing, even to the common people. The words of the libretto were written by Lorenzo himself. Amid the flaring of torches and the shouting of the populace, the spectacle commenced with a procession of masques.

The arena on which was represented this masque of Bacchus and the Nymphs, was a long, wide platform, which moved on concealed wheels, and was carpeted with green and tesselated with flowers. The motive power was a troop of gaily caparisoned steeds, ridden by winged boys and led by satyrs. As the procession moved on, these winged postilions shot golden-tipped arrows and let fly doves among the crowd. A trellis ran along the car, wreathed with vines, and overarching the *dramatis personæ*, hung clusters of the grape. On the platform was the triumphal car of the God of Wine, drawn by a lion and a tiger in the shafts, and, as leaders, a team of goats with gilded horns, thus typifying the double character of the God of rural delights and Iacchus the conqueror. Satyrs held the jewelled reins of the beasts of prey, and fauns led the goats. In the ruby-cushioned car sat the son of Semele, a wreath of ivy and vine around his youthful brow, a leopard skin on his shoulders, and in his hand the thyrsus. By his side fair Ariadne. This beauteous daughter of the Cretan king held in her hand a silken clue, and was crowned with stars.

Bacchantes, with lascivious gestures, circled and twined. Dryads peeped from among the leaves, and hamadryads coquetted among the sprays. Naids were grouped in graceful attitudes around a fountain that threw up wine in jets of spray. Behind the car of Bacchus, Priapus, his son, perpetrated antics that would not be tolerated in any public exhibition at the present day. Then came old Silenus, bound on his ass's back with chains of flowers, and before him ambled his jolly old father Pan, playing on the seven-reed pipe. Alongside and around were posed the people of Arcadia, bearing samples of the products of the earth, and fauns carrying wheat sheaves. And from a copse of whispering reeds looked out the face and long ears of Midas the Phrygian. Behind and before nodded the minstrels to the music of flageolet, cymbal, bagpipe and tabor.

Halting before the company in the balcony, a satyr of most bacchanalian aspect came to the front and explained that the pageant was—

THE TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

Quant' è bella giovinezza, by Lorenzo di Medici.

Youth! youth! how beautiful and gay
Although for ever slipping away!
Who *will*,—now let him happy be,
For of to-morrow's no certainty.

Ladies and gentlemen, this is Bacchus and this Ariadne. Handsome both, and lovers. Never heed they that time is fleeting and deceptive. These are nymphs and other people, every one of them as happy as the day is long:

Who will,—now let him happy be
For of to-morrow's no certainty.

These are a crew of jolly Satyrs enamored of the Nymphs:

Many traps for them they've set
In the caverns and the glades,
But the Nymphs are free as yet,
Loving Bacchus,—jolly maids!
Chorus.—Who will, &c.

Though these nymphs do take good care,
Not by them to be made naughty,
Still they (being sheltered there,)
To the "red men" are not haughty.
But with them in dances blending,
Keep a festa never ending.
Chorus.—Who will, &c.

This old load who comes behind
On the ass is old Silenus,
Full of flesh and badly wined,
Drunk, in fact,—say *Bacchi Plenus*,—
Cannot stand from too much quaffing,
And the rogue can't speak for laughing.
Chorus.—Who will, &c.

Here comes Midas, hateful elf!
All he touches turns to gold;
Who for pelf would age himself?
Who for lucre would grow old?
Who would thirst for sordid treasure?
Who would choose 'twixt coin and pleasure?
Chorus.—Who will, &c.

Each one open now his ears!
To-day is ours but not to-morrow,
Young! as well as those in years!
Masks and ladies! banish sorrow,
Hide all tristeful thoughts away,
Let us make our feast for aye!
Chorus.—Who will, &c.

Ladies, and gallant loving youths,
Long live Bacchus and long live Love!
Music, dance, and song are truths,
Hearts with gladness burn and move.
Away fatigue! away with sorrow!
What *will* happen, that must be,
Joy to-day, what e'er to-morrow—
Of to-morrow's no certainty.
Ho! for beautiful youth so gay,
That so swiftly is passing away.

Boom! boom! boom! rataplan,—rataplan—ra-ta-plan! shriek upon shriek and long-drawn wails of profoundest woe,—an unearthly symphony for, unearthly visitors were at hand. It was known that Ser Niccolo Machiavelli, after-time friend and political tutor to the most illustrious Prince Cæsar Borgia, had condescended to invoke the muse for a contribution to the pleasures of the occasion. That is he seated near the Magnifico. Notice his high but rather narrow brow set off by a three-cornered hat, from under which his hair escapes in two long ringlets like a woman's. His eyes are large, dark and bold; nose of an exaggerated Roman type; upper lip long and flexible; mouth wide and sensuous, with a curious droop at the corners, in which and around his eyes lurk a labyrinth of wily wrinkles.

His throat, encircled by a crimped linen collar, is otherwise bare, and his face, cleanly shaven, shows a square jaw and firm-set chin. As the sound of the demoniac music, presaging his "Dance of Devils," approaches, a faint smile puckers his thin lips, for he, too, knows how to govern, and appreciates how much of this pageant of the Magnifico's is meant to please the people, and how much to keep the mob out of mischief.

And now, from out the storm of discord came crawling a monstrous eft! In the hollow of the reptile's back were grouped the *elité* of hell. These personages were more of the classical than the scriptural type. Of course, Pluto was there on his sulphur throne, with his two-pronged trident, and bearing the keys as custodian of lost souls. Around him were grouped the peers and functionaries of Tartarus. The Furies were there holding in their hands the torches and the whips of scorpions. There also the Fates—the dire Erinnes, Clotho holding the distaff, Lachesis ever spinning, spinning, and Atropos standing by with her shears. Near to these daughters of Night sat, in moody state, Minos and Rhadamanthus, judges of the souls of men. Charon, the ferryman, shouldered his oar and held in a leash the three-headed watch-dog. Beelzebub, with his three faces of envy, anger and despair, and surrounded with a cloud of flies. Plutus, ever crying "papa Satan! papa Satan!" Hecate poring over a lamp and encompassed with the implements of sorcery. Ate spread her sable wings as if brooding over the gloomy river of Acheron. Hecuba barked like a dog. Briæreus waved his hundred arms. Evil ones were there from the city of Dis, and in the background were shapeless forms enveloped in sable stoles, representing the evil genii that stand by man's cradle, and mislead him to his tomb. All these made a startling spectacle, grouped on the platform amid the blaze of parti-colored lights and the smoke of incense. And the head of Gorgon the golden-winged, glared from the panels of the car.

High over all sat throned—the thunder-scars on his visage, from which had not yet departed all the sublimity of the archangel—Satan, the morning star.

A crowd of sable horsemen on black horses represented centaurs and the inferior fiends Alichino, Calcabrina, Cagnazzo, Libicocco, Draghinazzo, fanged Ciriatto, Graffiacane fierce, Tarfarello and mad Rubicant. Their torches, as the horses pranced and curveted

around the car, rained flakes of fire on the ruby-coloured tinsel that studded their bridles and housings. Besides the horsemen, were an immense number on foot, in various guises, intended to represent the Manes, or souls of the dead. The *coup d' œil* was weird and wild, and in its fantastic jumble represented, not inaptly, the place of punishment as imagined in the theology, or rather, we should say, the mythology of the time.

Belphegor, the married devil, stood forward as the spokesman of his peers. He was dressed in the extremity of the fashion. His manner was courtly and debonair. Two little horns set off to advantage the contour of his head, while a tail, gracefully curled, depended from beneath his doublet of Genoese silk. Boots he had none, but in lieu thereof hoofs neat enough to have been chiselled by Phydias as the *chassure* of a marble faun, and bearing such an exquisite polish that they shone like garnets of price. With a voice of considerable sweetness, although husky a little from the fumes of Phlegethon, he spoke these words,—written for him by Machiavelli:

SONG OF THE DEVILS,

By Niccolo Machiavelli.

Gia fummo, or non siam spirti beati.

Driven from the mansions of eternal bliss,
Angels no more, the fate
Of pride was ours.
Yet claim we here,—in this
Your rude and ravaged state,
More torn with factions and fierce powers
Of vengeance, than our realms of hate,—
The rule we lost in Heaven, o'er men below.
Famine, war, blood, fierce cold and fiercer fire,
Lo! on your mortal heads
The vials pour our hands that never tire:
And we, while this glad season spreads
The feast and dance, are with you now,
And must with you remain
To foster grief and pain
And plague you with fresh woes, and crimes that bring forth woe.

And now to the soft music of flutes, mingled with the trained voices of hidden children, came a pageant of paradise. A gleam of silvery light rose on the horizon, which gradually increased until it resolved itself into individual lights. As they advanced they took the appearance and arrangement of stars. It was,

indeed, a daring attempt to represent the host of heaven. Large globes of Venetian glass, cut in facets to give forth rays, were borne on black wands by a mixed company of foot and horse, clad in mantles of white and grey. The orbs were arranged to represent the stars of the constellations. There were the stars of the lion, of the bear, of the farmer's wain; three horsemen abreast were the belt of Orion, and seven the beneficent Pleiades. Galaxy upon galaxy moved past in silence, the horses being shod with felt, till the whole vista, far as the eye could reach, was an undulation of moving orbs. At the centre of the show was a car in shape of the crescent moon, drawn by twenty-four horses with stars on their heads, to represent the hours, and led by angelic forms such as we are familiar with in Guido's aurora. Seated on a throne shaped like a scallop shell, was the Divine Mary, the *stella cœli*, and above her the symbol of the mystic rose. Around her a company of beatified spirits:

> "Then saw I a bright band, in loveliness
> Surpassing, who themselves did make the crown
> And us the centre: yet more sweet in voice
> Than in their visage beaming." —*Paradiso.*

From the whole programme of the entertainment, it will be seen that the taste of the age affected a strange mixture of the political and religious, the graceful and the grotesque, the Christian and the Pagan. Among the beatified spirits appeared on equal terms the usual complement of saints and martyrs, men who had died in arms for the church and commonwealth, Beatrice, the personification of reason, and many supposed inhabitants of the Pagan heaven. These various personages kept moving round in a measured dance, framed on the idea of the double-rainbow wheel described in the twelfth canto of Dante's Paradiso,—a circle moving contrariwise within a circle. The effect of the lights glittering on the gemmed rosaries and crucifixes of the saints, the burnished armor of the beatified warriors, and the golden aurioles on the floating tresses of the redeemed, conveyed to the popular mind,—so ready to be excited through the senses,—an idea of supernal splendor. Halting in front of the grand stand, and speaking in a tone of singular power and sweetness, one of the blessed addressed the Magnifico and the people in a canto commencing "spirti beati siamo," written by Machiavelli. The

burden of the piece was to deprecate the petty wars that ravaged Italy. We have but room for the peroration:

> "Have ye not sense to see your necine feuds
> To all your enemies ope wide the way?
>
> The Sultan of the Turks
> Sharpens his arms and burns with pagan zeal
> To hurl his hordes on your devoted land.
>
> Lift up the hand against the cruel foe,
> And tender succor to your afflicted friends;
> Ye Christian men! cast off your ancient hates
> And 'gainst him turn your yet unconquered steel,
> Else 'gainst yourselves will Heaven's array be turned;
> Away with fear and rancorous enmities,
> Pride, cruelty, and pinching avarice,—
> Again in you the pristine love renew
> Of justice and of honour,—and turn the world
> To what it was at first!
>
> Thus shall the gate
> Of heaven open to the blessèd ones,
> Nor be fair virtue's flame extinguished quite.

As the speaker concluded, the lights were simultaneously extinguished, and the whole pageant passed away in silence like the baseless fabric of a dream.

After a lapse of time sufficient to give effect to this *coup de theatre*, there came on the ear a tempest of discord that presaged the advent of the Winds. How the sounds were produced, whether from *un*musical instruments or by the human voice, was a mystery, but the theory of the noise seemed to be the gambolling of the winds around the Cape of Storms. Now there came a bellowing such as the wind might make in caves, toning down to a prolonged groan till you could almost fancy you heard the very swish of the surf,—then rising as if in wail among the rattling of cordage and the flapping of sails. Then it would break into gusty shrieks as if whistling through keyholes. Anon it would die away into a rustling as if among leaves, and expire at length soft as lover's sigh, or as the voice of Zephyr whispering to the thousand Oceanites,—only to swell again into the stentorian tones of a stiff nor'-wester. And beneath all murmured a continuous undertone of Æolian harps. Nearer approached the discord,—if discord it could be called, until an agitated and angry sea of rolling waves, crested with foam, came flowing up the

street, and on it a gigantic galley with all sail set on a turreted mast, surmounted by a vane. On deck were the winged company of the winds. Æolus seated on the golden poop. Borea, the north wind, represented by a buxom female draped in robes that sparkled with snow and glittered with icicles. Hand in hand with her, the Tramontana garlanded with needles from the pines that grow beyond the breezy Alps. Near them the wind of mid-day coming from the sea, and with *him* (for, excepting the north winds the others were masculine) the southwest Scilocco that had fanned the palms on the Barbary shore,—the Garbino and the Libiccio, whose breath speeds the feluccas with wine from the coast of Sicily. Attired in shawl and caftan, the very personification of a stout Saracen, Euro, the wind of the east, and the rugged Levante that wrecked St. Paul on the island of Melita. Besides all these was the Western wind blowing straight from the mighty ocean that lay unexplored beyond the Gates of Hercules. Nor must we omit the gentle, bright-eyed zephyr represented by a pretty boy costumed in robes of the hue of blush-rose and garlanded with flowers. The supernumeraries were the truculent hurricane, the sand-laden simoom, the red sirocco, the black and white squalls and tempest generally.

Arrived opposite the public stand, the airy crew burst forth into this rude but gallant

SONG OF THE WINDS,

By Giovambatista Cini.

Tutti siam Venti, o Donne.

O Ladies fair, The Winds compose this crew,
Who pay their devoirs now to Love and you!

'T is we who make the upper air serene,
Until the heaven for very gladness smiles,
And we who veil in mists the dank terrene,
And vex with storms the many caverened isles,
Upon our wings we bring the nipping frost,
Our breath lures forth the green grass and the frond,
And makes the clouds, or calm or tempest-tossed,
As shines the warm sun out, or hides in wrack beyond.

'T is ours to tame and guide the prideful main,
Until it, clear and tranquil, lies full low,
And ours to shake up its fierce crests again,
All madly bounding when the breezes blow,
And whisk it to a seething yeast of waves,
Until the driving ship of home-bound tars
Is split and sucked into the mouth of caves,
Or strikes its shattered sails and lowers its lofty spars.

Gentle ladies, oft we think we see
The sun, and lo! 't is but your sparkling eyes,
That give the same serene effects as we
Produce by blustering 'round to clear the skies,—
Even so your lovers, when they turn to you,
In the sweet glamour that their eyes beguile,
See golden sunlight flashing through the blue,
And the whole world serene itself into a smile.

But when disturbing thoughts your breasts assail,
And your cold looks those froward thoughts repeat,
Worse is it than the ice, snow, rain, and hail,
Inclement that on miserables beat;
Hence with beauty such as yours, and power
To make mankind rejoice, or else to mope —
(So much depends on you) — we beg each hour
You 'll have the heart to do right and give hope.

We the winds rebelled against our king,
But, conquered now, we come as vassals low,
And to your sparkling eyes our homage bring,
And crave a kind place in your breasts of snow,—
And if among your lovers any be,
For pleasant times who would our aid secure,
And balmy summer skies and tranquil sea,
Let them but turn to *you* their humble prayers and pure.

The Cicada or Cicala, "the nightingale of the nymphs," "the sweet prophet of summer," "the love of the muses," was a favourite reference in these strange mythological compositions as being the type of perfect happiness, in like manner as the butterfly typifies Pschye, the soul.

"—— raucis
Sole sub ardenti resonant arbustis cicadis."
—*Virgil.*

This joyous insect-minstrel (for the males alone possess the singing organ) whose brief life of a few hours' duration is all for love, holds pleasant converse, in more than one of these masques, with the maidens. More discreet than another member of his family, he never tells what "Katy did." Lovelorn hearts of the gentler sex take him into their confidence, and exchange with him note for note in the languid sunny hours. Yet, sometimes, with the beautiful inconsistency which even in our day characterises the angels of the household, they abuse the poor Cicada and tax him—surely unjustly—with envy, uncharitableness, and all manner of evil-speaking. In this same masque of Lorenzo was a

chorus, written by the Magnifico himself, for a car-load of little girls, who railed and flouted at a number of their companions disguised as cicadas with gauzy wings, and making music on zitterns in imitation of the guitarist of the woods. It is satisfactory to say that the cicala-girls gave the others as good as they brought, and harped away with an *abandon* that must have been exasperating. Their triumphal car, however, passed on till the zitterns mellowed in the distance, and came back but as the hum of the real cicadas from the canopy of boughs that overarched the beautiful bevy.

But we have not yet done with the cicada. For now came on the lambent night the sound of clashing cymbals, fitful and spasmodic, intermingled with female voices which—were such a thing possible (but which the present chronicler of this masque doubts on æsthetic grounds)—if heard in the domestic circle might be called *scolding*, so high-pitched and acidulous they were. Perhaps some other Actæon had unwarrantably intruded on the bath of Diana. Perhaps—but why speculate further? For there hove in sight a platform-car on which circled and gyrated with flashing arms and cymbals held aloft, a galaxy of beautiful maidens robed all in white, with scintillating gold and gems on their wrists and limbs, and with their streaming hair softening around their eyes and faces like shifting shadows lit by fire-flies on an undulating pool of water-lilies. Not more interestingly irate can we suppose the Graces on Mount Ida to have been when Paris, that *dilletante* son of Troy, awarded the golden apple. What could the matter be? Alas! the cicala had incurred the displeasure of the maidens. There is nothing new under the sun said Solomon the wise. The words they sang (although anonymous) have come down to us, and we find in them the original of that composition, which was recently so popular as a national air of the neighbouring Republic,—"Shoo Fly!"

FUOR CICALE IN MALORA, FUOR CICALE.

(Author unknown.)

Go forth, cicala! forth then cicala!
We want to hear your busy buzz no more,
We have no patience with you,—you are what we call a
Most intrusive insect, insufferable bore.

Thousands there are of you (we might excuse a few,)
But you 're pervading wherever turns the sun,
Every one is tired of you, every one complains of you,
Every one 's afraid of you,—do then ha' done.

And so, without more ado, get out Cica!'!
We want none of your company, we want none of your cry,
Shut up your music, get out, song and all,
Out then cicala! out Shoo Fly!

Time would fail to give even a list of the after groups, allegorical and representative. Such were the Triumphs of Love and Jealousy, the Elements, Glory, Fame, the Men with their Heads turned wrong side before, and who saw all things from a wrong point of view (a race not yet extinct), the Nymphs in love, the Unfrocked Priests, our old friends the Merry Andrews, the Young Men impoverished by lewd ways, the Lewd Women, the worshipful company of Roosters, and the Souls of the Damned.

Some fifteen in number of these carnival pieces from the pen of Lorenzo have come down to us. The names are suggestive: the triumphs of Bacchus and Ariadne (already quoted) and of the seven Planets, the songs of the old husbands and young wives, of the beggars, the shoemakers, the peddlers, the hermits, the muleteers, the spinners of gold thread, the gingerbread bakers, the nightmen, the wafer-sellers, the market gardeners of Narcetri; besides the altercation between the maidens and the cicada. Did space permit we would fain translate the gracefully turned conceits of the spinning-girls, and the sage advice given by the hermits to young men against wasting their substance in the expensive delusions of love,—but we shall content ourselves with one more canto, not selected because it is the best, but as showing how skilfully Lorenzo identified himself with the common people, entering into their feelings, and using even the idiom of their respective crafts:

SONG OF THE MULETEERS.

By Lorenzo de Medici.

Donne, noi siam Mulattieri.

Fair ladies! we are muleteers,
Gay and festive and free from care;
Give us a job!—the *fair* 't is clear,
Will ne'er begrudge our mules their *fare.*
Our beasts are brisk to bear along
Bonnet-box, bag, valise and poke,
For each man carries a cudgel strong,
To tickle the ribs of his trusty moke.

Our frisky beasts are trebly tough,
Their sturdy backs are braced like rhombs,
Besides, their frames are solid enough,
And broad enough to carry bombs!

And every one as soon as not
Will take the road although it rains,
And when you whack 'em they will trot,
Whether on mountain-paths or plains.

About the payment:—you will find,
Fair maids, with us no cause to cavil,
So much, before,—so much, behind,
According as the brutes may travel.
In every country we're at home,
And have squired ladies—bless their faces!
To Venice, Bruggia and to Rome,
And have been at their country places.

If any of you are country dames,
And want good teamsters on your farms,
Here are we to give in our names,
And serve you as becomes your charms.
Olives we'll team, and figs and pears,
And grapes, and pulse, and corn in ear,—
So, as we're moderate in our fares,
Give a chance to the muleteer!

Not long afterwards Lorenzo, on his death-bead, refused to be shrived by the half charlatan, half reformer, and wholly fanatic monk Savonarola, inasmuch as to the absolution was attached, as a condition, a guarantee of liberty to Florence. Evil days were drawing nigh. Ere long Savonarola's prophetic words found a meaning: "Woe unto thee, O Mother of the Arts,—woe unto thee, beautiful Italy!"

HUNTER DUVAR.

OUR NORTH-WEST.

BY REV. G. M. GRANT, HALIFAX.

FORT GARRY, in the centre of the continent, is a convenient starting point. Our still unknown North-west may be said to begin there, because the Department of Public Works now offers to send emigrants from Toronto to Fort Garry at the rate of $15 each, and a place that it costs so little to reach, cannot be considered *terra incognita.* Nothing shows more clearly than this one little fact, how rapidly the different members of the Dominion are being brought together. Five or six years ago, in ordinary society, you might have described Fort Garry as near

Timbuctoo, without much risk of being contradicted. The standpoint that a British American occupies to-day, and his ordinary outlook, are as different from what they were then, as with a German inhabitant of Weimar or Pampernickel before Sadowa and now. Then, practical Know-nothingism reigned supreme among us. Nova Scotia was for the Nova Scotians, and "the" Island was for Prince Edward Islanders. Parish politics, with all their littleness and all their bitterness, were the only politics known. Now, we look beyond our own little principality. We breathe freely. We look from Province to Province, from Ocean to Ocean. "No pent up Utica confines our powers," as Joseph Howe loved to quote when we were pent up and confined. The pulses of a larger life are beating in our veins. "The elements of Empire here are plastic yet and warm," and to us is given the task of moulding them. Then, annexation was a subject for discussion. Now, even to hint it, is a crime, and worse—a blunder.

We paid the Hudson Bay Company £300,000 sterling, plus "perquisites," with a good deal more for the North-west. The country was well worth the money, whether the Company was entitled to it or not. For the North-west is our back-land, and every prudent farmer knows the value of that in a farm. It is empty now, but when filled up is sure to be the back-bone of our Dominion. Here our surplus population can stream,—those restless spirits that feel "crowded" in the thronged and ancient settlements that their grandfathers cleared. Thither shall flow the mighty currents of human life that have done so much in the last quarter of a century to enrich the Great Republic.

Our neighbours have now a clearer idea of the value of the North-west than we. The promoters of the Northern Pacific railroad know its value in contrast with the barren wastes that must be traversed by their road. The most glowing descriptions of the Red River and Saskatchewan country are in Carleton's "Seat of Empire." Indeed, the only fault about his book is, that speaking merely from hearsay and reading, he exaggerates. That is, he tells the truth, but not the whole truth. He dilates on the resources of the great virgin country, without speaking of its disadvantages. Archbishop Tache's sketch of the North-west gives the other side of the shield. But Carleton is an enthusiast, and, even had he known, would probably have scorned to mention

"the dirty facts" of scarcity of wood, and severity of winter, that the Archbishop dwells on almost as if he loved them.

Fortunately for us, our neighbours have only recently become acquainted with the value of the North-west. Had they known sooner who can doubt that it would have been theirs before to-day? They had just as much right to it as to Oregon, and to Washington Territory. But by the merest accident they got correct information from Methodist missionaries concerning the fertility and resources of the Pacific slope, in time to prove to the British Government that it had always been, was, and of course must be, theirs. How much easier to have had the boundary line moved up from Pembina to the southern extremity of Lake Winnipeg! And then the door to the whole of our North-west would have been in their hands, and they could have bided their time. No wonder that Carleton is regretfully "set to thinking of the Saskatchewan valley, a region to which the United States once held claim, and which *might now have been* a part of our domain if it had not been for the pusillanimity of President Polk."

> "Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these, it might have been."

There are still very vague notions in our minds about the extent of the good land in the North-west. The London *Times* published last autumn several capital letters from "An Occasional Correspondent" in Minnesota, whose estimate is very low, but as he frankly tells only what was told him in Minnesota, no one need be deceived. He informs the people of England that 1873 "will certainly see the railway track at Fort Garry, and that thus will be opened up the rich Canadian territory of Manitoba, and the fertile Valley of the Saskatchewan, once part of the territory of the late Hudson's Bay Company. Many persons," he goes on to say, "will probably be as surprised as myself to learn that among the possessions of that Company were 20,000 square miles of the finest wheat-producing land in America." Considering that the little Province of Manitoba contains 15,000 square miles, most of it excellent land, and that there is room for a dozen Manitobas in our North-west, the estimate is certainly a sober one. But we know too little about the real dimensions of "the fertile belt," or the local causes that render sections of it unfit for the production of cereals, to be able to pronounce, except in very

large and loose language, upon the number of acres or square miles it contains. Roughly speaking, the "belt" is the strip or curve of fertile land between the frozen regions to the North and the great American desert to the South. The Red River valley is the eastern segment of this bright "Rainbow." Thence it proceeds along the Assineboine, sweeping north as it goes west, the chief part of the whole belt consisting of the valley of the North Saskatchewan. And the western segment of the curve is a beautiful strip along the bases of the Rocky Mountains as far south as the boundary line corresponding on the west to the Red River valley on the east. No one can have any idea of the beauty of this great extent of country, nine hundred miles long from east to west, without actually seeing it. But what we saw of it was only the line we rode along, and a line is 'length without breadth.' The breadth varies at different points. About Lake Winnipeg the breadth cannot be very great, because the intense cold of winter solidifies, to a depth of several feet, immense sheets of water, and the thawing of so much ice delays the Spring. Farther west, we come on the outlying portion of the American desert, which thrusts itself up as far as, and even beyond the South Saskatchewan, but how much of this deserves the name of desert I do not know. Professor Hind says that its humidity is greater than that of the plains south of the Missouri in consequence of its high northern latitude. It is reported to be a vast treeless plain, the favourite home of countless herds of buffaloes, and what feeds the buffalo it is scarcely fair to call desert. Still farther west, the belt runs to the north, and along the flanks of the Rocky Mountains, it extends in a rich strip of varying depth, from the boundary line for six or seven hundred miles to the north.

It is impossible to summarize about this great North-west without making mistakes or occasioning misapprehensions. A country that people do not know from personal observation or careful study, they are sure to have only a single, and therefore an erroneous conception of; they bring the whole of it before themselves in one mental act, just as people in the Old World speak of "America," as if it were a district that they know all about, because their brother or cousin has written them about his farm in Iowa or Illinois. The fertile belt is not a quadrilateral, nor a parallelogram, nor an arc. It varies in shape as much as a coast

line indented by the sea. It is not uniform in its soil, though it would be a fair enough general description to say that the soil ranges from the richest black peat, to a light sandy loam. Its flora is not the same throughout, though in this, too, there is a wonderful uniformity, the same species being found scattered across a breadth of a thousand miles. It is not a monotonous prairie or continuous series of Dutch flats, but embraces every variety of scenery, well wooded and well watered districts, and others without a tree, and without water on the surface, except saline lakes; great level expanses, broken by rolling or round hills; soft, undulating slopes, and bold, broken hills and romantic dales; the whole seamed unequally with great rivers and their tributary creeks, and dotted with a profusion of beautiful lakes and lakelets, every one of them, whether fresh water or salt, the home of a flock or flocks of wild-fowl.

As to the quality of the soil, all seemed good, but the best appeared to be that of the Red River valley. Our fellow-travellers who went from Fort Edmonton northwards to Peace River, and southwards through the country of the Blackfeet, say that the land in those quarters is as good as that of Red River, and the climate much superior. Better land than the average of the whole Province of Manitoba, either for cereals, root crops, or grazing, there is not in the world. It is much superior to Minnesota, the great wheat State immediately to the south. It combines the advantages of the best loamy and calcareous soils, whereas when you go up the river into Minnesota, the limestone disappears, and away from the trough of the river there is but a shallow coating of loam. The Minnesotians are finding this out, and though most of them are new settlers, hardy emigrants from Wales and Scandinavia, under bonds to Railway Companies for their farms, they are turning longing eyes to the north.

I have now before me a copy of "The Manitoban" of date September 30, 1871, in which an account is given of a visit paid by Governor Archibald to the west of the Province, one or two sentences of which may be quoted, as I can testify to the general truthfulness of the descriptions. The district visited by His Honor is known as Pine Creek and White Mud River, names that are almost as great favourites over the North-west as the names of members of the Royal Family for new settlements. "Along the margin of the White Mud River," writes the correspondent, "the

wood is very fine. Forests of oak, and maple, and poplar, stretch away from the banks on either side to a considerable distance from the river. The open prairie beyond is studded with groves and clumps of every variety of shape and form. * * * * The house of Mr. Doggett, a Nova Scotian, is built on the north bank of the river, a beautiful stream flows in front, the house itself nestles at the foot of a maple wood which towers majestically behind it, and sweeping with the curvature of the river, partly encloses it, forming a beautiful background to the silver stream that meanders in the front. * * * * * *

"At Poplar Point, a settler was threshing his wheat. A ponderous machine driven by horses was at work; at one end men were pitching the unthreshed grain into the machine; as the straw emerged at the other end, parties were removing it a few feet and burning it as fast as delivered from the machine. In the evening all that remained of the stacks was the grain in one heap and ashes in another. In the east this would be considered a wanton waste; here it is looked upon as labour saved. The limitless prairie yields all the food the cattle require, while the richness and fertility of the soil are such, that the people consider the making or saving of manure as labour lost. * * *

"At High Bluff, a farmer had dug a lime-kiln, and the section showed a solid bed of over two feet of the richest mould. * * With ground like this, attempts to make or save manure are looked upon with derision. The main difficulty seems to be, how to get rid of the manure. * * * * Meanwhile, the Legislature have passed a law to prevent it being thrown into the river. * * * * The manure heaps of this settlement, if in Ontario, would sell for more than the cost here of the 'fee simple' of the farms on which they lie and rot."

The only sentences in the foregoing description that might give a false impression of the whole country to the ordinary reader are those that speak of the wood. Over great part of the fertile belt there is a decided scarcity of wood. Aspens are almost the only trees to be seen, after leaving the Lower Assiniboine, for the next six or seven hundred miles, going west. This, of course, is one of the drawbacks of the country, but by no means so irremediable an evil as Archbishop Taché thinks. There is timber to the east, north, and west of the timberless district, and surely ways and means for transporting it can be found. Besides, trees

formerly grew on the prairie, and will grow again if prairie fires are checked.

It may well be asked, How was this great fertile country kept locked and sealed till recently? Why was it not opened up long ago, and formed into one or more Colonies? One reason, certainly, was its inaccessibility, but the chief reason was that the interests of the Hudson Bay Company demanded its being kept as a preserve. The Company did what all Corporations do,—looked to its own interests solely. What had it to do with the welfare of the masses, or Imperial interests! Hence it came to pass that little was known about the real resources and capabilities of the North-west. Whose business was it to write about them, or urge the subject on the Imperial Government? Agents of the Company could not be expected to undertake such a work, for it would have amounted to a crusade against their masters and themselves. Missionaries to the Indian tribes received protection and assistance from the Company on the understanding that they were to "mind their own business." A few tourists or travellers told what they had seen of the beauty and fertility of the land, but their accounts were set down as "travellers' tales," and disposed of by counter-statements about locusts, hailstones, eight months winter, early frosts, Indians, want of wood and water, rocks, bogs, and such like amenities. He who thinks that I am exaggerating may refer to an article in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1859, in which the proposal to form the Red River and Saskatchewan country into a Crown Colony is conclusively proved to be a wild and monstrous notion, or to the evidence that Sir George Simpson gave before a Committee of the House of Commons,—evidence that should be read in connection with his own previously published descriptions. Any one who visits the North-west is sure to hear corroborative evidence in abundance from individual missionaries, traders, and others. But it is not needed; *litera scripta manet.*

Only a very decided patriot, however, has the right to find fault with the Company for its action—or inaction. And if "patriotism is the best refuge of a scoundrel," a man should be very sure that he comes into court with clean hands when he draws up an indictment against the great Company. It did what all mercantile bodies, all joint-stock companies, all monopolies, and most men and women do. It looked to itself, to its own objects and

gains, primarily. Its day has gone by as a monopoly, but in considering its past, the wisdom of its management, the high *esprit de corps* among its servants, its old-fashioned hospitality, and its honourable dealings with the Indians, we gladly pay it a tribute of respect rather than cast dirt on its memory.

I need not describe here how our party travelled last August from Fort Garry to Edmonton, as my diary will be published in book form probably before these pages are in the hands of the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY. The memory of those successive days so bright and breezy, and nights that were always cool, with soft showers, or dew so heavy that it amounted to the same thing, will abide long with us. This feature of an exceedingly moist summer is the most striking fact about the meteorology of the North-west, and in our experience it fortunately happened that most of the moisture fell in the nights, while the days were sunny:

Nocte pluit totâ, redeunt spectacula manæ.

Up in the morning early, the cry of "lêve, lêve," rousing every one from sleep; a glance from the tent door at the deep wet grass, and the embers of last night's fire, across level or rolling prairie to a misty horizon, and up at a grey or cloudy sky that threatens a comfortless morning ride; a hurried packing of blankets and striking of tents, while the men bring in the horses and yoke them to the carts; a cup of tea, hot, fragrant, delicious, which the cook has prepared in the meanwhile; each man then picks out his horse from the drove, saddles and bridles him, mounts, and is away westward before the night is over. The air is cool, actually chilly at first, but the rapid motion stirs the warm blood, and soon the rosy finger of morning is succeeded by the pale light spread over the sky, and if you turn round now you can see the sun rising from his grassy bed, full-orbed as he rises from the sea. On you ride deeper into the unknown land. The air is now sweet and flower-scented. It is warm enough to permit you to throw off your jacket, and a few hours after you may dispense with waistcoat too; but almost every day is breezy, and the heat is seldom oppressive. After three or four hours' ride, the first halt is called, and as the carts come up, "the kitchen" is unpacked, and a breakfast of fried pork or hot pemmican is prepared. Two or three hours are spent in resting, bathing, if a lake or stream

is at hand, sketching or taking notes, breakfasting, or perhaps in a few extra winks under a cart or in the shade of a clump of trees, and then you mount into the saddle again. The delight, the purely animal happiness of those days, it is impossible to exaggerate. No sense of monotony was experienced, though there is a general sameness in the character of the country. One hour we rode through avenues of whispering trees; the next through park-like scenery; soon after across open expanses, or by a succession of sparkling lakelets. One part of the day we would jog slowly behind the carts, or lag far in the rear; then gallop up and scamper like boys among the herd of horses that were driven along to relieve the others when they had enough of the shafts or the saddle for the time; off the herd would go like a drove of wild horses, their long manes and tails floating like Turkish banners in the wind. The contagion would seize on the half-breeds driving the carts, and then commenced a race of horses, horsemen, carts, and buckboards. Along the trail and across the open prairie, up and down long slopes, over deep ruts and badger-holes, through sloughs and marshes, we dashed pell-mell, and then no one thought of drawing rein till a good halting place was reached.

The only rivers of importance that we had to cross between Fort Garry and Fort Edmonton were the Assiniboine, the South and the North Saskatchewans. The first is fordable, and on each of the other two the Hudson Bay Company have a large scow for carts, and the horses swim across.

In another paper I shall speak of the only inhabitants that this "great lone land" has had hitherto. In the meantime, a closing word may be permitted as to the duty that lies nearest us with regard to it.

Our duty is to do something to open it up to a race of hardy immigrants. Usually this determination that "something must be done" is to be suspected, as it indicates lack of knowledge and lack of sense; but in this case any policy is better than that of the sluggard. Too long have we permitted ourselves to be eclipsed by the superior energy and business-like thoroughness of our neighbours in attracting population to their virgin lands. Their Railway Companies are their great immigration agents. These Companies organize colonization schemes, advertize their lands, construct homes for newly arrived emigrants, exhibit the

produce of their lands at agricultural exhibitions, because they know that the richest soil is worth nothing to themselves or the country until it is cultivated by man, and that the settler's tillage will not amount to much while there are no steamboats or railways to transport his grain to market. Their one aim, therefore, has been to attract the emigrant to land owned by them. To secure this every effort is steadily put forth. Every railway station is hung round with their boards and placards; every train is strewed with little maps and pamphlets thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, all going to prove that "Codlin is the friend, Thomas Codlin mind, and not Short." And what have we been doing? We have spent a little money on salaries to emigration agents who, in their day, tried to be useful to "the party."

Let an emigrant arrive from Europe in Montreal, and I select it as the chief town in the Dominion, and let us ascertain what information he is likely to find ready to his hand concerning that which he has come for,—cheap land or a free grant under some Homestead law that he has heard about. Arrived at the railway station, he reads the notices on the walls. One tells him of two millions of acres in Iowa and Nebraska for sale on ten years credit; no part of the principal due for two years; free passes on the railway and low prices; products will soon pay for land and improvements; for full particulars apply to &c. &c. Another placard advertizes in large letters "Homes in the West," and tells him that the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway Company now offer for sale the richest and most inviting lands in the world; nothing but rich bottoms, lots of wood, water, stone, minerals; prices from $2 to $10 per acre, one-tenth down, the rest when it suits you; for further information, apply to &c. The Kansas Pacific Railway next solicits his attention. Hard by, the Atlantic and Pacific Railway Company describe to him their earthly Paradise; immense deposits of all kinds of minerals all along the line; no long winters; healthiest climate in the world; great inducements offered to men who will organize colonies; beautiful village plats; long credits; apply to Amos Tuck, &c., and consult any of our agents. And near these alluring notices are time-tables giving the latest information, and each proving that its special line is the most direct, the cheapest, quickest, and most comfortable.

Our emigrant is bewildered at the successive Alnaschar's visions that rise before him as he reads. But perhaps he is a British

subject; or having been long enslaved in Europe, perhaps he has a weakness for our mace and monarchical institutions generally. So he asks, "Is there no cheap or free land in Ontario, in Manitoba, or hereabouts?" "Does the Dominion offer no homes to poor emigrants?" Seeing no placard on the subject, he addresses himself to an official, or to some kindly-looking bystander, and of course getting no satisfaction except an answer, more or less gruff, he concludes that he had better go where he is wanted. He takes train to Chicago. In the Railway Station of that recently burned city he finds a convenient saloon for emigrants, and officials who give him every information. He and his are soon settled in the far West, and their wealth, their strength and their sympathies, are lost to us forever.

Such is a fair illustration of the "how not to do it" policy. But if the Government would deserve well of the country, it must "do something." Whether the Government or a Company should build the Canadian Pacific Railway is a fit subject for debate, but of this there can be no doubt, that the best emigration and colonization policy is also the best Railway policy for the Dominion. And therefore, the proposal to build the Railway in ten years seems to me unwise, if not chimerical. It should not be built at all, if population does not flow in to our North-west. Population is certain to flow there, if the right means are taken to attract the current, but at what rate, who shall venture to predict? And the Railway should keep ahead of the current, only sufficiently far to attract and direct its enriching flow.

In considering this question of the development of the North-west, on which our future so much depends, and to which therefore, should be given the undivided strength of all political parties, one is struck with the fact that no provision is made in our Constitution as a Confederated Dominion for those inchoate territories that may consider themselves entitled to be ranked as full-fledged provinces, after the example of Manitoba, whenever they count a population of a few thousands of half-breeds or emigrants. To remedy this defect, some provision should be made for them, while in their formless condition, or the boundaries of the "Prairie Province" should be at once very widely extended. To have half a dozen Manitobas in the North-west in the course of the next ten years, each with its Governor, Chief Justice, local Legislature, and of course its yearly demand for "better terms," would be a satire on Confederation.

THROUGH THE STORM.

THE day is gone and from each moment, dear
To faithful memory, we brush the tear
Which, like a rain drop on an autumn leaf,
Glazes each veinlet of our fading grief;
Our silent grief for joys of yore,
Our heavy grief for joys no more.

'Mid blackest night, for daylight yearning,
To morning's sunshine fond returning,
We grieve for lost and happy hours
Of peace, of innocence and flowers;
And weep amongst the tarnished treasures,
The shades of hope, the graves of pleasures.

The sun rose bright, the sky was clear,
Life's budding spring-time far and near
Entranced our soul, the scented air
Soft kissed our cheek, while hateful care,
Black hateful care was thrust aside,
As down we floated with the early tide.

With piercing rays, when noon was nigh,
The sun glared from a murky sky.
On wave-worn beach, in depths below,
We saw the proofs of mortal woe;
Wrecked, broken vessels on the strand;
Pale, sunken corpses in the sand.

The red sun set, one glance he gave
Of burning wrath across the wave,
And gleaming topaz crowned each crest
Of billows, hurrying to the west,—
Of warrior billows, rushing by
To meet the spectres of the sky.

Dread night is round us now, the gale
Has torn to shreds our hapless sail;
No light is shed from moon or star,
While gathering swiftly from afar,
Mists follow mists and, angry, form
In hostile masses mid the storm.

From cloudless sky the moon looks down,
A full bright moon, upon a silver town,
'Mid shining rocks and gem-leafed tree,
With broad streets opening on the sea;
A happy town, where nought is heard
But liquid song of midnight bird.

A shattered hulk, by tempest driven
Rides in the bay, at signal given
The anchor drops; in safety now
The crew stand silent on the prow.
No winds pursue, the storm is past;
Peace, joy and rest are gained at last.

St. John, N. B., March, 1873. J. A. J.

SCHOOL AND HEALTH.

THE bearing of drainage, ventilation, food, drink and exercise on health, has assumed, of late years, vast importance in the eye of medical science, which is also beginning to turn its attention to the influence of school-life on the constitution of the tender ones who are under tutors and governors. Not too soon is this subject being taken up and discussed in all its aspects. The injustice done, the misery inflicted, the health destroyed, the cruelty manifested towards so many generations of tender growth by their parents and preceptors, deserve to rank with the persecutions for religion—with the Inquisition and the strait-jacket. Only think how dyspeptic children have been beaten because they could not remember a lesson consisting of words carrying to them no meaning. Listen to the wild cries which went up for mercy from young lips and found none; think of the terrors which beset the young steps as they plodded wearily to school, where awaited the hands they bore along, as certainly as fate, the one, two, three, four,—ten or twenty, ruthless blows, given with a will by the heartless pedagogue. Is there a man in the community whose memory runs back some forty years, who does not even yet resent the wrongs he—a helpless, tender boy—suffered for a weakness of memory which he could no more help than he could cast a mountain into the sea? And does not many a woman of similar

age remember that her sex and helplessness could not sometimes shield her from the cruel rod for similar incapacity?

It was usually assumed in those "dark ages," out of whose twilight we are but emerging, that any child in the class might master any lesson equally; that if one did it another might do it; and that what was plain to the teacher should be equally so to the pupil; and especially that what a pupil in good health could do to-day, he could, in a sickly state, easily accomplish to-morrow. No allowance was made, no apology was satisfactory. Any answer given to the question, "Why have you not *prepared* this lesson?" only raising the choler of the teacher to the point at which he could, with full gusto, enjoy the beating he was about to inflict.

But there is another aspect of the case, not so cruel, it may be thought, yet more fatal. How many children have studied when they should have played? How many have sat, week after week, in the crowded, ill-ventilated school room, who should have been sporting on the hills. We suppose boys who "miche" or "jig," as it is termed, enjoy generally better health than those who give themselves to study, and we have no apologies to make for them, but we think that, apart from the bad moral habit, many a child whose cheek is wasted and wan would only exercise a sound discretion in turning away from the fœtid odours of the school room for the fresh air of the field. Many a student has laid up stores of geography, and history, and language, with the seeds of consumption, and who, while the mind grew, perhaps prodigiously, so as to call forth praise and wonder, was ever becoming weaker and less capable to bear the changes of climate, and the wear and tear, and worry of future life.

Then, too, how much of what we call learning is nearly useless—mere lumber encumbering the apartments of the mind. Not many days ago we saw a little girl trying to commit lessons consisting of a set of names of places without any reference to map or other assistance. It brought vividly to our recollection our own experience, when, by dint of perseverance, we committed to memory the greater portion of a large geography, almost before the invention of atlases, at any rate, before their introduction into school systems. It is surely time such absurd practices were brought to an end. The child might nearly as well be engaged in studying the Chinese alphabets, or what serves the Celestials for them, as

storing the mind with the dry shells of words without any intelligible ideas embodied, and it is time all teachers knew this.

The poisoning of children in schools and factories is a sad reality. We know that the normal quantity of carbonic acid in the air is only about four parts in ten thousand. In most schools three, four, five, six, seven and even eight times this quantity have been found, by actual experiment, to exist, together with other impurities, organic or inorganic. Dr. Endemann obtained seventeen samples of air in which the quantity of carbonic acid in ten thousand parts amounted to from ten to thirty-five parts, or from twice to nine times the normal quantity. The closing of a window in one case changed in ten minutes the quantity from seventeen to thirty-two parts of carbonic acid; and, it is added, had the experiment been continued, it might have been raised in an hour to a hundred and ten, but the air had become so oppressive to all that it could be borne no longer. When we think that the standard of permissible impurity has been fixed at six parts to ten thousand we can easily conceive when this sum is doubled, trebled, or quadrupled, what a poisonous mixture is inhaled!

As carbonic acid is much heavier than the other elements of atmospheric air, it always tends to sink. Provision should therefore be made for ventilation from the floor of the room. But that is not enough. A draft should be created by which the lower stratum of air can be drawn off. This can easily be done in winter by means of a flue from the floor communicating with that into which the stove-pipe is inserted above. The hot smoke current will create a draft from below, drawing off all the air in the lowest region. But it is not so easy in summer to effect the necessary purification. This must be done by keeping open the door and windows, and promoting circulation from the outside. The subject is of vast importance to the trustees and managers of schools. Doctors and men of science in general should do all they can to circulate just ideas on this subject. It might indeed lessen their practice, as thereby much disease would be prevented which calls for the exercise of the curative art. Progress would be made in the right direction if it were a general rule to pay the doctor for keeping people well; and, might we not also go the length of saying, of fining them when preventible disease invaded the community through their neglect to give the proper warning and urge the proper anticipative remedies.

PROGRESS OF NATURAL SCIENCE.

MATTER AND FORCE.

DURING the last quarter of a century, electricity and magnetism, heat and light, muscular energy and chemical attraction, motion and mechanical work,—all the forces of the universe, have been ascertained to be different forms of the same power which have dwelt from the first in matter, in invariable quantity, absolutely neither more nor less; not the least trifle of it can be increased nor diminished; not the least particle of it can be annihilated or created. The forms of power alone are changeable. Light can be converted into its chemical equivalent, that into heat, heat into motion, and the same quantity of force from one form into another. The quantity of matter also has remained unchanged from the beginning, no particle has been annihilated or created. The particles of matter are held loosely connected, and chemical changes are only the movement of these particles among each other, in whirling and undulating motion, and according to the width of the undulating motion can be distinguished now as sound, now as heat, then as light and colour. The chemical union of bodies and gravitation are but different forms of the same force. This doctrine formerly held as a theory is now enunciated as a scientific fact by means of exact measure and weight.

METEOROLOGY OF THE SUN.

Since the great eclipse of 1868, observers have described, day after day, storms, whirlwinds, flame-sheaves, outbursts of burning hydrogen to the height of twenty thousand miles. Thus has been developed a new science—the Meteorology of the Sun. Also, on other obscure regions of the heavens, on the physical and chemical conditions, even on the laws of the movements of the fixed and double stars, on nebulæ and milky ways, on planets and comets, on zodiacal and northern lights, has spectrum analysis thrown its enlightening rays. The riddle of the comets has been solved so far as to identify their nature with that of the shooting stars which have been observed in all ages.

CATASTROPHISM AND QUIETISM.

When Humbolt published his Cosmos, it was supposed that after long periods, terrible catastrophes destroyed the Fauna and

Flora on the earth, making room on the lifeless expanse for new Fauna and Flora. Successively was this done, until, after many repetitions of the same process, man made his appearance with the present existing plants and animals on the scene. With him commenced the Historical period, dating back only some six thousand years. The violent reaction of the molten interior of the earth against its crust was the cause supposed to produce the catastrophes.

This theory has been opposed by Lyell and others, who think that all changes have been produced by causes at work at the present time, and that the gradual, ever active powers of water, air, and chemical changes, are sufficient to account for all the transformations supposed to be due to the intense heat of subterranean fires. Geologists think it impossible that all life in the geological formations should have been destroyed simultaneously. Man himself, it is thought, can be traced back into the primitive world as a contemporary of many extinct plants and animals. He was witness to the inundation which buried the plains of the new and old world under the waves of the sea of ice. Even in the immediately preceding period, when the subtropical elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus disported themselves in the dense woods of Middle Europe, have traces of mankind been found. Only in the most recent times has a foundation been laid for the pre-historic records of mankind, by means of which we may be able to obtain a knowledge of the state of civilization, weapons, implements and dwellings of that primitive race.

DEVELOPMENT.

This is a subject upon which no decided opinion can yet be formed, though its advocates claim for it the character of a science. Darwin is as yet opposed by great names in the scientific world, among others by the celebrated Agassiz. A few years more and we shall see some absolute proof of the development of species, or a discrediting of the theory. Meantime we must wait.

APPLIED SANITARY SCIENCE.

Dr. R. J. Black says:

A knowledge of the leading facts upon which sanitary science is founded is, at least, as old as history itself. It antedates the time of Moses; many of the rules of hygiene having been taught by the Egyptian priests. But more especially within the past two centuries has the knowledge of the ways in which disease is produced,

and may be avoided, been corrected and extended. It is within this period that the first attempt was made in Europe to establish quarantines. The sum of the precautions taken in London during the middle ages to guard against the ravages of the plague, was the isolation of infected houses, and putting a red cross on house-doors, on which were inscribed the words, "Lord, have mercy on us."

The physician of to-day, who has devoted half as much thought to the prevention of disease as to its cure, firmly believes in human ability to avoid nearly all the ills to which flesh is now subject. Given a good constitution, and the conditions of health or sickness are almost wholly in our own power. He believes this, and on precisely the same grounds that the geologist believes that fossils are not what was once universally believed, the primary result of the action of a plastic or creative force in Nature. A like belief exists in the popular mind in reference to health and longevity, though in a less positive form. Families known to be of good constitution, and of ancestry noted for their length of days, are not expected to be sickly and short-lived. When any member of such a family does become a permanent invalid, and likely soon to die, it is a familiar expression, and notoriously true, that he or she has abused the endowment inherited.

Passing over the evidence which has convinced those the most competent to judge in reference to the prevalence of disease—the physicians—to their conclusion, that if all possessed good constitutions, and lived as they ought to live, in accordance with hygienic law, there would be no disease, or next to none, and death would not come upon the human family through a morbid process, but by the only truly natural mode of dying—old age; the question arises, How do men come by good constitutions? Through a course of life by progenitors for several generations, precisely the opposite of that course which makes a bad constitution out of a good one. Any one who has attained to life's meridian will be able to recall examples of good constitutions converted into bad ones. Children, parents and grandparents, in some families, often stand thus in regard to constitutions:

Grandparents scarcely know what sickness is, and die of old age;
Parents: constitutions much impaired, often sick, and die in middle life;
Children: constitutions very defective, and are rarely well a week at a time.

This is the downward career of life-force, which almost every one has witnessed; the upward career being the result of a precisely opposite course. In place of abusing the constitution there is the most careful husbanding of its resources, and avoidance of all the causes which will impair its vigor. The purity and strength which such a course of conduct begets is transmitted; the child starts in

the world on a higher plane of life-force than their parents did; and if the offspring continue to carry out the reformation thus inaugurated, the result will be to bring back the pristine vigor, health, and longevity, which an opposite course had destroyed.

Such are some of the elementary truths forced upon the attention by every-day experience on the great problem of obliterating sickness and death by disease. As has been stated, these elements of sanitary science have long been known. But in spite of this, and of the facts that this science has of late been purged of many errors, and its bearings and capabilities greatly extended, disease, deformity, decrepitude, and untimely death, prevail almost as much as ever. Where, then, is the weak point in sanitary science? Is it in the imperfection of the science itself, or is it in its applications? Reverting to the history of electrical discovery and its applications will give us aid in solving the question. We have seen that the discovery of the great truths about the electrical force employed one class of scientific experts, and applying these truths employed another class of scientific experts. Now, we have had in abundance the discoverers of the truths of sanitary law, but we have not, nor can we have, as in electricity, experts who can carry out for the advantage of all, the benefits which hygienic law is capable of conferring. There cannot be, in sanitary matters, ingenious contrivances, by which a certain class of men can manipulate health and long life into their fellow-beings. Its truths, if applied at all, must be mainly applied by those who desire its benefits; or every one must apply the science for himself or herself, else nearly all the knowledge there may be on the subject will be as if it were not. Here we have plainly before the mind the great and peculiarly weak point, so far as the practical benefits are concerned, which this science may be capable of conferring. To make it profitable and useful, or, in other words, to make it an applied science in a community, that community must be made, one and all, experts in its knowledge and in its applications.

This last consideration should lead educators to bestow a preëminent importance to a thorough course of instruction in hygiene. It is all well enough for the young to learn more or less about the philosophy of electricity and magnetism, but, as the great majority of them in after-life will make very little, if any, use of this knowledge, its importance practically dwindles to very small proportions. Wholly different is it in the case of sanitary science. Every one can make of it in after-life most important, and ultimately momentous uses, not occasionally, but during every day and hour of life. And, if thus applied, its benefits would transcend those of any other branch of knowledge; it would tend to make a man master of himself, of his pains, deformities, and mortal afflictions.

UNITY OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Notwithstanding, says Dr. Le Conte, the number of orbs of which the solar system is composed, and the consequent almost infinite variety of their possible dispositions, the following coincidences—wholly independent of the law of gravitation—are found to obtain: 1. The sun rotates on his axis from west to east. 2. All the planets (now 104 in number) revolve about the sun from west to east. 3. All the planets (as far as known) rotate on their axes from west to east. 4. All the satellites (excepting those of Uranus and Neptune) revolve about their primaries from west to east. 5. All the satellites (as far as known) rotate on their axes in the same direction in which their primaries turn on their axes. 6. All the planets (with the exception of a few minute asteroids) revolve about the sun, nearly in the plane of the solar equator. 7. All the satellites (as far as known) revolve about their primaries nearly in the planes of the equator of their respective planets. 8. All the planets (with the exception of a few asteroids) have orbits of small eccentricity. 9. All the satellites have, in like manner, orbits of small eccentricity.

These nine independent coincidences in the arrangements of more than one hundred and twenty-seven separate bodies, cannot be supposed to be fortuitous—they naturally suggest the existence of some grand and comprehensive law, pervading the whole solar system. That they are not consequences of the law of gravitation, is evident from the fact that the comets transgress every one of these laws which could be applicable to them. According to the laws of probability, the chances against the concurrence of so many unconnected phenomena are almost infinite. Laplace estimated that the chances were four millions of millions to one, that these were not arbitrary accidental phenomena. Since his time, facts of a similar bearing have largely accumulated, and the chances against their fortuitous concurrence are now almost beyond the power of numbers to express. "The coördination of these divers and unconnected phenomena—the grouping them into one coherent and harmonious scheme—the referring them to one common cause and origin, and thereby imparting to this fair work of the Eternal the semblance of a Unity worthy of a Divine Idea"—these were the sublime and lofty aims of the famous "Nebular Hypothesis" of Laplace. He imagined "that this consummate fabric—this gorgeous planetary scheme—like the blossom, had a bud—and deeper yet, that it had a mysterious germ, within which rested the necessities of its present glorious unfolding! * * * * He sought, by penetrating the deep recesses of the past, to reveal the mystery of its development, and conceived the bold thought of portraying the *modus operandi* of the genesis of our Solar System."

THE IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

How incalculably has this withering sense of insignificance been augmented by modern telescopic excursions into the remote recesses of the stellar universe! When, by measurements, in which the evidence of the method advances *pari passu* with the precision of the results, the volume of the earth is reduced to less than one-millionth part of the volume of the sun; when the sun himself, transported to the region of the stars, takes up a very modest place among the thousands of millions of those bodies revealed to us by the telescope; when the ninety-five millions of miles which separate the earth from the sun, by reason of their comparative smallness, have become a base totally insufficient for ascertaining the dimensions of the visible universe; when even the swiftness of light barely suffices for the common valuations of science; when, in short, by a chain of irresistible proofs, certain stars and nebulæ have retired to distances that light could not traverse in less than millions of years—we feel as if annihilated by the immensity of the scale of the universe! In assigning to man, and to the planet he inhabits, so small—so insignificant—a position in the material world, science seems only to have made progress to humiliate and to humble us!

ROMAN LONDON.

ALTHOUGH Londinium was in the power of Rome for more than 400 years, or nearly one-fourth of its existence in history, the aspect of Roman London is but matter of conjecture; and tessellated pavements, incised stones, and sepulchral urns, found upon its site, are but fragmentary evidences that *wherever the Roman conquers he inhabits.* London was, however, previously a settlement of some importance, and of British origin, as we read in Llyn-dun, the hill-fortress on the lake; or Llong-dinas, the city of ships, from its maritime character; whence the Roman designation Londinium. It is not mentioned by Cæsar, though he entered the Thames; nor was it occupied as a Roman station so early as Colchester and Verulam. The Romans are supposed to have possessed themselves of London in the reign of Claudius, about 105 years after Cæsar's invasion. Londinium is first mentioned by Tacitus as not then dignified with the name of a *colonia*, but still as a place much frequented by merchants, and as a great depôt of merchandize. It was subsequently made a *colonia* under the name of Augusta.

Londinium, as we know, was a place of commercial activity before the Roman Conquest. It was the principal mart of exchange between Britain and the Continent, and received for the corn, the

cattle, the minerals, the slaves, and the dogs of native production, every article of southern luxury for which a market was to be found among our rude ancestors. The site of London was no doubt, peculiarly advantageous for commerce. It was the only great maritime port on a tidal river known to the Romans; and while it was supplied by a very fertile tract of country behind it, its position on a gentle declivity, with dense forests in the rear, and a broad expanse of swamp before it, rendered it from the first a place of considerable strength. London probably remained British, or rather Cosmopolitan; while such places as Colchester, Chester, and Caerleon, the stations of legions and seats of government, became merely bastard Italian.

Ptolemy, the geographer, who lived in the reigns of Trajan, Hadrian, and Antoninus Pius, places Londinium in the region of the Cantii, and some recent discoveries have proved that the Roman city or its suburbs did actually extend over what is now known as Southwark. The Itinerary of Antoninus shows that a large proportion of the British routes are regulated and arranged with reference to Londinium, either as a starting-point or a terminus. This city is made the central or chief station to which the main military roads converge: a map of Roman Britain based on this Itinerary strikingly resembles one of modern England; so close is the analogy by which we may assign a metropolitan importance to Roman London. When in the reign of Diocletian and Maximian it was sacked by the Franks, it is termed by Eumenius the orator, *oppidum Londiniense;* and under the dominion of Carausius and Allectus it became a place of mintage. "P. LON." *(Pecunia Londiniensis)* appears on coins of Constantine, Helena, Fausta, Crispus, Constantine the Younger, and Constantius the Younger; and in the *Notitia* Londinium takes a place among the capitals of the provinces under the title of Augusta, as the seat of the Treasury of Britain, controlled by a special officer.

The site of Roman London has been densely built on and inhabited, without interruption, from the first century of our era to the present time. It has been buried beneath the foundations of the modern city, or rather beneath the ruins of a city several times destroyed and as often rebuilt; and it is only at rare intervals that the excavators of drains and other subterranean works strike down upon the venerable remains of the earliest occupation. The Romans found the place a narrow strip of firm ground lying between the great fen (Moorfields) almost parallel to the river. At right angles to both ran the Walbrook, and on the east the Langbourne; habitations ranged closely from Finsbury to Dowgate, whence to the Tower site, villas studded the bank of the Thames. The finding of sepulchral remains outside these natural boundaries proves the Romans to have there had their burial grounds, as it was their custom always to inter their dead without their cities.

That Southwark, on the opposite bank of the Thames, was also a Roman settlement, is proved by relics of the reign of Nero; outside which are likewise evidences of Roman interment.

"Roman London thus enlarged itself from the Thames towards Moorfields, and the line of wall east and south. The sepulchral deposits confirm its growth; others, at more remote distances, indicate subsequent enlargements; while interments discovered at Holborn, Finsbury, Whitechapel, and the extensive burial-places in Spitalfields and Goodman's-fields, denote that those localities were fixed on when Londinium, in process of time, had spread over the extensive space inclosed by the wall."—*C. Roach Smith, F. S. A.*

After the Great Fire, the excavations brought to light much of the antiquarian wealth of "the Roman stratum" of tessellated pavements, foundations of buildings, and sculptural remains; coins, urns, pottery, and utensils, tools, and ornaments. Whenever excavations are made within the limits of the City of London, the workmen come to the floors of Roman houses at a depth of from 12 to 18 or 20 feet under the present level. These floors are often covered with fragments of the broken fresco-paintings of the walls, of which Mr. Roach Smith has a large variety of patterns, such as foliage, animals, arabesque, &c.; and pieces of *window-glass* have often been found among these remains.—T. Wright, F.S.A., *Archæological Album.*

BOOK NOTICES.

Chapters from the Bible of the Ages. G. B. Stebbins, Detroit, Michigan.

SUCH is the title of a book compiled and edited by G. B. Stebbins. It consists of extracts of many of the best passages from all the writers on morals and religion, from the origin of letters to the present day. The extracts commence with hymns from the Vedas and end with passages from Emerson and Andrew Jackson Davis. Buddhism, Confucius, Zoroaster, the divine Pymander, Inscriptions on Egyptian tombs, the Old Testament Scriptures, the Moralists of Greece and Rome, the Koran, the Scandinavian Eddas, the Christian Fathers, and modern Theologians, all furnish their contributions. The idea of the writer is that all good writers are inspired, some more, some less so, and that the Hebrew Scriptures contain only a portion of the God-given inspirations which are to guide the lives of men. We believe that this compilation, intended without doubt, to shew the absurdity of confining inspiration to one set of sacred writings will rather tend to prove how immensely superior the Christian Scriptures are to all other books, even when everything which is objectionable is filtered out and only the pure essence remains. Take this com-

pilation and we say advisedly, all this golden dust of morality sifted from the sands of the ages, will not weigh the hundreth part of the solid value—we mean as moral instructions—of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. There are, it is true, many beautiful gems in these pages,—not the least beautiful being those which owe their origin to the spirit of Hebrew-prophets, and to the spirit of Jesus and his Apostles and Evangelists transfused through modern preachers, such as Beecher, Parker, Stowe, etc. Turning to the writings which may claim an antiquity equal to the Hebrew Scriptures, we find a few brilliant passages of high moral and religious import, yet hardly worth the great eulogiums which have been passed upon them by Sanscrit scholars. The best of the religious poems of high antiquity are contained in the Rig Veda, some of them claiming an antiquity which brings them to the period which produced Moses and Job. We quote one on God the Creator:

1. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?
2. He who gives life. He who gives strength; whose command all the bright gods revere; whose shadow is immortality, whose shadow is death. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?
3. He who, through His power, is the one King of the breathing and awakening world. He who governs all, man and beasts. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?
4. He whose greatness those snowy mountains, the sea, and the distant river proclaim. He, whose these regions are, as it were, His two arms. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?
5. He through whom the sky is bright and the earth firm, He through whom the highest heaven was established — He who measures out the light in the air. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?
6. He to whom heaven and earth, standing firm by His will, look up, trembling inwardly — He over whom the rising sun shines forth.
7. Wherever the mighty water-clouds went, where they placed the seed and lit the fire, thence arose He who is the sole light of the bright gods. Who is the God to whom we may offer our sacrifice?
8. He who by His might looked even over the water-clouds, the clouds which gave strength and lit the sacrifices; He alone who is God above all gods.

May He not destroy us. He the creator of the earth; or He the righteous, who created the heavens; He who created the bright and mighty waters.

We have also a hymn to Indra, the giver of horses, corn, lord of wealth, achiever of works, most brilliant God, who keeps off the enemy from our cows and from our stud, etc. One to Agni—the same as fire—which is supplicated to accept of the log brought, etc. But we feel that it does not do justice to these poems to give any abstract from them. Then, too, our views are so different as to worship from those entertained by our Arian ancestors, that we require to lay aside prejudice in contemplating them. But, after we have done this, at least as much as we can, we feel still that the best of these rare and beautiful specimens of sacred poetry are far beneath those of the Hebrew sacred bards. No one can set the best of these side by side with almost any one of the Psalms and not feel that the Hebrew bards sit upon mountain heights near heaven, to which the Vedic poets can never

aspire. The same may be said of the Sami Veda, Atharva Veda. Indeed, the farther we come down the stream of the Sanscrit literature, it gets muddier rather than purer. We feel glad that the comparison has been made, and that competition has been challenged, as we are certain that no one will unbiassedly compare the Hebrew and heathen literature without having the conclusion forced upon him that "the heavenly muse," if not absolutely confined to Judea, made its peculiar home on "the secret top of Oreb, or of Sinai," inspiring "the Shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed."

A similar conclusion is forced upon us in regard to moral teachings from a comparison of the teachings of Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Mahomet, with those of Christ, or of Paul. It may seem to some of our readers, sacrilege to talk of comparison here, but we are come upon times when all respected and valued things must submit to judgment. The comparison is forced on us in many quarters, and we must look it fairly in the face. Without doubt there was a discovery made of the most excellent things in morality to all nations. Their conscience bore them witness, the heavens declared to them the glory of God, and the firmanent his handy-work. Cornelius, the just man, knew much of the life of God before Peter was sent for. The heathen poet was thought worthy to be called a prophet, and his sentiment that "we are his offspring," to be quoted by Paul. Nor can we shut our eyes to the fact, that all the most necessary principles of morality are to be found laid down by the great national teachers of the ancient times. So we need not be surprised when we find the chief elements of moral life in the five commands of Buddhism.

1. Not to destroy life.
2. Not to obtain another's property by unjust means.
3. Not to indulge the passions so as to invade the legal or natural rights of other men.
4. Not to tell lies.
5. Not to partake of anything intoxicating.

Vegetarians and teetotallers may think these five precepts perfect. Buddha's saying about overcoming evil with good too is about as excellent as anything we can think of. "A man who foolishly does me a wrong (or regards me as being or doing wrong) I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil goes from him the more good shall go from me. The fragrance of these good actions always redounding to me, the harm of the slanderer's words returning to him." This, though not so well expressed, yet contains the pith and meaning of "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and do good to them that despitefully use you and persecute you." Buddha seems to us far behind in the literary art—in fact, labours with words, but is not "the Inspired." This remark will be found to hold good of almost every passage brought into comparison with the writings

of the inspired men of the Bible. You can get no clear-cut, sparkling gems, like the sentences of Jesus in his sermons and parables, in the whole wide range of ancient and modern literature. Still, we are glad to recognize the fact that God did not leave the nations of antiquity without a witness; and that to each of them there was raised up burning and shining lights which enabled them to steer their way through life toward the port of virtue and religion. Still, however, must we turn to Sinai and Galilee for all the most glorious manifestations of religion and morality. No man need go to the East, or to Greece or Rome for illustrations in the knowledge of God, who has become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the prophets, with the words of Jesus, and with the teachings of his apostles. We may, however, still be thankful for "The Chapters from the Bible of the Ages," as tending to illustrate and enforce what we have learned from the old Bible, with which we have been acquainted from our infancy.

Dr. J. J. L. Von Dollinger's Fables respecting the Popes in the Middle Ages, translated by Alfred Plummer, with Dr. Dollinger's Essay on The Prophetic Spirit, and the Prophecies of the Christian Era, by Henry B. Smith, D. D. Dodd and Mead, New York.

THIS is a remarkable book of a very remarkable and representative man. Dr. Dollinger is supposed to be the chief author of "The Pope and the Council," which created such a sensation prior to the holding of the late Ecumenical Council. It is well known what opposition he gave to the declaration of Infallibility, and to the adoption of the "Syllabus,"—especially of those articles which set the Pope in opposition to the civilization and science of the 19th century. The book under review was published over ten years ago, but was not translated till within the last two years. It deals with the various fables regarding the earlier Popes—some of which were to the discredit of the Papacy, while some others constituted the foundation of the assumptions of the Pope to power and authority. The first fable with which the learned Dr. deals is with that of the female Pope, which somehow gained universal currency. He clearly shows that there never was a female Pope; that all that is related of her is pure fable, foisted on the public by the Dominicans and Minorites; that it was not known to the Greeks till the latter part of the fifteenth century, though she is said to have lived in the eighth century. Certain it is that she is not mentioned in any work which has been found, after most diligent search, till four centuries later. The fact that a pierced seat is used at the institution of a newly elected Pope; that a stone, with an inscription on it which nobody could read, was supposed to refer to it; that a statue found on the same spot in long robes was supposed to be that of a woman; and that a circuit is made

in procession of the newly elected Pope round a certain street, seeming to indicate some reason for avoidance of the place. Ingenuity elaborated these circumstances into the supposed fact of a female Pope having ever brought a scandal upon the holy office. There is no doubt but that the story originated in some such way.

There is another fable about the insertion of a Pope called Cyriacus on the list of the Holy Fathers. The story runs thus: That when Ursula and her maidens came to Rome, Cyriacus, who was nineteenth Pope, received a command from heaven to renounce his office, and go forth with the maidens to the martyrdom which awaited him and them. He resigned his office, and caused Antherus to be raised to the Papacy in his place. The Roman clergy were so angry with Cyriacus that they caused his name to be struck from the list of the Popes. This story being received, the chroniclers determined that Cyriacus should have his name inserted between Pontianus and Anteus, (238). The case of Cyriacus was quoted afterward to shew that a Pope might resign—a doctrine strongly opposed by most friends of the Papacy.

The fable about Marcellinus was to this effect: The Pontifix of the Capitol represented to Marcellinus, then Pope, that he might without scruple offer incense to the gods, for the three wise men from the East had done so before Christ. This Marcellinus did by order of Diocletian in the temple of Vesta, offering sacrifices to Hercules, Jupiter and Saturn, in the presence of many Christians. Because of this three hundred bishops left their sees; held a counsel, and deposed certain priests who had left when they saw the Pope enter the temple, but as he was head of the Church, he could only be judged by himself. At first he palliates his act, but seventy-two witnesses made accusation against him. Thereupon he acknowledges his guilt, and pronounces deposition on himself in the year 303. Afterwards, by order of Diocletian, most of the three hundred bishops were executed.

This story is shown to be a myth and was no doubt fabricated to establish the dogma that the Pope can be deposed by no man. It was often quoted afterwards when Popes were deposed to show that the act was illegal.

Then comes the story of the healing of Constantine of the leprosy, and of his baptism by Pope Sylvester in Rome. Ecclesiastical history tells us that he was baptized by the Arian Bishop Eusebius, shortly before his death, but as this was manifestly to the dishonour of Constantine, the story was invented to the glory of the Emperor who had been such a friend of the Church.

The donation to the Pope of various houses and lands by Constantine in gratitude for his cure and baptism is next treated of. This story, which is constantly appealed to as the foundation of the Pope's patrimony, and with a view of showing that it would be gross robbery to take away any part of it, is also clearly shown by the learned Dr. to be a forgery.

The case as between Liberius and Felix is discussed next. We can merely say that these were rival Popes, the first tainted with Arianism, the second an out-and-out Arian, but somehow the name of the latter got inserted in the list of the Popes as the orthodox one, and he was canonized. We cannot give a fuller account of the matter here.

The status of Anastasius is then discussed, also that of Honorious. The question then whether Pope Gregory II. deprived Leo of the kingdom of Italy is fully dealt with, and finally the calumnies against Sylvester the II. are examined and shown to be baseless. This concludes the fables about the Popes. We have not time at present to deal with the latter half of the book on the Prophetic Spirit. The work is remarkable for its erudition and fairness. It is to be remembered that Protestantism has nothing to do with it, and that it seems perfectly fair towards the Popish Church. Truth alone seems to have been the object of the author.

Physics and Politics, or Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society, by Walter Bagehot, Esq. New York, D. Appleton & Company.

It has long been held that if we could thoroughly understand all that is in the germ, we would be able to predict what would come out of it in any given set of circumstances. The want of physical knowledge has, however, been a grand difficulty in the way of this species of prophecy. The great influx of scientific information of late days has made this kind of prediction in a general way possible. Physicists now investigate the quality of germs and tissues; the mode of action of nervous systems in relation to their objects; the influx and efflux of sensation—for it appears that not only do the nerves carry intelligence to the brain, but the brain also acts reflexly upon the nerves, lodging in them a power or capacity for becoming better media of intelligence, known as habit; and not only is this the case in the individual, but in the individual's descendents. In this way is explained the power of the young of animals to understand and adapt itself to circumstances which is not the result of experience, but, as we call it, instinct. A young chicken will, immediately on coming out of the shell, peck at objects with perfect accuracy of aim, will run with steady gait, etc. Other animals, will as soon as they see the light, do many things which they could only have learned through their progenitors. The learning of the parent becomes, in consequence of this power of reflection of sensation, the heritage of the offspring. This is what makes progress possible—what makes education invaluable. We are, while learning, educating posterity. The education is very various. It is carried on in every way—by business, by battle, as well as

by books. It would seem, therefore, that we may intelligently do something in the way of forming the future character of society, not only by directing the education of the young by precepts, but by placing them in circumstances which will be favourable to the production of such sensations as we would like to see reflected back into the nerves, thus forming habits which, it has been seen, may be transmitted to posterity. To make society, to form nations which in the future shall be strong, healthy, truthful, upright, is thus not altogether a Utopian idea. Such, succinctly, seems to be the thought of men like Herbert Spencer, Bagehot, and men of like thought. Hence the term "Physics and Politics"—the two things being found linked together. The laws of the physical must be studied, therefore, that we may arrive at an accurate and intelligent political system. The contents of this book are "The Preliminary Age; The Use of Conflict; Nation Making; The Age of Discussion; and Verifiable Progress Politically Considered." The work of Mr. Bagehot is one which needs to be studied to be understood, but it will well repay the labour.

Love is Enough, or The Freeing of Pharamond, by William Morris. Boston, Roberts Brothers.

THIS Book is quite worthy of the author of "The Earthly Paradise," and of "The Life and Death of Jason." The poem, which is in the form of a morality presented for the edification and delight of an Emperor and Empress, newly "wedded, sheweth of a King whom nothing but love might satisfy, who left all to seek love, and, having found it, found this also, that love is enough, though he lacked all else." Giles, and Joan his wife, with the Emperor, Empress, and Mayor, are the spectators, but, like other spectators, they make their comments on the performance, in which several play a part. We can give no idea of the wealth of beauty of this poem, which will soon find its way into the library of every admirer of the muses. We find it difficult to select a piece where all is so sweet. We present at random, for our readers appreciation, one of the pieces sung by the chorus:

Love is enough: ho ye who seek saving,
  Go no further; come hither; there have been who have found it,
And these know the House of Fulfilment of Craving;
  These know the Cup with the roses around it;
  These know the World's Wound and the balm that hath bound it:
Cry out, the World heedeth not, 'Love, lead us home!'

He leadeth, He hearkeneth, He cometh to you-ward;
  Set your faces as steel to the fears that assemble
Round his goad for the faint, and his scourge for the froward:
  Lo his lips, how with tales of last kisses they tremble!
  Lo his eyes of all sorrow that may not dissemble!
Cry out, for he heedeth, 'O Love, lead us home!'

O hearken the words of his voice of compassion:
'Come cling round about me, ye faithful who sicken
Of the weary unrest and the world's passing fashion!
As the rain in mid-morning your troubles shall thicken,
But surely within you some Godhead doth quicken,
As ye cry to me heeding, and leading you home.

'Come — pain ye shall have, and be blind to the ending!
Come — fear ye shall have, 'mid the sky's overcasting!
Come — change ye shall have, for far are ye wending!
Come — no crown ye shall have for your thirst and your fasting,
But the kissed lips of Love and fair life everlasting!
Cry out, for one heedeth, who leadeth you home!'

Is he gone? was he with us?—ho ye who seek saving,
Go no further; come hither; for have we not found it?
Here is the House of Fulfilment of Craving;
Here is the Cup with the roses around it;
The World's Wound well healed, and the balm that hath bound it:
Cry out! for he heedeth, fair Love that led home.

Our Work in Palestine,—By the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

THIS is an excellent, succinct account of the work done and results arrived at in the various explorations of Palestine. The maps are of great value in leading to an understanding of the descriptions. Those who wish, in a short compass, to find out the progress made in discoveries of the sacred objects connected with the history of our redemption, should possess themselves of it.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for January, published by L. Scott & Co., New York, contains several excellent and elaborate articles. "The recovery of Jerusalem" surveys what has been done to bring to light the remaining monuments of the Holy City. "The letters and journals of Lord Elgin," successively Governor of Jamaica, Governor-General of Canada, Envoy to China, and Viceroy of India, are very interesting, and are well treated. The portion of the article devoted to Canada is to us of peculiar interest. To the antiquarian the fortunes and fate of "Antient Manuscripts" will be welcome. The readers of Thackeray will find agreeable information on the life, character, and works of that great Novelist. "Froude's English in America" is a discriminating review of that book. "The English Salmon Fisheries" recommends itself to those who love the "gentle art." "State Papers published in the state paper department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office" from 1639 to 1641, give us a view of the influences which shaped the destiny of Charles the first. "The Church and Dissent" is devoted to a consideration of the different positions taken in the church and by dissent, and of the mode in which they might be made to work together. "The Administration of Berar," "a Criticism on Middlemarch," and "The Geneva Arbitration" are the remaining articles. The "Edinburgh" still maintains its high position as a Review.

NOTES ON CURRENT EVENTS.

THE past month has been characterized by the most appalling marine disaster of recent times. Now that the official investigation into the circumstances attending the loss of the *Atlantic* has been concluded, and the Commissioner's masterly analysis of the evidence published, there are reliable data available for the formation of a definite opinion as to the parties on whom the responsibility must chiefly rest. The mere fact that a noble vessel was almost instantaneously destroyed by coming in contact with an iron-bound coast, while sailing at full speed on a clear night and with a comparatively tranquil sea, was of itself sufficient to indicate that some one had fearfully blundered. The admissions made by the surviving officers, the engineer, and the New York agent of the White Star Line, in his recently published apology for the Company he represents, all go to prove that the vessel had on board an insufficient supply of coal for an Atlantic winter voyage, unless during exceptionally fine weather. The previous reputation of the Company, its vessels and its officers, which was certainly high, and, we may fairly presume, deservedly so, will be seriously damaged by the truth of this charge being established. And yet, it does not appear that the Company has been one whit more negligent or more grasping in this respect than any of its rivals. Coals are dear in England and comparatively cheap in certain parts of this continent. There is, therefore, a double reason for wishing to increase the net tonnage of vessels as much as possible by diminishing that part of the gross tonnage represented by the coals and engines. In spite of some assertions to the contrary, there seems also to have been a laxity of discipline on board the vessel, though, perhaps, the same thing may be true of many other ships besides the *Atlantic*. Presuming the captain's reckoning prior to the change made in the vessel's course to be correct, as well as his subsequent calculations respecting the distance and direction of Sambro light, it follows that a fatal mistake was made in estimating the speed at which she was sailing. The captain has also been charged with leaving his post without sufficient reason, and handing the control of the vessel over to a subordinate, while nearing a proverbially dangerous coast, with which he was unacquainted. And, most damaging of all, it appears that the lead was never once used in order to find out whether there was any danger impending. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, there can be little doubt that a severer penalty than that recommended by the Commissioner would receive the sanction of public opinion. If men will assume such responsible functions, they should be made distinctly aware that destruction of life and property distinctly traceable to either negligence or inefficiency, or both, must be visited with

punishment as well as condemnation. It would be a flagrant misnomer to speak of the loss of the *Atlantic* as one of that class of accidents due to unforeseen causes, inasmuch as the causes which led to it were easily discoverable, and could have been guarded against.

Should the wreck of the *Atlantic* lead to a systematic attempt to compel the owners of steamship lines to adhere strictly to the letter and spirit of the regulations, some benefit might spring from even so terrible a disaster. The negligence and parsimony of companies are more noticeable in the kind and amount of steerage accommodation afforded to emigrants crossing to America than in any other particular. A spirited discussion took place on this subject last year in which the Canadian press participated. Premonitory symptoms are not wanting, even so early in the season as this, that the discussion is to be renewed and the agitation kept up until a better state of affairs is established. Too much attention cannot be paid to a subject so intimately affecting the welfare of a country like our own, whose prosperity depends so largely on the quality and number of the immigrants arriving upon its shores. Sydney Smith's trite remark about corporations, would seem to be applicable to Steamships, as well as other companies; but though they have neither bodies nor souls, it is not impossible to bring them to book quite as effectually as if they were possessed of both. Certain regulations are laid down by Act of Parliament, and if these are not sufficient to ensure the necessary amount of comfort to passengers, they ought to be amended. When regulations have been once adopted, any attempt to evade them ought to meet with prompt punishment. The lives and morals of even steerage passengers are too precious to be bartered away for gold.

Very few persons, except those immediately interested in keeping up the present practice of sending out ships in an unseaworthy condition, will fail to honour deeply in their hearts the name of Mr. Plimsoll, who bids fair to stand alongside of Howard, Clarkson and Wilberforce as a practical philanthropist. The telling exposures he has made have won for him the affection and admiration of the British nation, while they have aroused the animosity of the shipowners in a corresponding ratio. There can be no longer any doubt about the substantial correctness of the facts adduced, and the truth of charges made about owners knowingly risking hundreds of lives by overloading ships and sending them out in a bad state of repair. The passionate eagerness to make money, which is so prominent a feature of the age, is as conspicuous here as in the case of the ocean steamers, and perhaps even more so. It is matter for rejoicing, however, that a reformation seems about to be effected. The Bill now before the Imperial

Parliament will probably pass in some shape, and thousands of seamen, with their families, will have occasion to bless the memory of him who has proved so indefatigable a friend.

The current session of the Canadian Parliament has been characterized by the discussion of an unprecedentedly large number of questions affecting the privileges of the House. Most of these have arisen out of controverted election cases; but one, the latest, raises a point which has never yet been decided in a Canadian Assembly. While there can be but one opinion respecting the bad taste displayed by any newspaper writer who makes use of intemperate language in assailing his political opponents, and while the offence is manifestly greater when the writer is himself a member of Parliament, there can be no doubt that freedom of discussion in the press is more or less involved in the matter. It is not easy to see how the member for Gloucester can be brought to the Bar of the House without bringing some others there along with him; for it is a notorious fact that he stands by no means alone in the style of writing complained of. There are other journalists in the House whose papers often indulge in opprobrious epithets, and it would be as impolitic as it would be unjust to censure one without censuring all alike. If this incident should help to spread the conviction that the functions of an independent journalist and a member of Parliament are so incompatible, that the same person cannot successfully discharge both at the same time, perhaps nothing would be lost. It is well known that the most successful journalist, and one of the most successful political leaders of Canada, has frequently and publicly declared that he found it necessary to make a choice between the two positions; and there are numerous considerations lying upon the very surface of the question which tend to drive the attentive observer towards the same conclusion. It is not desirable to have members penning newspaper strictures on their fellow-members, and it is just as little desirable to place any restrictions at present on the liberty of the press. Canadian journals, though low enough in tone, are improving in character; and anything like arbitrary interference just now would in all probability do more harm than good. As was well remarked by the member for West Middlesex, himself connected with the Fourth Estate, the dignity of the House of Commons is of less importance than the freedom of the newspaper press. The House could survive an assault upon its dignity, and the country would never wince; but it is questionable whether it would be wise to establish such a precedent as some seem disposed to establish in the present case, when we have managed to get on for so long a time without.

Both of the Pacific Railway charges brought by newspapers against the Government have come up in Parliament, and in each

case, Ministers have been sustained by large majorities. The resolutions respecting the policy of the Cabinet on this question, were moved in the Senate; the one charging the Ministry with accepting a bribe was introduced into the House of Commons. It is altogether likely that the Cabinet policy in granting the Charter will yet be discussed in the Lower House as well, though it is doubtful whether time will be allowed for it during the present session. The bribery charge, which, when first enunciated had certainly a *prima facie* aspect of absurdity, was regarded as being serious enough to be referred to a Committee endowed with extraordinary powers. The report of this Committee will probably not be ready before next session; meanwhile, as might have been expected, the fact of the charge being made, together with some other circumstances, appears to have had the effect of defeating the attempt of the President to negotiate a loan in London. It is rumoured that the financial agents of the Grand Trunk have conspired to throw obstacles in the way in order to enable them to dispose of their own securities to better advantage. This may be true; but it is exceedingly doubtful whether the attempt to interest British capitalists in the Pacific Railway scheme at present could have been successful even without such opposition to contend against. It is very much to be regretted that any responsible member of the House of Commons should have felt himself constrained to bring so grave a charge against both the Ministry and the Company as the lending of money by the latter to the former for the purpose of purchasing political support at a general election; it would be still more to be regretted should the charge prove to be well founded. Even those who are opposed to the Pacific Railway Scheme in its present form, would rather see it checked in some way less damaging to the country's credit abroad, both politically and financially.

The budget speech of the Finance Minister seems to have been a very creditable effort from an oratorical point of view; it remains to be seen how it will stand the test of the sharp criticism to which it will be subjected. Admitting the financial statement to be not at all too rose-coloured as regards the prospects of the immediate future, he must be sanguine indeed who can see any way of preventing an enormous increase of the public burdens at no distant day, if the public works already projected are to be carried out. Thirty millions of dollars for the Pacific Railway, twenty millions for canals, and an additional ten millions for the Intercolonial Railroad will almost double our national debt; the country may consider itself fortunate if it is not trebled or even quadrupled by the time the Pacific road is constructed on the gigantic scale proposed. It does seem a little quixotic for four millions of people to make a deliberate attempt to shoulder such a burden; but, perhaps, with the breathing spell which seems to

have arrived, the country may think better of it, and begin to cut its coat more in accordance with its cloth.

The present Parliament has, even at this early period in its history, shown itself greatly superior to its predecessor in its liberal tendencies. Electoral and constitutional reform in one shape or another has been before it since the very beginning of the session, and the House of Commons has committed itself to the principle of more than one very important measure. It may be found impracticable to push these through all their stages during the present session; but an election law providing simultaneous polling and voting by ballot, together with a reasonably low property qualification, must at no distant day find a place on the statute book. It is a little singular to see a resolution against the use of the ballot carried in the Nova Scotia Legislature, when the principle of secret voting is making such rapid strides on almost every side. It seems not improbable, however, that this somewhat sudden action will yet be reversed, and the system get the benefit of a fairer trial than it has had during the short time it has been in operation. It may be taken for granted that a controverted Elections Act will also be passed, handing the trial of contested elections over to the Judges of the Superior Courts. Theoretically, Parliament ought to be the best and only judge of the right of any member to retain his seat; but it has been found highly expedient and almost requisite to delegate the exercise of this privilege to some less cumbrous and partizan, and at the same time more expeditious tribunal than even a committee of members. The House of Commons has, by a large majority, agreed to do away with dual representation. Whether desirable or not *per se* such a step was rendered inevitable by the action of several of the Provinces which have declared against it. But there can be little doubt that some confusion will be avoided, and some security against the introduction of Federal influence in the local Legislatures gained by making the principal general over the whole Dominion. The House of Commons, after exculpating the returning officer of Muskoka, who made a special return, declaring neither candidate elected, wisely passed a resolution instructing returning officers to consider their office in future as a ministerial and not a judicial one. According to the vast preponderance of Canadian precedents it has always been so regarded, and it would be perfectly intolerable and highly dangerous to make it anything else. Henceforth, let us hope, the Judges will decide all matters of controversy, and neither the returning officer nor the House of Commons will be in a position to wield to the advantage of either candidate a power which is so liable to be employed for partizan purposes.

Two exceedingly tragic events have happened almost simultaneously in the United States, the murder of Gen. Canby and his associates by the Modoc Indians, and the slaughter of a number of negroes in Louisiana. Both are the direct results of the war of races going on in that somewhat unhappy country. The negro butchery seems to have been utterly inexcusable, and as the details come to light it exhibits marks of the most fiendish atrocity. Evidently it will be a long time yet before the intermixture of races has become so complete in the South that social war will cease to be imminent. The Indian question is a still more serious one. The policy pursued by the United States Government and its agents towards the Indian tribes was for generations a scandal to civilization and humanity. A new leaf has lately been turned over, however, by adopting what is called the "peace policy," though this term cannot be understood to mean that force would not be used in the last resort. The treachery of the Modocs seems to have aroused a clamour in some quarters for a reversal of this policy and a war of extermination against all the Indian tribes. This is surely a humiliating position for a great nation to be placed in, and it would certainly be as much as the historical reputation of the United States is worth, if a few dozen Indians could by any means bring about a radical change in the mode adopted by the government in its dealings with a race comprising several hundred thousand souls. Canada is deeply interested in this Indian problem as well as the United States. There never has been much trouble with aborigines of British America because they have been in the main fairly dealt with. But it transpired during a recent debate in the House of Commons that there is danger ahead. Worthless adventurers from the south of the line are doing their utmost to rouse suspicion and stir up hostility. The Indians are no longer the unsophisticated sons of the forest they once were. They have learned the white man's vices and acquired enough of his intelligence to look with contempt upon the pow-wow which would once have filled them with delight and satisfaction. It is to be hoped that the blood-stained history of the Indian question will belong solely to those regions where it is found now, and that the prairies and forests of the North-west will remain forever free from such scenes of treachery and bloodshed. Nevertheless it must be admitted by the Indian's most ardent admirer, that he cannot be allowed to obstruct the western progress of civilization. If they can be relaimed from barbarism and absorbed ultimately by the white population, the identity of the Indian tribes will be as completely destroyed as by a war of extermination, but there is a vast difference in the character of the two modes of dealing with the question.

STARRS & McNUTT,

DEALERS IN

Hardware, Cutlery, Lead, Zinc,

IRONMONGERY.

Window Glass, Paints, Oils, &c.

142 and 144 UPPER WATER STREET, and 295 BARRINGTON STREET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

---

145 Barrington Street. 145

(OPPOSITE SOUTH END GRAND PARADE,)

HALIFAX, N. S.

J. C. MAHON,

DEALER IN

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS.

Horrockses Shirtings, Grey and White Sheetings,
Linens, Tickings, French Kid Gloves,
German Corsets, Paris Wove Corsets,
Patti Corsets.

MOURNING GOODS; MANTLE VELVETS.

Also—A full line of RICH BLACK SILKS, always on hand, low for Cash.

s2 INSPECTION INVITED.

For April.

AS THIS IS THE MONTH IN WHICH

RUBBERS

ARE MOST IN DEMAND, WE OFFER A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Rubber Boots and Shoes,

AMERICAN RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES,

CANADIAN RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES,

ENGLISH RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES,

all sizes and widths.

—ALSO—

A FULL LINE OF THICK BOOTS.

GEO. A. KENT,

163 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

Standard Proprietory Medicines!

TAYLOR'S EDINBURGH COUGH LOZENGES prepared from the Prescription of Prof. CHRISTISON, Royal College Physicians, Edinburgh.

TAYLOR'S CHOLERA CORDIAL SYRUP, for CHOLERA, DYSENTERY, Diarrhœa, Cramp and Spasm of the Stomach and Bowels. *Safe, Cheap, and Reliable.*

CHISWELL'S PECTORAL BALSAM! a celebrated preparation for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, &c., &c., for sale, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, at No. 63 Barrington Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS, FAMILY RECIPES, &c., carefully dispensed with the PUREST and BEST DRUGS, &c., and are duly registered and numbered.

N. B.—No per centage allowed Physicians for their Prescriptions by

HENRY A. TAYLOR.

E. O. HUGHES & CO.

35 Dock Street, - - St. John, N. B.

IMPORTERS OF

ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN

FANCY GOODS,

Jewelry, Cutlery, Toys, Musical Instruments, &c.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

BISHOP & EVANS,

(*Successors to T. Wesley & J. H. Murphy,*)

HALIFAX MARBLE WORKS.

DEALERS AND **Manufacturers in**

Foreign and American

MARBLE.

MARBLE MANTLES of any design, with or without Grates.

Monumental and Church Work,

in all its branches, executed in

MARBLE, FREESTONE AND GRANITE.

Obelisks, Head Stones, Tablets, Grave Marks, Tomb Tables, &c.: Church Fonts, Mural Tablets, &c., in best Marble, from latest designs, and in most approved Style and finish, at Lowest possible rates.

FURNITURE AND PLUMBERS' SLABS.

☞ Country orders punctually and personally attended to.

BISHOP & EVANS,

Nos. 73 and 75 Barrington Street,

HALIFAX. N. S.

CALCULIFUGE

CURES

Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Dropsy and diseases of the Kidneys.

Warranted Purely Vegetable.

The only Sure Cure for the GRAVEL.

Do not suffer while a Remedy is within reach.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Wholesale Agents:

AVERY, BROWN & Co.,
Halifax, N. S.

H. L. SPENCER,
20 Nelson Street, St. John, N. B.

R. C. MARGESON & Co., Proprietors, Halifax.

GO TO

77 Barrington Street, 77

(OPPOSITE U. P. C. HALL,)

FOR

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

SUCH AS

Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Cheese, Rice, Barley, Baking Powder, Flour, Meal, Currants, Figs, Raisins, Beans, Soaps, Salt, Syrups, Pickles, Spices, Jams, Jellies, Honey, Fancy Biscuit, Spices.

Fresh Butter and Eggs.

Here you will always find a choice selection of Fruit.

L. HAMILTON, Proprietor.

P.S.— Tea from thirty to sixty cents per pound.

A. L. WOOD,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

STAPLE & FANCY

DRY GOODS,

Grey, White and Printed Cottons,

BRILLIANTS, **MILLINERY**
DRESS GOODS, **MANTLES,**
FLANNELS, **SHAWLS,**
LINENS, **CORSETS,**
SHEETINGS, **RIBBONS,**
CLOTHS, **LACES,** **SILKS.**

☞ Worthy of special attention,— our **75 Cent Kid Glove,** full 20 per cent. under price.

A. L. WOOD,

143 Barrington Street, 143

HALIFAX, N. S.

F. H. BAKER,

Hermetically Sealed Goods,

HALIFAX, N. S.

FACTORIES:—

Sambro',
Ship Harbour,
St. Margaret's Bay,
Turn's Bay,
Lunenburg.

Lawson, Harrington & Co.,

Agents.

E. T. C. KNOWLES,

Attorney and Barrister-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c.,

Office—106 Prince William Street.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

P. FITZPATRICK,

CABINET MAKER,

No. 38 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and OFFICE FURNITURE, manufactured to order by experienced workmen.

D. E. DUNHAM, Architect.

DESIGNER OF

All classes of Public and Private Buildings, &c.

HAVING a thorough practical knowledge of Constructive Architecture, the Subscriber is enabled to DRAW DESIGNS, and furnish reliable estimates to suit any outlay in building.

OFFICE: 1 and 2 Bayard's Building, (106 Prince William Street,) St. John, N. B.

ROBERT B. EMERSON

GENERAL DEALER IN

Cook, Shop, Hall and Parlor STOVES; STOVE PIPE, Plain and Russian Iron; COAL HODS; TINWARE, and a general assortment of Kitchen Furnishing Goods.

No. 5 CANTERBURY STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B

HARNESS MANUFACTORY.

GEORGE MURDOCH, 159 Union Street,

Dealer in all kinds of Harness, in the Latest American styles.

WHIPS, BRUSHES, CURRY COMBS, &c., always on hand. Strict attention paid to Repairing Cleaning, and Oiling old Harness, &c.

G. MURDOCH, 159 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

FLEMING & MACREDIE,

PLUMBERS AND GAS-FITTERS,

No. 22 Princess Street,

(OPPOSITE THE SAVINGS BANK,)

JOHN FLEMING,
ROBT. C. MACREDIE, } **SAINT JOHN, N. B.**

F. B. MARTER, Chemist and Druggist,

81 KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in DRUGS, MEDICINES, Perfumery, Soaps, Brushes, Combs, Cigars, Cool Soda Water, Syrups, &c.

Ships' Medicine Chests carefully fitted up. Prescriptions carefully compounded.

J. B. MARSTERS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,

Corner King and Germain Streets,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO ENLARGING AND COPYING OLD PICTURES.

WALES & GREEN,

BRASS FOUNDERS,

PARADISE ROW, PORTLAND, ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Subscribers are prepared to manufacture, at short notice, and on reasonable terms:

SHIP'S RUDDER BRACES, BUTT BOLTS, CLINCH RINGS,

HINGES,

Tiller Fittings, of all patterns; Patent Roller Bushes, of all sizes;

In short, every description of BRASS WORK, required for fitting out vessels, made in a superior manner. Also:

MILL CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

Globe and Gauge Cocks,

ROUGH AND FINISHED, ALL SIZES AND STYLES;

OIL CUPS AND LUBRICATORS, with the latest improvements; WATER CLOSET FITTINGS, WATER and GAS FITTINGS, COUPLINGS, &c.

RAILWAY CAR BUSHES, babbited with our Patent Metal, which is warranted superior to any other ever used for the same purpose.

WALES & GREEN,
Paradise Row, Portland, Saint John, N. B.

THOMAS LUNNEY & Co.,

CLOTHIERS,

No. 3 King Street, ... Saint John, N. B.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY SOLICITED.

Samples of Cloth and Directions for Self-Measure will be sent FREE on application.

Send along your Orders.

THOMAS LUNNEY & Co.

David McAlpine,

ADVERTISING AGENT,

100 *Granville Street,*

HALIFAX, N. S.

E. Howard & Co.

185 Hollis Street,

HALIFAX, N. S.

Will offer during this month great inducements to purchasers of

Spring and Summer

CLOTHING.

All Garments are well Made and Stylishly Cut, and a

"FIT"

is Guarranteed.

TERMS: CASH.

E. HOWARD & Co.,

185 HOLLIS ST.

The advantage of paying Cash clearly demonstrated.

S. HOWARD & SON,

Hollis Street,

Have received the greater portion of their Spring Importations, which is now open and ready for Inspection.

Decided Advantages will be offered in all classes of GOODS.

Special Lots:

600 Japanese Silk Dresses, from 33 c. per yard.

720 Black Silk Dresses, from 60 c. per yard.

25000 yards of Grey and White Cotton, from 7 c.

All prices have been reduced 20 ℔ cent. in consequence of our adoption of a strictly cash system.

This change was called for in the interest of Cash Customers, who, under the old *regime*, paid the same prices as Credit Buyers, who obtained from 6 to 36 months credit.

S. Howard & Son,

Retail Department:

185 Hollis Street.

Wholesale Department:

Corner Prince & Hollis Sts.

English Offices:

21 Broom St., Manchester, G.B.

21 Lime St., London, G. B.

Old No. 131] Old No. 131]

145 Granville Street,

J. B. BENNETT,

MANUFACTURING JEWELLER AND IMPORTER OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS,

JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS.

☞ The quality of all Articles warranted when sold. An immense Stock to select from. Job work in WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c., executed with punctuality and neatness. An endeavor to please never fails of success. Call and see.

CHARLES ROBSON & Co.,

OLD NO. 11. NEW NO. 135.

GRANVILLE STREET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

IMPORTERS OF

SILKS, SHAWLS, LYONS VELVETS,

MANTLES, MILLINERY, DRESS GOODS,

HOSIERY, GLOVES, SILK UMBRELLAS, &c.,

and a full Stock of Staple and Fancy

D R Y G O O D S,

Wholesale and Retail.

PEILER, SICHEL & Co.,

141 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

PIANOS.

STEINWAY & SONS, HAINES BROS.,

CHICKERING & SONS, VOSE & SONS,

Mason & Hamlin's, Geo. A. Prince & Co.'s

ORGANS.

sheet Music and Musical Merchandise.

E. PEILER & BROTHER, St. John, N. B. S. SICHEL & Co., Quebec.

MAYFLOWER COLOGNE!

An elegant Perfume.

BROWN BROTHERS & Co., Halifax.

PRICE'S GLYCERINE CREAM,

FOR CHAPPED HANDS, &c.

BROWN BROTHERS & Co., Halifax.

BROWN'S

Concentrated Flavoring Extracts,

AND

FRUIT ESSENCES.

RELIABLE! PURE! STRONG! DELICATE!

BROWN BROTHERS & Co.,

Halifax, N. S.

P 274.1

No. 6. VOL. I.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY,

A MAGAZINE

OF

Literature, Science, and Art.

JUNE, 1873.

CONTENTS:

	Page
The shortest Route to and from Europe—via Newfoundland,....	497
A Plot within a Plot,.....	506
Opium Dreams,.....	514
Philip Blair,.....	525
In Memoriam,.....	538
Sarah Bishop's Secret,.....	541
The Dying Lover,.....	560
Archæological History of Scotland,	560
Chorus Invoking Atalanta, etc.,....	563
Old Birsy's Transformation,.....	565
The Old Inhabitants of our North-West,.....	588
The Arctic Mystery,.....	589
Notes on Current Events, ...	602

J. & A. McMILLAN, ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. & W. MACKINLAY, 123 Granville Street Halifax, N. S.
DAWSON BROS., Montreal.

$3.00 per Annum in Advance.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS, SUCH AS COUGHS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

AMONG the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effectual remedy for all diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS. A vast trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of CONSUMPTION, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing COUGHS, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence: and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome INFLUENZA and painful BRONCHITIS, when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Sole Agency for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia,

H. L. SPENCER,

MEDICAL WAREHOUSE, 20 NELSON STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

GENERAL PATENT MEDICINE AGENCY FOR THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

MR. SPENCER would call the especial attention of Country Merchants and Consumers to a general assortment of PATENT MEDICINES, FANCY ARTICLES and TOILET GOODS, which by particular arrangements with the Manufacturers, he is enabled to supply to Dealers on the most FAVORABLE TERMS.

☞ *Correspondence and Orders solicited.*

No. 6.—Vol. I.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY,

A MAGAZINE

OF

Literature, Science, and Art.

JUNE, 1873.

1873.
J. & A. McMILLAN, ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. & W. MACKINLAY, 123 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.
DAWSON BROS., Montreal.

W. MYERS GRAY,

Broker and Solicitor, &c.,

139 HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

Attends to the sale and purchase of Stocks, Shares & Debentures,

ALSO, TO SELLING AND LETTING HOUSES, LANDS AND PREMISES.

Collects Rents, Debts, and other monies on Commission, and makes prompt returns.

AGENT

For the Sale of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company's 7.30 Gold Bonds.

And for the Sale of the P. E. Island Government Debentures in Nova Scotia.

WILLIAM CROWE,

133 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

GENERAL AGENT FOR THE

"RAYMOND" SEWING MACHINES,

FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING.

PRICES FROM $15 AND UPWARDS.

THE excellent reputation these Machines have attained, renders it unnecessary to do anything in the way of puffing their merits. The subscriber claims to be the largest importer of SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES in these Provinces. Dealers will find it to their advantage to send for a Price List before purchasing elsewhere.

NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, BOBBINS, &c., &c., &c., for all kinds of Machines, always on hand. Also—TWIST, SILK, LINEN, COTTON, OILERS, OIL, &c., &c.

All kinds of SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED, ADJUSTED, and put in order promptly, and at reasonable charges.

MACHINES HIRED BY THE DAY OR WEEK.

CONTENTS OF ~~APRIL~~ June NUMBER.

	PAGE
The Shortest Route to and from Europe—via Newfoundland,	497
A Plot within a Plot,	506
Opium Dreams,	514
Philip Blair,	525
In Memoriam,	538
Sarah Bishop's Secret,	541
The Dying Lover,	560
Archæological History of Scotland,	560
Chorus Invoking Atalanta to the Chase,	563
Old Birsy's Transformation,	565
The Old Inhabitants of our North-West,	588
The Arctic Mystery,	599
Notes on Current Events,	602

R. T. MUIR & Co.,

Wholesale and Retail Booksellers

AND

Manufacturing Stationers,

139 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

IN STOCK—

Every Description of Writing and Blank Book Papers.

PRINTING PAPERS, all Qualities and Sizes, White and Colored.

Printers INKS, all colors.

CARDS AND CARD-BOARDS.

Being the largest Importers of ROOM PAPERS in the Lower Provinces, we can afford to offer superior advantages to those who may favor us with their patronage.

WM. STAIRS, SON & MORROW,

HALIFAX, N. S.

Merchants and Importers of

Cordage, Canvas, Chain Cables, & Anchors.

BAR AND BOLT IRON, COPPER BARS AND SHEETS.

Muntz Metal Company's Bars and Sheathing.

NETS, LINES, AND TWINES,

White Lead, Paints and Linseed Oil.

DARTMOUTH ROPEWORK COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CORDAGE and OAKUM.

☞ Address D. R. W. C., Halifax, N. S.

JOHN F. STAIRS, Manager.

THE MARITIME MONTHLY.

With this Number the first Volume of the Maritime Monthly closes.

We believe our readers will all have marked the improvement visible in each successive issue.

The Maritime Monthly is only beginning to put forth its strength. Nothing is wanting to make it first class save a large subscription list, enabling the Proprietors to pay liberally for articles of merit.

We have to request our Contributors to consider that we cannot publish all the favours we receive in the first, second, or even third issue after their receipt. Reasons for delay may arise from excellence as well as mediocrity. Good things are frequently longest reserved.

To the many excellent writers who have sent us their contributions, we tender our hearty thanks. We hope soon to be able to remember them in a more substantial way.

Advertisements and other business matters may be arranged with Mr. David McAlpine, Halifax, N. S., or his accredited agents.

To Agents we propose the following terms:

For $10 we will send four copies to one address for one year.
" 18 " " eight " " " " "
" 25 " " twelve " " " " "
" 40 " " twenty " " " " "

JAMES BENNET, EDITOR.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

IS CALLED TO

J. B. ELLIOT & Co's

Mantle Department.

NEWEST STYLE OF MANTLE CLOTHS

kept constantly on hand.

MANTLES made to order in the most Fashionable Styles.

A CHOICE STOCK OF MILLINERY ALWAYS ON HAND.

132 and 134 Granville Street,

HALIFAX, N. S.

JOHN HERBIN,

WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER,

191 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

Importer of and Dealer in all kinds

CLOCKS, GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,

JEWELRY

of every description kept constantly on hand.

Manufacturing and Repairing done at shortest notice and warranted to give general satisfaction.

CHARGES MODERATE.

GEO. DAVIDSON & CO.,

WHOLESALE IMPORTERS OF

China, Glass and Earthenware,

CUTLERY, FANCY GOODS,

ELECTRO-PLATE WARE,

ORNAMENTS, LUSTRES, &c.,

79 UPPER WATER STREET,

(*Head Commercial Wharf,*)

HALIFAX, N. S.

J. & A. M'MILLAN,

Book and General Job Printers,

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS,

AND BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

78 Prince William Street,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

☞ Being provided with Steam Power, excellent Presses, and every requisite for promptly executing all work entrusted to our care, we are prepared to guarantee satisfaction.

☞ Particular attention given to orders from the country, and work speedily forwarded by express.

(ESTABLISHED A. D. 1840.) (ESTABLISHED A. D. 1840.)

M. S. BROWN & CO.,

Jewellers and Silversmiths,

128 GRANVILLE STREET, ... HALIFAX, N. S.

OFFER A COMPLETE STOCK OF FIRST CLASS GOODS IN THEIR LINE.

Fine Gold Jewellery.

Elegant Suites of BRACELET, BROOCH and EAR-RINGS.
Rich Opera, Guard, Brooch, Albert and Neck CHAINS, &c.
A superb assortment of Ladies' Gem RINGS.
Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, Opal, Pearl, &c., including all the newest designs.
GOLD, WEDDING, and GUARD RINGS,
The new *Patent Safety Shield*, an elegant addition to a Lady's or Gent's Chain, rendering it impossible to be lost with one of these attached.

Our assortment of LOCKETS, STUDS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, SCARF PINS, GENTS' RINGS and the various small articles incident to a general Stock, will be found very complete.

M. S. BROWN & Co.,
Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

WATCHES.

First class English Patent Lever and Swiss WATCHES. Self-winders and other styles, from noted makers.

An especially good assortment of Ladies' Hunting and Open-Faced WATCHES in Engraved, Chased and Enamelled Cases. Really Good SILVER WATCHES are also offered at very moderate prices.

M. S. BROWN & Co.,
Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

STERLING SILVER-WARE.

A Stock of Table, Dessert and Tea SPOONS, Table and Dessert Forks, &c., &c., of our own manufacture, always on hand at lowest rates.
The highest price given for old SILVER in cash or exchange.

M. S. BROWN & Co.,
Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

ELECTRO-PLATED GOODS.

SPECIAL TO HOUSEKEEPERS, HOTEL AND BOARDING HOUSE PROPRIETORS.

Our Stock will be found most complete and includes everything needful for Table use.

Rich and elegant Tea and Coffee SERVICES, WAITERS, EPERGNES, FRUIT STANDS, BERRY DISHES, CRUET FRAMES, ICE PITCHERS, BUTTER COOLERS, &c., &c.

Our E. P. Spoons, Forks, Ladles, &c., by the test of actual wear over a series of years, are favorably known throughout the Province, and have proved a perfect substitute for Silver at a very moderate cost.

An unequalled stock of Plated Table, Tea and Dessert Knives and Fish Eating Knives and Forks.

Finest quality Steel Table CUTLERY, with superior Ivory handles suitable to use with Silver or Plated Forks.

M. S. BROWN & ., Granville Street, Halifax.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. I. JUNE, 1873. No. 6.

THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO AND FROM EUROPE—via NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

AT the present day, Newfoundland seems to be emerging from the traditionary fogs in which for ages it has been enveloped, and to be gradually rising into that importance to which its remarkable geographical position and fine natural resources fairly entitle it. It has long been noted for its cod and seal fisheries; and the silvery quarries of its surrounding seas have been wrought for centuries, without any symptoms of approaching exhaustion. Now, however, it is becoming known that its primitive rocks contain rich veins of copper, nickel and lead; that iron ore is to be found in proximity to a promising coal field, on the western coast; that marble and gypsum beds are extensively developed, and that great breadths of fertile land exist, capable of supporting many thousands of inhabitants in comfort. In addition to these substantial attractions, which are operating to draw attention to this fine Island, there is the charm of an unknown interior, which only one white man has ever yet crossed. What its vast savannas, occupied only by the bear, the wolf and the reindeer, may contain, of the valuable and the wonderful, no man knows. Its hills and plains and "forests primeval" are less known than those of any other portion of the New World. Only a narrow fringe round the coast has been yet explored and even that but imperfectly. It is not creditable to modern enterprise, that an Island whose area is

nearly four times as great as that of Belgium, and which contains 12,000 square miles more than Scotland, should at this day be a *terra incognita*, especially when we remember that it is the most ancient of Britain's Colonial possessions, and lies nearest to her shores.

It would seem however, that the remarkable and commanding geographical position of the Island is destined to secure for it that attention which its natural attractions have hitherto failed to command. Nature has marked it as the proper terminus for those Atlantic Cables which are flashing intelligence between the Old World and the New, and which will be multiplied yearly as their benefits are felt more widely, and their expense lessened. Those already laid down emerge from the depths of ocean on the shores of Newfoundland; and it remains to be seen whether it is possible to find any other safe and workable route. Fortunately, the charter of the "New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company" secures to the Government of Newfoundland a right of pre-emption which enables it to purchase, for the cost of plant, the line which now crosses the Island, as well as the submarine cables, at the end of twenty years from the date of granting this charter. This period will terminate in 1874. In all probability, the Colony will then reclaim the exclusive right of landing cables on the Island, now vested in the Company named above, and thus end a monopoly which though necessary at the outset of trans-atlantic telegraphy, it would not be desirable to maintain, in view of international interests. It is not improbable that, in the future, the Island will thus become the great telegraphic station between America and the Old World, and that it will be the landing-place for the various cables that will span the Atlantic, and the ganglionic centre whence will stretch the nerves that unite the two hemispheres. Reaching out from the American continent within 1640 miles of the Irish coast, and having in its deep bays, whose arms stretch so far inland, safe recesses for the landing of cables, it possesses unrivalled facilities for oceanic telegraphy. Nor is this all. Nature has so smoothed the ocean bed between Newfoundland and Ireland, that the greater part of it is level as a bowling-green, and presents the safest and best of all resting-places for trans-atlantic cables. Once dropped into those serene depths, they are beyond the reach of danger. Professor Huxley says, in his "Lecture on a Piece of Chalk:"—"The result of all these

operations is that we know the contours and the nature of the surface—soil covered by the North-Atlantic, for a distance of 1,700 miles from east to west, as well as we know that of any part of the dry land. It is a prodigious plain—one of the widest and most even plains in the world. If the sea were drained off, you might drive a wagon all the way from Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay in Newfoundland. And, except upon one sharp incline, about 200 miles from Valentia, I am not quite sure that it would even be necessary to put the skid on, so gentle are the ascents and descents upon that long route. From Valentia the road would lie down hill for about 200 miles to the point at which the bottom is now covered by 1,700 fathoms of sea-water. Then would come the central plain, more than a thousand miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which would be hardly perceptible, though the depth of water upon it now varies from 10,000 to 15,000 feet; and there are places in which Mount Blanc might be sunk without showing its peak above water. Beyond this, the ascent on the American side commences, and gradually leads, for about 300 miles, to the Newfoundland shore." Such is the great bed, smoothed by nature's hand, along which the telegraphic cables may stretch in safety between the two continents. No fear of abrasion from jagged sub-marine cliffs or chafing against sharp rocks. The deep sea mud, which the men of science tell us is substantially chalk, receives the slender rope of wire, all along this ocean plain, and safely embeds it in its soft substance, protecting it from all injuries. Only within a comparatively short distance from the shores, can any fatal wound be inflicted.

These natural advantages render it highly desirable that the Island should be thrown open to telegraphic enterprise, and every facility granted for the landing of cables on its shores. The interests of civilization require that it should be preserved free from all monopolies. No doubt the colony, in exercising its right of pre-emption, will have to expend a certain amount of money in buying up the existing line; so that a small toll on messages passing over its wires would not be unreasonable; and in the end this might become an important item of revenue to aid in developing the resources of the country. But it is of the last importance, in the interests both of Britain and America, that the exclusive right of landing telegraphic cables on the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador should be terminated, and "right of

way" secured by the Government of the Colony. Should such purchase as I have referred to not be effected, the present monopoly would be prolonged for thirty years, in terms of the present charter. Already an application from a new company, to use Newfoundland as a landing point for their cables, has been made, in anticipation of pre-emption being exercised, on the part of the Colony. I refer to "The Direct United States Cable Company." The present land line of telegraph extends from Heart's Content, on the southern shore of Trinity Bay, to Cape Ray, a sub-marine cable being sunk between that point and Cape North, in Cape Breton Island. Trinity and Placentia Bays are severed by a neck of land only three miles in width; and last year the "New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company" laid down a submarine cable from Placentia *via* St. Pierre, to Sydney, communication being established overland, between Heart's Content and Placentia. By this route a junction is effected between the French cable which is landed at St. Pierre, and that which crosses Newfoundland; so that in case of accident happening to either, the aid of the other can be called in. While I am writing these lines a telegram has announced the amalgamation of the two Companies.

In another and still more important respect, the island of Newfoundland seems destined to serve the interests of civilization by facilitating the inter-communication of the Old and New Worlds. I refer to the project of constructing a railway across Newfoundland, from St. John's to St. George's Bay, with the view of shortening the time of transit between the great commercial centres of both continents, and reducing the ocean passage to a minimum. The honour of first suggesting this project belongs to Mr. Sandford Fleming, who, in his "Report on the Intercolonial Railway Exploratory Survey" presented to the Canadian Government in 1865, pointed out that the rapid extension of the railway system would soon bring up the question "What route will prove to be the very speediest between the Old World and the New?" This distinguished engineer gives it as his opinion that the Newfoundland route is by far the shortest and safest, and therefore that which must ultimately be adopted. He shows that by it the ocean passage proper may be reduced to one hundred hours; that security from sea-risks would be immensely increased; and that the time required for the conveyance of passengers and mails

between London and New York would be but seven days and three hours, all other places of course sharing in the benefits of this acceleration of speed. Little attention was given at the time to Mr. Fleming's proposal. Most people who thought of the matter at all regarded it as Utopian; only the few who look ahead and forecast the future, gave it any attention. Now, however, that the Intercolonial Railway is approaching completion, and the Canadian Pacific Railway fairly under way, the Newfoundland Route to Europe comes up for discussion in the Parliament of the Dominion, and there appears to be almost perfect unanimity of opinion as to its feasibility and advantages. A committee has been nominated to make due inquiries and report to Parliament at an early day. Thus the matter passes out of Dream-land, and enters the domain of sober, practicable realities. There are so many urgent considerations in favour of opening this new travel-route, that its construction cannot be long deferred. I propose to give a brief summary of the pleas which may be urged in its favour.

Mr. Fleming's proposal is to run a line of steamers, built expressly for speed, and designed to carry little in addition to mails and passengers, between St. John's in Newfoundland, and Valentia on the western coast of Ireland. The distance between these two ports is but 1640 miles; and these are the points where the Atlantic can be spanned by the shortest line. When constructed for a special purpose, steamships can be made to attain a high rate of speed with perfect safety. Mail steamers running between Holyhead and Kingston make from 16 to 18 knots per hour. The distance between Valentia and St. John's being little more than half the distance between Liverpool and New York, only half the quantity of coal and supplies would be required for the passage between the former points. If then steamers for this route were built expressly for the highest speed consistent with safety, and were to carry only mails, passengers and light express matter, their load would be light, compared with that of ordinary ocean-steamships, and the rapidity of their passage would in consequence be much accelerated. The rate of 16½ miles per hour could thus be attained; and the passage between Valentia and St. John's would be accomplished in 100 hours. Passengers and mails from London would reach Valentia in 16 hours, making the time from London to St. John's four days and twenty hours. Not only would

the shortest ocean passage route be thus secured, and the discomforts attendant on crossing the Atlantic be reduced to a minimum, but the dangers of such a voyage would be so diminished that it would have no more terrors for passengers than a voyage across the Irish Channel, and the list of casualties would be vastly lessened. The fine harbour of St. John's can be entered at all periods of the tide by the largest ships, with the most perfect safety. There is no intricate and dangerous channel to be threaded. Ten minutes after leaving her wharf a steamer finds herself breasting the broad Atlantic with not a rock or shoal between her and Valentia, on the opposite shore. The whole dangers of the voyage lie along the American coast, between Cape Race and New York, where thick fogs and treacherous currents prevail, and where nearly all wrecks of steamers have occurred. This coast line is about 1,000 miles in length. The Newfoundland route would abolish the necessity of steamers groping their way along this treacherous coast: and such frightful disasters as that which has lately overtaken the ill-fated *Atlantic* would be unheard of. A short ocean passage of four days, in first-class steamers, with comparative security from sea-risks, would eventually make such a route the cheapest and in consequence the most frequented, as its attractions for travellers would be greater than any other, especially when time would be saved by adopting it. Who would encounter the perils of rocks, shoals, fogs and currents along the American coast, when he could shoot across the Atlantic in four days to St. John's: then be whisked in 8 hours, on a railway, across Newfoundland to St. George's Bay; and in 16 hours after, find himself on the continent of America, whirling onward towards New York or Chicago, in the rear of the iron steed! The advantages of this route in safety, speed and comfort, over every other, are so great that we cannot doubt it will be the favourite travel-route, in the near future.

A railway from St. John's to St. George's Bay would be about 250 miles in length. So little is known of the interior of the Island, that it is impossible to speak positively as to the nature of the difficulties to be overcome in the construction of such a line of railway; but there is no reason to suppose that these would be greater than those already surmounted, in the construction of the Intercolonial Railway. Indeed they might prove to be much less. W. E. Cormack, the only European who has ever travelled through

the country, from east to west, in the general direction of the projected railway, describes the interior as an immense plain, consisting of a series of savannas. Once the broken and hilly strip around the coast had been surmounted, a large portion of the intended route would probably be found to be across an easy savanna country. Timber and stone for the works would be readily attainable.

St. George's Harbour, and Shippegan Harbour, Bay of Chaleur, stand on opposite sides of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the distance between being 250 miles. Both are excellent harbours; and a steam-ferry would connect them, so that the Gulf would be crossed in 15½ hours. At Shippegan, a branch of the Intercolonial Railway would enable passengers to proceed to all parts of the United States and Canada. Mr. Fleming's calculation is that by this route, mails and passengers from London would reach St. John, New Brunswick, in 6 days, 4 hours: New York in 7 days, 3 hours: Montreal in 6 days, 16 hours: Chicago in 7 days, 20 hours: Boston in 6 days, 19 hours: New Orleans in 9 days.

An important question regarding such a route is, whether it would be likely to prove so remunerative as to justify the necessary outlay on its construction. On this point Mr. Fleming speaks decisively in the affirmative. He considers the saving of time to be effected so important, that eventually the entire mail matter passing between the two continents would be attracted to this route; and thus a large and permanent source of revenue would be secured. As to the number of passengers likely to travel by it, he estimates that 40,000 each way, would give 200 passengers each trip, and would furnish sufficient employment for a daily line of steamers between St. John's and Valentia, during seven months in the year. When we take into account that the total number of passengers now carried annually across the Atlantic by steamships is about 150,000, the proportion estimated above, for the Newfoundland route, does not seem extravagant. Once make the route thoroughly attractive in regard to speed, comfort and safety, and there can be no doubt about the abundance of the passenger traffic. For first-class passengers especially, it would hold out very strong attractions. Doubtless, a railway across Newfoundland would be an expensive undertaking; but were the same system adopted as in the case of the Canadian Pacific line, by making liberal grants of land along the line to the company

which would undertake its construction, a considerable portion of the expense might thus be covered. The benefits of such a line to Newfoundland being so vast, there can be no doubt that the Government would deal most liberally with a company prepared to carry out the project. The wealthy capitalists of Newfoundland would lend their assistance to a project which would vastly enhance the value of their real estate, open up the fisheries on the western coast, and make St. John's ultimately one of the most important places on this side the Atlantic. The value of such a line to Canada, as affording the shortest and quickest route to Europe for goods and passengers, and supplying the completing link of her Pacific line, would be a sufficient inducement for her to back the enterprise most strenuously. The fact that her Parliament has recently taken up the matter so warmly is a sufficient proof of this. By the American Pacific Railway, the great and enterprising city of Chicago is brought within five days of San Francisco. Her people are competing with New York for the trade with Japan and China, and also for that with San Francisco; and to enable them to do so successfully, they require the shortest possible route to Europe. The one I am advocating will supply the desideratum to Chicago. By it the distance between San Francisco and Liverpool *via* Chicago would be reduced to less than twelve days. Were an Imperial guarantee necessary, in order to raise the requisite funds for the establishment of such a route, we can scarcely suppose that it would be withheld. It must be of vast consequence to the interests of the Empire that such a great highway, running through British territory, should be under its own control; while, at the same time, the prosperity of the colonies and the development of their resources would be promoted.

All these weighty considerations render it highly probable that there will be no difficulty in getting the necessary capital subscribed; and that the enterprise will ultimately prove highly remunerative. It is easy to see that a line across Newfoundland would receive contributions in passengers, mails and goods, from so many different quarters, that its business, in the future, would swell to immense proportions. A considerable portion of the trade with China, Japan, and Australia would, through the Canadian Pacific railway, and *via* Chicago, pass over this route. The Intercolonial line and all the railways in the Lower Provinces would prove to be feeders. Besides, its traffic would expand indefinitely,

as the vast unoccupied lands filled with inhabitants, from the eastern terminus at St. John's, to the western, on the shores of the Pacific.

It must be admitted that the route I am advocating would be subject to one disadvantage—it could not be used during a portion of the winter. The floating ice in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, at that season, stops navigation; and St. George's harbour is often frozen. The approach to St. John's harbour would not be safe for steamers coming from Ireland, at certain times, owing to the ice-fields which are borne past on the Arctic current. The Newfoundland route, therefore, must be regarded mainly as a summer route; and in winter, the steamers would have to pass on to Halifax. Mr. Fleming reckons on but seven months in the year during which it would be available; but after a residence of twenty years in Newfoundland, I am satisfied that it might be used safely during eight, if not nine months of the year. The iron boats of the Allan Line are to call at St. John's fortnightly, during nine months of the year; so that during that time the Company are satisfied there is no risk from floating ice. I am not prepared to assert that the navigation of the Gulf of St. Lawrence is equally unimpeded by ice during the same period, but I am inclined to think it would be found so. Be this as it may, the Newfoundland route could certainly be used during eight months of the year, or during the whole travel season. The great bulk of passengers cross during those months; only those who are compelled by necessity travelling in winter. As to transhipments, Mr. Fleming says: "The frequent transhipments from railway to steamship, and *vice versa*, may be considered by some as an objection to the route: for the conveyance of freight they certainly would be objectionable, but most passengers would probably consider the transhipments agreeable changes, as they would relieve the tedium of the journey."

But whatever the drawbacks, the advantages I have enumerated are so manifold and important as to render the disadvantages of comparatively small account. The shortest and safest ocean passage is sure to be adopted, in the long run; and all difficulties connected with it will gradually be surmounted. Nature has already settled the matter, both as to telegraphic and steam communication between the Old and New Worlds. Off the one continent lies the great island of Newfoundland, one-sixth larger than Ireland

which lies off the European coast. Let the intervening ocean-space be bridged by a steam ferry, at its narrowest point, and on land, the locomotive will do the rest. Telegraph and steamship alike must respect nature's arrangements; and both must follow the same route in establishing lines of communication between the two hemispheres.

A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

CHAPTER VII.

DASHING forward with a delighted cry: "Why, is this you, Mr. Harvey?" Calvert leaped from his saddle, and warmly grasped the out-stretched hand of the sketcher.

Such, at least, his surroundings proclaimed him to be: a color-box by his side and a paper block on his knee, whereon was depicted, in a spirited draft, the rich, fantastic tracery of the oriel window of the chapel, which, at the instant, was brought out into bold relief against the burning tints of the western sky.

"Ah, my young friend! You here? A perfect god-send, I declare," said the stranger. "I was just in want of a foreground figure; and here you drop down from the clouds on purpose, prancing and caracoling like a Paladin of old romance. Just stand still a minute till I hit you off. That sagacious looking brute of yours seems to understand the situation perfectly; and, like others of her sex, will endure untold tortures of constraint for the chance of having her portrait taken."

"Is not that masculine gratitude all over?" exclaimed a saucy voice from somewhere above. "Here have I been playing Patience on a monument for the last half hour, so as to furnish him with his bit of relieving color; and at the first glimpse of a fresh face, the creature incontinently transfers his allegiance; nay, flings my very complaisance back in my teeth with insult."

Gazing around, Calvert discovered the speaker perched up in a cosy, ivy-mantled nook, formed by the angle of a projecting

corbel. The sunlight struck aslant on the laughing face, rosy with health, and glowing with exuberance of spirits, and it glanced from her golden curls with a sheen like floss silk. A cloud of gossamer drapery, pinks and pearly-greys and floating muslins, designated her supple form. The tip of a tiny, crimson, morocco brodequin peeped out below.

Let the artist delineate for me this *riante* figure, relieved against a dark background of ivy leaves and shadows cast against the wall, and on the sunny side, by way of repeater and contrast, let him introduce one of those grotesque stone masks, with agonised eyes and protruding tongue, that the mediæval workman was wont to carve in order to represent the torments of the damned.

Such was the delicious bit of grouping before the eye, and he had been a very Goth in art who would have suffered the chance to escape him of preserving it.

"Stop, Maddie! Please don't move yet awhile. I haven't half done yet, and you don't know how pretty you look there just now. With that stone head beside you, you remind me of the pictures of Eve and the Devil I used to shudder at in the old Bible at home."

"Upon my word, a pretty comparison!" returned the girl, with an enchanting pout. "So, after insulting the sex in general, through their present representatives, myself and the mare, you cap the climax by traducing the venerable grandmother of all living. To give the old Tempter his due, I believe he must have been quite a presentable person. You surely do not suppose such a Caliban as this could ever have led her astray? Not but that the creature might be made presentable with a little pains," and the giddy girl began winding her scarf round the neck of the image, and completed the *bizarre* effect by pitching her jaunty hat in the most approved style over its nose. Though unable for a while to repress his laughter, the American at length resumed with a mock-piteous air:

"I cry mercy! I tender my most humble apologies to the sex in general, and to you, the mare, and Mother Eve in particular. I only wanted Calvert and his mare to stand model for the foreground figures of that other sketch—the Castle-Gate. And, now that you have had your revenge, by making me swallow all that humble pie, do sit still a minute, Maddie."

Resuming her position, while her brother worked furiously away, she archly began again:

"So this is Calvert, is it?"

The youth replied by a low bow.

"And that is madam, the mare: and—since we are left to our own resources, so far as that unmannerly artist is concerned,—to complete the business let me introduce myself as Madeline, Maddie, or Mad, just as the fit takes me to be grand, familiar, or crazy."

A running fire of banter was forthwith opened between the two, and, by the time the brother announced his sketch finished, they were quite on familiar terms. Helping his sister down from her elevation, Harvey turned to his young friend with the remark:

"Now that I have got this young gipsy off my mind, tell me,—how does it happen that you are here and in this guise? You have been riding hard, and as I judge from the muddy appearance of yourself and horse, you must have had a pretty tough time of it."

The youth turned scarlet on his attention being thus suddenly recalled to the sorry figure he presented; but drawing his friend aside, he replied in a low tone:

"You cannot tell, Mr. Harvey, how sorely I need advice from some one I can trust; and besides, you yourself are interested in the matter."

In as few words as possible he recounted to him Delaval's bold accusations of the tenantry, and of him (Harvey) for his supposed share in their seditious proceedings; detailed the attempt on his father's life; shewed the trace that he himself had found; described the suspicious meeting between Delaval and the unknown individual, and his own unsuccessful chase of the latter.

"And so, my dear fellow," said the American, "whilst I have been trifling away my time, you have been a prey to the most horrible anxiety. Ruin and death are evidently designed for you and yours. For the service you have done me in acquainting me with this man's machinations against myself I am deeply your debtor, although I scarcely think he will venture to interfere with me. Still, I were worse than a craven not to help you to the utmost to counteract the villain's schemes. But how to proceed! You say you have reason to believe the sister is implicated in the plot?"

Slowly, and with blushing cheek, the youth recounted Marie's

skilful manœuvres to possess herself of the fatal secret he had kept from his father and her brother.

"Do you know?" said Harvey, "I regard you as one of the very finest fellows I ever met. Few grown men could have resisted such seductions as that dangerous woman has at her command, with equal firmness and prudence. But woman's wit alone is equal to cope with woman's wiles. In this game it must be diamond cut diamond. What say you to take Madeline into our confidence? Though young and giddy, she has a good head and a close tongue."

"With all my heart," cried Calvert; "nothing could be better."

Possessed of the main facts she, by a short narrative, subjected the youth to a rapid and searching cross-examination, and without his being aware of her drift, mercilessly unravelled the whole web of Marie's enchantments.

Then coiling herself up into a comical little heap of meditation, after the usual fashion of young maidens when retiring within themselves, she gave herself up to consideration of the case. At last, knitting her pretty brows, and biting her nails, she broke out:

"I don't like it. I can't understand it. Either she is Calvert's cousin, or she is not."

"His cousin, of course," said her brother.

"A queer sort of cousin, I should say. But if she is, she knows what she came over from France for; and she knows what the old gentleman meant in bringing her."

"Well, what, Maddie?" said Harvey.

"Marriage, of course," returned she.

"To marry the Colonel?" said her brother, mischievously.

"Now don't be provoking. To marry Calvert, of course!" This was said with a business air, inimitably funny.

"Phew!" whistled her brother, and then he burst into a laugh, whilst Calvert's face was dyed with blushes.

"I don't see anything to make a fuss about," said she with a pout. "He's the heir; and she's a lady in her own right, I have heard?" Here she looked inquiringly at Calvert, who murmured:

"Yes,—the Comtesse de Courtenay."

"Just so," and she nodded her head. "Nothing more proper, you see. But if she means marriage, she must be both heartless and a fool to side with any one in their nefarious schemes against

her intended husband and his father. It seems like as if she were fooling him on to his ruin, and then going to throw him over for Delaval, only they say he's her brother. But that I don't believe. No woman would commit a crime against her lover for the sake of a brother, unless being only half a brother would make a difference," and at the latter part of the sentence her voice sank lower and she averted her head.

Madeline's reasoning, though essentially feminine, struck both her listeners dumb by its pertinency and force.

"I take you, Maddie," said her brother at last. "You would place her between the horns of a dilemma. Either she is a sham cousin of Calvert's, and has a closer interest in Delaval than a sister's, since it involves treachery against a lover, or worse still, she is truly a cousin, and — Mrs. Stowe can best say what else!"

The three sat long conning over the case under the new light thus shed upon it by Madeline's sagacious hypothesis, until the sinking sun warned them to retreat.

Rising, the American turned to his young friend, saying: "There is one thing apparent from all this. The Delavals are one in the whole affair. They are anxious to embroil you with your father; nay, if possible, to turn your concealment of the box-lid which they know you to have found, into a means of implicating you in the criminal attempt upon your father's life. The real culprit it is their interest to shield. For some cause or other they fear this Barney, and are resolved to fasten down the guilt of attempted homicide upon the poor man. The times are favorable to the plot; and my casual presence in the vicinity was employed to give color to the whole fable, for Delaval well knows the prejudice your father, in common with most military men of the old British school, entertains against the Americans, and he knows, besides, the active suspicions of the Government anent States' agency in their present troubles. Our first move must be to get the rights of this lid business out of Barney. You are assured of the man's fidelity, you say?"

"I would stake my life upon it!" replied Calvert with warmth.

"May all the blissid saints, and the Howly Mother hersilf, who knows my heart, bliss ye for that same word, Masther Calvert!" broke in a muffled voice from somewhere under their feet.

Turning round at the sudden adjuration, the eyes of all the startled party rested on a wild apparition! A stone flag, in the

floor of what had been the crypt of the old chapel, was being slowly raised. A human head and bust were dimly seen beneath, struggling to displace the slab.

With a suppressed shriek, as if she feared the grave were indeed yielding up its charge, Madeline clung trembling to her brother. But Calvert, dashing forward, heaved, with his whole strength, against the stone.

Thus assisted, Barney, for it was none other, emerged. Letting go his hold, the heavy flag dropped into its place again. Then the youth faced round on the intruder.

CHAPTER VIII.

To the two onlookers, that was indeed a speaking silence that followed. For a full minute not a sound, not a motion broke the stillness. But the face-play of the two chief actors was something thrilling in its intensity of meaning, in its rapid interchange of emotion. The youth's countenance, pale, stern, commanding, the candid brow calm, unruffled, but haughty, the lips firmly compressed, all served to heighten the questioning expression of the cold, clear, unwavering blue eye, which poured forth a steady searching gaze, as the truth-compelling spear of Ithuriel.

It was such a gaze as well became a son making inquisition for a father's blood. With a shiver, the observant girl read therein the settled determination, if there was even a sign of flinching in the eye that encountered his, that life for life was to be the forfeit.

But the eye of the man they had accused of murder did not flinch. Though every nerve of the pallid, grimy face was quivering with agitation, and the hands were piteously working; though in the grey, dilated eye, you might by turns read suspense, awe, terror, the agony of wounded feeling, indignant resentment of suspicion; yet, as truth never quails before justice, so the man's conscious integrity upheld him through the ordeal; and never did his look once swerve, till the youth's softening eye and lip relaxing into a smile told that the trial was over. Then the recoil came, and the break down of the strong man was something pitiable to witness. Gasping, sobbing, grovelling at the young man's feet, with out-stretched hand he burst forth hysterically:

"For God's sake, masther Calvert, you wouldn't take back the kind word, would ye? Say ye nivir, for wan minnit, laid the likes on ould Barney."

"If your eye had not told your innocence, my bullet would have been through your brain by this time, Barney," said Calvert.

"Didn't I see it in yer eye?" exclaimed the Irishman; "an' why *didn't* ye shoot me, sooner than kill me dead wid the black thought! To think that his haner the Colonel 'ud iver live to say he was shot by the hand of the wan that loved him so well, he's been kilt ten times over savin' his life! See here!" and tearing open his bosom, he showed several ugly scars in the neck and chest.

"Thim wor all got," continued he, "killing the beggars that tried to kill him, an' if ye cut out my heart this minnit, ye'd find him in the core."

"Never mind, Barney," said the youth, "I knew you'd never have a hand in it; and my father doesn't believe it any more than I do. Didn't he open out like fury on Delaval, when the fellow was boring him for a warrant to apprehend you? He told him to go to thunder! for he wouldn't lift a hand against an honest fellow like Barney, and that he would as soon think *I* did it as you."

"Whoosh! Hirroo! Glory be to the Maker!" cried Barney, leaping up, flinging his hat in the air, and wildly jigging it off like a madman. "Sure an' I'm a man wanst more! Didn't I know it well now? More be token, isn't that what Biddy towld the Divvle man yondher,—an' it's well that name fits him, anyhow,—says she, 'ye toad-eatin' bla'gard! an' maybe it's the Colonel wouldn't have the hide aff ye, if he'd hear the first crooked word comin' out o' yer ugly mouth agin', Barney!' an' maybe she didn't give him the length av her tongue, sure an' it's not a short one, that same,— and a thrifle worse than that to disgist besides!"

The remembrance of the scene he was describing, seemed so exquisitely ludicrous that the volatile Irishman flung himself on the ground, and rolled over and over in convulsions of laughter, while the tears still coursing down his cheeks betrayed the perturbation of spirit he had undergone.

Waiting until the hysterical violence of his emotions had in some measure subsided, Calvert kindly laid his hand on his simple friend's shoulder, saying:

"But you haven't told us yet how you got off from Delaval, nor how it was you jumped up among us so like a ghost. Come over here, and I'll introduce you to my friends."

Glancing furtively around, Barney seemed for the first time to be aware of the two strangers' presence:

"Friends o' yours, master Calvert? Sure then they wouldn't be after bethrayin' a poor boy like me?" said he, in a beseeching tone.

"Nonsense, man! They are only anxious to serve you and me," said Calvert. "That's what we were talking about when you burst out on us."

As the eye of the poor, distraught creature rested upon the fairy form and the speaking features of the girl, he visibly started, and spoke half under his breath, at the same time plucking Calvert's sleeve confidentially:

"Aye, sure an' its the same! Ye see I disremembered it with the throuble, but I mind now. When I was safe among the ould graves annunder here I thought I would choke wid the close smell, an' the did men's dust in me troat; an' I hungered for a sight av the blissid day: an' so I prized up the stone a bit; but I jist let it dhrap again wid the wonderment. There, sure enough, right forninst me I saw the howly Mother hersilf standing on a cloud, in white robes, wid the angel face, an' the glory round it, lookin' down wid a smile av pity on the poor innocent boy they were huntin' to the death! Augh! blessins on yer purty face, an' may the Saints be atune ye and all harm!" continued he, dropping on one knee, and reverently kissing the hand held out to welcome him. "It's the warm heart ye left me wid, anyhow; to think the blissid Mary 'ud feel for a poor boy in his throuble! An' it's no lie nayther, for yer face tells you've a feelin' heart, ye darlint!"

"I do indeed feel for you, Barney;" said the girl, melted almost to tears.

"This is my friend, Mr. Harvey;" said Calvert.

"Oh, indade thin! an' it's him's the Amerrykin giniral the boys bez tellin' about;" and drawing himself to his full height, the Irishman swept up his hand in the graceful military salute.

"No, no, Barney!" said Harvey, laughing: "you're as far out now as you were about my sister. That's only another of Delaval's lies to get me and other honest people into trouble."

In no wise abashed, the Irishman answered with a knowing wink:

"Ye're right, sir, ye're right! But atune frinds it's no harm, only if sich-like be the orthers from headquarthers, there's more

than Barney will put the knife to their own heart, first!" and an expression of defiant menace swept over his countenance.

"I don't understand in the least what you are driving at," resumed Harvey. "I have no wish to penetrate your secret. But if it be what I suspect it is, my advice to you is to have as little to do with secret societies of the kind as possible. They can't do any good, and may be turned by designing villains into a means of harm. There would have been no attempt on the Colonel's life, and you would not now be fleeing for your's, if the existence of such illegal societies did not afford a cover for the villainy of such men as Delaval; for that he is at the bottom of all this, I am firmly convinced."

Beyond turning a puzzled face from the speaker to the others, Barney made no reply.

"Well, we haven't heard your adventure with Delaval yet. Go ahead, and tell us what you were laughing at a few minutes ago," said Calvert.

(To be continued.)

OPIUM DREAMS.

IT is not my purpose to enter upon a discussion of the evils of Opium, nor to hold up to public execration the eaters of Cheng—this I leave to moralists, remarking simply that however seductive either drug may be, however exquisite the pleasure it confers, I should earnestly dissuade any one from even experimenting with either of them, for the delight and ecstasy are purchased at too dear a price, the wondrous dreams are followed by too horrible a depression, and the struggle to free oneself from the intense craving after the poison is so fierce, so hard, that more than one fails and sinks back into the vice irremediably. Neither do I mean to plead ache, famine or misery, as an excuse for my first recourse to Opium and Cheng—I took to both because I wished to find out for myself how much of truth and how much of fiction there was in the accounts I had read of visions and dreams. Constitutionally of an excitable temperament and endowed with a vivid imagination, I expected that the after effects of the drug upon me would be extremely depressing, the more so that I hoped for strange, unexperienced emotions and sights. In neither of these

suppositions was I disappointed. I enjoyed, while under the influence of Cheng the most startling and at the same time the most profoundly exquisite experiences that I have ever known. One night especially—a Saturday night—I had, in company with a friend, also an opium-eater, taken a heavy dose of the green, viscous drug known as Cheng, or Indian hemp. The visions and memories of that night are yet as clear, as sharply distinct as their vague dream-form permits; the sense of complete delight, of thorough bliss, I can even now recall, and find in it the most powerful temptation to recur once more to the too-seductive magician.

At the time of my first indulging in opium, which I soon abandoned for cheng, I was living in one of the quietest parts of London, some distance from the business part of the City but in the immediate neighbourhood of two of those great arteries of traffic along which the roar and bustle of life sound from early morning till late in the night. I employed myself in writing for the stage, for the newspapers and for the magazines, and led much the Bohemian life which is supposed to be invariably that of a writer. My days were spent mostly in my own room, elaborating dramas and comedies, finishing up articles, or in the reading-room of the British Museum. When, from any cause I took to wandering through the streets, my erratic course generally ended at the doors of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, to which I had daily admittance. There I would sit for hours before a *Pictà*, a *Madonna*, or Van der Neer's adorable *Moonlight*, reading all the story told by the painter, making out, at first with difficulty, the bright thought which lay beyond, and at last,—losing myself in the depths of recollection and imagination,—forget that I lived in this nineteenth century of ours, and fancy myself among the crowds around the Divine Raphael, or strolling along with unhappy Andrea, or gazing with Neer at the calm Dutch landscape he loved so well. Days thus given up to quiet reading and study were followed by evenings spent in listening to the music of Weber, of Mozart, of Beethoven, of Gounod, or in declamation of Goethe's *Faust*, Musset's *Nuits* and Browning's *Paracelsus*, my companion in all such recreations being this opium-eating friend I have before referred to.

It was long before I could induce him to let me share his store of "Paradise delights," as he called his opium pills and his box

of cheng, but at last I succeeded in making him promise that I should have a dose of opium on the evening we had appointed to go to Covent Garden theatre to hear Weber's *Oberon*. I well remember the evening. We went through the crowded Gray's Inn Road and Holborn, through Lincoln's Inn Fields, Great Queen street and Bow street, and at last gained the gallery door of the theatre. Numbers of people were already assembled there, and we took our places in the rear rank quietly, and ascended the many flights of stairs without much grumbling. The gallery of Covent Garden is not the most comfortable nor the best ventilated part of the huge theatre, and even without the narcotic I had taken and which now began to operate, I might have been tempted to sleep. As it was I lay back in my seat, closed my eyes, and straightway began to dream half-formed, misshapen dreams that refused to make themselves clear. Presently I heard the sounds of music, and knew that the overture had begun. The music seemed different from the Oberon overture that I had known before; it was deeper, clearer as to meaning, yet more mysterious, indefinably grand with an element of strange weirdness running through it; instead of instruments played by human hands it was the voice of invisible spirits that I heard; gnomes, nixes, kobolds were chanting in concert; huge forms took up the words and repeated them; storms raged through forests of dark pines; distant thunders growled, and Rhines and Danubes flowed boisterously, but all was music, enchanting, subjugating music that I must needs listen to and which moved me profoundly. Now I felt that I was in the land of fays, of mythology, of romance; my nerves, strung to the utmost, responded to every vibration of the notes; my imagination, free to wander, led me roaming through the realm of half-waking dreams

"On paths unknown, to climes unknown."

The overture ceased, but the music in my brain continued. I was the one among thousands of spectators that could hear the real strains and wondrous melodies of which the ordinary overture was but a faint imitation, a lost echo, and while the curtain rose amid the plaudits of the audience, I, falling more and more under the power of the opium, lived more stirring scenes than the mimic ones on the stage. After a time I sat up and looked around the great hall, full from floor to ceiling, and strangely enough it

appeared to me bare and ugly. I own to having expected something different, but the transition was disappointing. The misty outlines of beauty that had floated past my closed eyes were exchanged for numberless plain and ugly faces, many, alas! painted and gaudily adorned. Yet this must have been a freak of my imagination, as, at the altitude I gazed from, a very powerful glass would have been necessary to distinguish these blemishes. I sat silent and uninterested, caring naught about the play, naught about the music that softly accompanied the airs, and wondering why it was that the potent drug produced me no greater pleasure. Suddenly a sort of column of flame whirled past me and forced me to close my eyes. When I opened them again I was awed at the change which had taken place; the theatre was gone, and instead of it I sat high up in a mighty dome whose sides were lost in darkness, above, below, around, and of which the end opposite to me seemed distant as the end of the world. This great void was lighted up by innumerable groups of light that shed a mellow radiance around, but were not powerful enough to dispel the surrounding gloom; by these lights more than by any visible form could I tell that it was within a dome I sat, solitary and silent. Presently the music, which had ceased for a moment, stole once more into being, and flowed out of or through the darkness which it gradually and rapidly changed into one limitless ocean of light and sound, so mingled together, so constantly shifting that I strove vainly to distinguish between the dazzling beams and the strange, sweet notes. Then the sea of light began to divide in the centre and to change into molten clouds, as it were, and in the space thus encircled I beheld the veritable vision of Coleridge, a vision related in his own beauteous language, and which I knew well—

> "It was an Abyssinian maid,
> And on her Dulcimer she played,
> Singing of Mount Abora."

Was I dreaming? Was this but a phantom of my brain? As I looked and looked at the fair, fragile form, I swore it was true; as I heard the prolonged and mysterious strains of music rise higher and higher, once more blending with the ever shifting light, I knew it was false. The truth is, I was right and wrong. I was assuredly in no dome, such as Martin depicts in his *Pandemonium*, I really saw no Abyssinian maid, and I was after all

only in the gallery of Covent Garden, and the vision had been but the sight of the *prima donna* when shown to Sir Huon by Puck. Yet in another sense I had really seen all this; I had seen Reiza as Weber dreamt she was seen by her lover; I had realized, if but for an instant, the highest conception of imitative art—all had been true to me. The kingly opium, the prized drug had wrought a wonder for me, and where hundreds saw but an indifferent stage with a fat woman behind a gauze veil, had revealed to me a being beautiful beyond all understanding, and had made me stand under the very vault of the world.

On another occasion I varied the experiment of eating opium by smoking the drug. Not being certain as to what the immediate results might be I was very careful to remain at home, and having locked myself in my bedroom, commenced operations. I had resolved to lie down as soon as I should feel the action of the narcotic, but, owing probably to my frequent use of opium, I did not "go under" as quickly as I expected. When I did, I laid down the pipe, rolled over on to the bed and immediately dreamed, so rapidly indeed after lying down, that on awaking subsequently I could not help laughing at the sudden contrast of scenes between my wakeful and narcotised conditions. The last thing I had seen as I lay down was the homely little garden at the back of the house on which my window looked, with its three or four beds of flowers, its shady seat and heap of bricks, conventionally termed a "rockery." From this I passed into an inexplicable dream, the *reason* of which I have never been able to ascertain. I shot up suddenly to a giant size, to such a giant size that as I stood on this globe of ours I touched *sublimi sidera vertice.* In a mad frenzy the Titanic myself spun the earth round and round beneath his feet while thus poised in space; and, while engaged in this extraordinary game, I *dipped* my hands into the dark-blue heavens all o'er-studded with stars, and made planets and suns whirl hither and thither as soap bubbles in a basin. I remember that I had no feeling, no lurking suspicion of the whole being merely a dream, merely a phantasm of my excited brain, but that I revelled in the sense of god-like omnipotence and in the power for evil which had expanded in me. I exulted and rejoiced. I knew that no other being had ever enjoyed such glorious sport—and as the thought flashed in my brain, like a drunken giant I shouted aloud under the everlasting arches of

space, and drove world after world more tumultuously than before. Strange it is, that as in ordinary dreams I could see myself standing there in towering majesty, but though all was very distinct, from the rapid whirling of the earthly globe to the "frightened countenances" of the stars, I was unable to see the face I wore in this transformed shape of mine. There the figure stood, colossal, brawny, laughing its sonorous laugh of hellish pleasure, lit up by a lurid glare which lit up naught else, and yet, do what I would, I could not see the features.

This was the single vision I had that day. I fell into a profound sleep which lasted several hours and from which I rose heavy, downcast and moody, but with the sight of that awful disturber vividly before me, and his shout that

"Frighted the reign of Chaos and old night,"

still ringing in my ears.

But the most beautiful visions procured me by opium, paled before those the potent cheng called up from the Shadowy Land, and I soon forsook the opium pill for the acrid Indian drug. Its effects upon me were always prompter and greater than those of opium, and, though at first startlingly sudden, easily and quickly enjoyed. However, it so changed realities that observation, while under its influence, was out of the question. Opium changed ordinary scenes into pageants of unparalleled splendour, transformed a block of plain houses into a monumental pile of palaces, enlarged landscapes, and gave immensity to distances, but cheng surpassed it in one and all of these. Stepping one night into one of the most deserted squares in Islington, shortly after having taken cheng, I shrank back appalled at the countless multitude of men that thronged the usually quiet streets, every one of which was now densely packed with human beings, whose faces, of a hideous, ghastly blue were turned on me with a fixed, stony glare in the unreal, monstrous eyes. From this host of unearthly beings arose a loud, long clamour like the restless beating of the vexed ocean on a rock-bound shore, a clamour which was neither a shriek, nor a wail, nor a cry, nor the dread weeping and gnashing of teeth, but seemed made up of all these and moans and murmurs, plaints, groans, sobs, sighs and dying rattle. The horrid sound rose loud upon the air, and the blue haze, which shrouded all, waved and lifted as the clamour swelled, sank and waved as it fell. Here

and there flashed faint some lurid spots that seemed faces of tormenting demons flying abroad over this sea of inhuman visages, to add to their torments in order that my terror might be greater and colder than the clammy sweat on my brows. With difficulty did my friend urge me to go on, nor heed these phantasms. I resisted, for they were no idle creatures of the brain to me, but living, evil-intending forms. When I prevailed on myself to move forward, it was with extreme care, and not till I had walked fully a quarter of a mile did the dream vanish, the illusion fade, that had caused me such genuine anguish. As it melted away, and as the physiognomy of the streets became recognizable, the old feeling of immense stature came over me. Consciousness of my dread height made me bow my head beneath the clear, dark-blue heavens lest I should strike the stars that revolved through space. Inconceivable lightness pervaded me; I felt able to run, to run fast and faster; I was devoured by the desire to do so, and to hasten away out of sight of man into some profound desert I imagined to lie beyond the maze of houses. In this state did I reach my home, and rapidly ascending the stairs, rushed into my room and threw myself on the bed.

And now words fail me to convey even a dim idea of the dreams I dreamed, of the visions I beheld as I lay there, conscious and unconscious at one and the same time; supremely happy, feeling even the act of breathing to be a source of unspeakable delight. Change followed change in quick succession; thought could not keep pace with the shifting scenes that passed before my closed eyes, nay, thought itself was so rapid that it had scarce time to form, ere it was driven out by a new fancy. In the words of Browning, I swooned away

> "At once
> Into a sea of bliss."

No longer a man, I had become as it were, a pent-up volcano. The boiling flames within were surging and rolling mightily about, heaving the darkened surface of the crater—all around was darkness, not black darkness, but darkness intensely, profoundly green, so green that it was well nigh black but never became so. The pulsations were tremendous; the noise of them echoed in my ears, and the roar and rumble sped away into the infinity of obscurity around; faster and faster the yet hidden fiery torrent heaved up,

strove to burst its bonds, fell back with commotion and tumult, and then

> " * * heller und heller, wie Sturmesrauschen,
> Hört man's näher und immer näher brausen."

It broke forth at last, with a sudden, dazzling glow of flame and light, pervading me with warmth and a sense of hitherto unknown happiness which was to happiness, so called, as the sun in its glory to a wretched sulphur match. It was over-mastering, entrancing delight, suffusing my being, flooding it with ecstasy and freeing me of all pain and ache. This sensation was but the prelude to another still stranger—the night, dispelled for some moments by the divine light which had flamed forth, closed in again and through eternal space was I

> "rapt along
> As in a flying sphere of turbulent light,"

with speed inconceivable did I shoot, emitting light and heat in my course, through millions and millions of leagues of empty space, of absolute void, sunk in Cimmerean gloom, till suddenly from a great globe of fire I shrank up into a tiny bright star, suspended so high over the deep that I trembled, lest the power that upheld me should loose its hold and I should fall as fell the proud archangel—

> "From morn
> To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
> A summer's day; and with the setting sun
> Dropt from the zenith like a falling star."

But I remained, and as a star gazed down through the shades on what lay below. I dare scarcely write what my vision was, a vision which was even more felt than seen, for what could be seen? Naught that human accents can describe. Chaos, primary chaos with the brooding spirit over it; chaos with all its undefinable horror, and the spirit with the awe it inspired!

Swiftly changed the scene. The complete trance was partly dispelled and I knew that I was lying on my couch, that I could arise and walk about if I chose, but no desire to do so wrought within me. It was so passing sweet to lie there and breathe, that I cared not to turn or move. Just at this moment, the house door, not fifteen feet from me, closed with some noise. The sound,—though I knew it was close,—came to me as though that door had been shut thousands of years before and in another world, from

which the echo since wearily travelling had but then reached me and died in my ear. Music now made itself heard; not from the exterior, but from the depths of this shadow-land in which I was living; music that was so rarely sweet that it never palled. It came—whence it came, the angels may tell—stealing out of the light and seeming to be the light; it grew, it rippled up in waves of melody softer, dearer, than any earthly sound; it wrapped me round, bore me away on an ocean of harmony, laid me down again, played about my head, murmured past more gently than a zephyr, swooned into the light, burst forth into prodigious sonorousness that never deafened, smote into eternity and melted into visions of passing loveliness. The music, the light, the bliss, the visions, seemed all one, all similar yet all different, springing the one from the other, and yet never separate. With light was music, with music visions—visions of tropical scenery, of great blue oceans with white sails lazily drooping on the masts of boats, groves of palms and strange grasses among which showed wondrous, unknown flowers; sandy deserts that lay burning hot under the rays of the sun and gaped, parched, and dry; caravans of interminable length, filing slowly in the shadow of colossal pyramids, and winding round monstrous sphinxes that sat stony and still; broad rivers, with black currents that bathed the feet of dark statues, and the fallen columns of mighty temples, in which all was gloom and silence; boundless wastes of snow and ice that sparkled in the glare of midnight auroras, and were crossed by weird phantoms; mountain gorges steeped in shade, and bold rocky capes jutting out into the sea which tossed and raved at their granite feet; alpine peaks surging out of unfathomable depths and glowing with the rays of the setting sun; peaceful lakes, embosomed in woods, fringed with reeds, sleeping in the calm moonlight; dreary, untrodden steppes of short, burnt grass; wildernesses of barren rocks and forbidding crags lowering through storm vapours; caverns filled with idols; Indian pagodas and ghauts; feudal castles perched high in air and gleaming suddenly in the lightning sheen; sombre passes lost in gloom, and with a sound of plashing waters uprising from them. These passed, faded, died, and were followed by others, but still throughout all the heavenly music thrilled me and came

> "As the scent of a violet withered up,
> Which grew by the bank of a silvery lake."

Language cannot pourtray a thousandth part of all that appeared to me, and could it do so, volumes would not suffice to describe the varied scenes that rapidly shifted and changed, and gave place to ever new creations. Eternity crowded into an instant; space and time annihilated, such was the effect of the drug. In my deep repose I was more blest than all men; I was endowed with miraculous power; I saw what mortal eyes can never see.

Nor were these dreams the strangest portions of that night's experience. After they passed away, the same sensation felt already returned, and once more I streamed through eternal space as a life and light-giving map of fire, from which I returned again to semi-consciousness, when my first impulse was to note carefully in my memory the various phases of my condition. Now did I have one of the most wondrous exemplifications of the power of cheng and of the rapidity of thought. Infinitely quicker than can be imagined, quicker than thought, my resolve became visible to me as a fiery dart flying swiftly, swiftly, swiftly, and my visions changed into an infinite, exceedingly tenuous scroll which, perpetually unrolling itself on the one hand, eternally rolled itself up on the other. And on this marvelously thin, transparent web were figured all at once, every one of my visions, every one of my thoughts. As I formed the resolve to remark everything, a resolve expressed in my thought by the word—"Observe!"—the flaming dart, swifter far than lightning pierced through the woof, but already the "Observe!" had been gone into eternity for countless ages, and long trains of dreams has followed it, ere the quick spear had flashed through the thin scroll.

Besides this the clearest recollection I have is of my longing for water, a longing as intense, I imagined, as was ever felt by castaway mariner or dying Bedouin of the desert, but in my case the longing was unaccompanied by pain of any kind, and merely suggested wild ideas. I must have been lying with my mouth open in the position most favourable to the rapid parching of the throat by the hot, feverish breath. A line from my favourite poet, Browning, which recurred to me at that instant, gave form and colour to my dreams and fancies. The line was one in "Paracelsus"—

> "Friends
> Whose memories were a solace to me oft,
> As mountain-baths to wild-fowls in their flight."

In the shape of a thirsty, restless spirit I was hovering in great heaven, circling through the ether, with downward glance seeking some spring or lake in which to slake the fire that burned me with such sweet burning that it was pleasant to feel. My long gyrations at last brought me over a vast circle of stupendous mountains of bare granite which, high though they rose in air, were snowless on their summits, herbless and treeless on their flanks, but which held, away down an abyss, a still, cold pool of water that nor glimmered nor shimmered, so lost was it in the deep shadows of the surrounding cliffs. Like hawk or eagle I swooped down from my lofty sphere to reach that fresh tarn—but as I came on a level with the peaks my course was stayed by an unseen power, and I was forced to drive before the wind, dashed every moment against the hard, stony crags, and never losing sight of the pool that gazed up into the

"Lone, sad, sunny idleness of heaven."

Wonderfully real, wonderfully clear were all those visions. Many, however, accompanied them that were but vague and undefined; only a few would stand out from them as with all the reality of life. I could go on telling of more, of some stranger still, perhaps, but that I find this mode of writing grows on the man as the craving for cheng, perhaps with as bad a result. So let the sunny memories remain untold, the fairy dreams unrevealed, and my pen, taken up partly with a view to warning people from opium, end by transcribing a glorious hymn in its honour, a hymn which though not versified, glides more smoothly than many a more pretentious competitor, and coming from one who had known all the joys and sorrows which opium can give:

"Oh! just, subtle, and mighty opium! that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for 'the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel,' bringest an assuaging balm; eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath; and to the guilty man, for one night givest back the hopes of his youth, and hands washed pure from blood; and to the proud man, a brief oblivion for

Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged,

that seemed rest to the chancery of dreams, for the triumphs of suffering innocence, false witnesses, and confoundest perjury; and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges;—thou buildest

upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles—beyond the splendor of Babylon and Hekatompylos; and 'from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,' callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from 'the dishonours of the grave.' Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, oh! just, subtle, and mighty opium."

PHILIP BLAIR;

OR,

School Days in the Dominion.

BY E. LAWSON FENERTY, ESQ., HALIFAX, N. S.

CHAPTER III.

THE report of the conduct of the boys towards the old toll-keeper having became known to Mrs. Blair, Philip was, by way of punishment, ordered not to go near the field for the next three days.

When Philip heard the mandate he was the picture of despair; "you know," said he, "well enough that all the fellows go there,—and the holidays too."

"Make it two days Alice," interposed the old lady, "it must be very hard to debar him from his associates for so long a time, for a boy at least."

Phil's eyes twinkled, but he wisely held his tongue, knowing that all he could say would not advance his cause.

But Mrs. Blair was inexorable, what might have been her intentions in reference to commuting the sentence previous to the old lady's ill-judged interference, I cannot say; but I humbly believe that from the moment she spoke Phil's sentence became a fixed fact, and his opinion that he was ill-used firmly established.

The next day he left the house with his mother's warning still sounding in his ears, not to go near the forbidden spot; he had privately made up his mind that he would obey until Saturday, but then he was bound to go; so starting off, strong in the consciousness of doing what was right, he went down in the

direction of the factories, intending to spend his day among the machinery, but somehow there was a secret charm about the field that it had never possessed before, so getting among the shops he wandered aimlessly from one to the other, unconsciously his footsteps followed the directions of his thoughts, and almost before he was aware of it, heard himself saluted by the cheery voices of his companions from the field.

"Hullo! Phil, where have you been all the morning? hurry up and take a hand;" they were playing ball.

But he only shook his head and stood, irresolutely looking at them; he had come into temptation.

"What are you waiting for?" shouted McLeod; "hold on a minute, boys, and I'll go over; some of his notions," he added, as Phil still hesitated.

"It's no use to talk, Cloudy," said Phil, fortifying himself as the former approached, but in a tone that more than half indicated he was ready to be persuaded: "the *mater* told me I wasn't to go near the field on account of that row with Barney, the old gobbler!"

McLeod only laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" said Phil a little impatiently, "I am sure I can't see much fun in that; 'tis for you, I suppose though," and he turned away surlily.

"Hold on now," said the other, "don't get so waxy for nothing. I was only laughing because you said you were told not to come near the field, and I'd like to know what you call this. I'm not going to coax you, but as long as you have gone so far, you might as well come over."

Phil's scruples began to vanish, and the next minute he was among the boys shouting with the loudest, but now and then a twinge of conscience would cause him to sober down suddenly, in the midst of his merriment.

"Who is that chap?" he asked of one of the boys, pointing to a boy standing near the street, and watching the game.

"That's the new fellow that moved in from the country the other day; he is going to our school."

"Suppose we initiate him," said Phil, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the boy.

The youngster that gave Phil the information remonstrated: "let him alone, he is a real decent fellow."

"No sir, the rest of us had to stand it, and he is no better than we are." The others readily acquiesced with this view of the case, and the boy was summoned.

Now the initiation of a new boy, as he was technically termed, consisted in making him the victim of sundry practical jokes that had been handed down, in their original purity, from one generation of boys to another, and, as a consequence, were only available in the case of a new comer. In some instances once was sufficient to put a boy on his guard; in others, it took two or three; occasionally, indeed, there was one that never learned by experience, and always fell readily into a trap, but these were stock characters, and were never used except when the usual supply of raw material had been cut off. Leading the blind-horse to water was the favorite, and in this case was the one decided on.

"I say! what's your name?" queried Phil, as spokesman for the rest, when the new comer had joined them.

"Walter Beltram," he replied quietly, looking straight at his questioner.

"D'ye play base?"

"I can try," carelessly.

"Take a hand, then; he'll be on your side Cloudy;" then turning to Beltram, he added, "it's our innings, you'll have to field."

"All right, where will I go?"

"He'll show you," pointing to McLeod.

The game had gone on for some time, when Phil suddenly exclaimed: "I vote we stop this; I am getting tired."

"Show us our hand out; show us our hand out; your side has had your innings," shouted the others.

"Yes Phil, do what's fair, we've had our innings," said the pitcher on Phil's side.

"All right, will you have some fun afterwards?" This was promised, so the game was completed to the satisfaction of all parties.

"Now!" exclaimed a half dozen eager questioning voices, "what's next?"

"Blind horse?" said Phil inquiringly.

This was unanimously agreed upon.

"Who is to be first horse?"

"I will, I, I, I," said a lot of eager voices.

But McLeod spoke: "don't make such a row, let Phil be the first, Hammond next, then, what's your name? Beltram; Beltram next, then me, and so on."

"All right, that will do, go ahead."

Beltram looked suspiciously on this arrangement; he thought it was something unusual for boys to be so thoughtful of a new comer; but, as no further notice was taken of him while the arrangements were being made, his doubts were lulled.

"He is a precious cool one," whispered Phil to McLeod, alluding to Beltram, "so have everything straight."

"Now!" said McLeod, "old Butler's door is the stable, and Phil is first horse."

Old Butler, as he was irreverently termed by the boys, was a wealthy old bachelor, and one of the crustiest of his species; he had been the means of bringing the policemen down on the boys times without number, and was therefore considered fair game.

"And," continued McLeod, putting up a stick on the edge of the field directly opposite the door mentioned, "this is the water."

The apparent idea of all this was, that the boy who was horse was to be blindfolded in the stable, his hands tied behind him, and then allowed to go to the spring or stick, which was of convenient height, take a piece of paper off the top with his mouth and return to the stable, the object was to do this the first time, and only a limited number of trials were allowed; the real object developed itself when the new boy took his place as horse.

Phil took his place, his hands tied, eyes covered, and started off to find the water; the first time was very close, the second he picked his way carefully and deliberately across the street, secured the paper and returned triumphant.

Next was Hammond's turn, but he failed ignominiously in every attempt.

Beltram was the next. He would have declined the honor, but it would look churlish; so, taking his place with some misgivings, he was blindfolded and his hands tied, only this time a long cord was substituted, and one end tied firmly to the bell-handle of Mr. Butler's door.

"Are you all ready," said Phil, taking Beltram by the shoulders and squaring him so he faced the stick fairly; "you are just facing it," he added, stepping aside. "Now go ahead."

Beltram stepped boldly out, with his head up, and going

straight ahead, but he had not taken more than a dozen steps before, with a jerk, he was brought up standing. The bell-handle flew out as though it would part company with the retaining wire, and the bell clattered and jingled at a furious rate. Understanding his position at once, and knowing that any explanation he could offer would be futile, he made a vigorous effort and succeeded in freeing his hands, then tearing the bandage from his eyes he started off at full speed, mentally resolving to settle accounts with his tormentors the first opportunity, not one of them being in view then.

He was not a bit too soon, as the door was opened by a servant, followed by the old gentleman, as he was turning the corner.

The other boys, from their position behind a fence across the field, could see the old bachelor examining the cord that remained fastened to the bell-handle, then look up and down the street and shake his head threateningly. This bell had not been rung with so much vigor for many a day. Finding no one to vent his anger upon he went in, and the house resumed its ordinary appearance.

The boys soon returned to their amusements, dropping along by twos and threes from different directions so as not to excite suspicion that they were implicated in the transaction; they had all been together for some little time and were relating for the benefit of one or two, who were not there at the time, all the particulars of the joke, when Beltram came in sight.

"Shut up! there he is now," said one in a warning voice, turning to look in an opposite direction at the same time.

"The Guards go down to Winder to day, to camp out," said Phil, speaking rapidly and trying to look unconcerned.

The rest, taking their cue from this, were speedily discussing the qualities of this particular company of Volunteers, and what fun it would be to go down with them and see the sham-fight, which was to come off on Saturday, before the camp broke up.

"He'll be for fighting some one, see how savage he looks," whispered one of the group, as Beltram came striding towards them straight as an arrow.

"I won't fight unless he hits me," replied Phil.

"Nor me," added McLeod.

"I say!" exclaimed Beltram as he came up, "you're a scaly lot of beggars to serve a stranger that way, and," he continued, look-

ing defiantly at McLeod and Phil, "if you don't like that, why take it up, I'm not afraid of any of you."

Phil felt the hot blood mount to his forehead as the gauntlet was thus thrown down, but checked himself. It was a new experience for him not to accept a challenge from one of his own age and weight. "Don't get so cocky," he replied as quickly as he could, "it was only some fun, all the fellows have to put up with it when they first come out, sometimes a good deal worse than that."

"That's so," testified several voices; "you ought to have seen the row Hammond here got into; your's was nothing."

"We don't fight for such things here," continued Phil, observing that Beltram still looked only half satisfied, but if you want a row, I dare say there will be something to fight about before you're here long; then we can have it out."

Beltram stared, then smiled. Phil's solution of the difficulty was to him decidedly novel.

Just then the dull thud of a bass-drum broke on the air, followed by the clear notes of a cornet.

"There's the band, boys!" exclaimed little Winters, hopping around in a state of intense excitement, "let's go over."

What boy can withstand the fascinating strains of martial music? and these were no exception to the rule, so the whole group were soon in motion, scurrying across the field and up the street to meet the volunteers, who were on their way to the camp at Winder. The squabble was altogether forgotten in the prospect of a tramp with the soldiers.

"Sposin we go down?" suggested McLeod, as they were trudging alongside; "they're going to march all the way."

Phil looked a little doubtfully at this proposal. He thought a moment, and then said, looking hard at his companion, in a preoccupied way, "sposin we do."

But McLeod became alarmed at his own suggestion, and objected: "it's too far."

"Well, what did you say anything about it for? How far is it?"

"Fifteen miles, too far for us to walk, we ain't big enough."

"Pooh!" grunted Phil, his desire to go increasing in a corresponding ratio with McLeod's objections. "I guess we're as big

as him," pointing to the smallest of the two buglers that belonged to the Company, "and can walk as far too."

This was a clincher, and the two walked along in silence for a few minutes.

"Are you going?" said Phil, returning to the charge again: "fifteen miles ain't much."

"Isn't it though; by the time you get there you'll begin to think it is; no sir, you don't get me to go," and McLeod shook his head decisively.

"Well, you're a queer one—ask a fellow to go, then back out that way."

"I didn't ask you, only said, suppose we go."

"Well, what's the difference, snorted Phil, contemptuously," it all means the same; will you come as far as Merton's then? that's only a mile beyond the bridge, you're not too delicate to walk a mile or two, I hope."

"All right, I'll go that far, got any cents to pay your toll?"

"Yes, but I'm not going to pay it though, run it, that's the fun, that is, if we can get a good crowd to go with us; you go ahead and I will see what the fellows say," and Phil turned back to see if he could get the boys to come to his views.

The boys were tramping along by twos to the music of the band, when Phil turned back from his place at the head of the string.

"See here boys!" he exclaimed, in a loud whisper, "what do you say to going over to Merton's?"

There was a general examination of pockets at this, to see if the requisite number of cents were available to pay toll.

"Hold on a minute," he continued, dropping back to the rear of the company, and beckoning as he did so.

"We don't want any tin," he went on, as they assembled about him out of earshot, "let us run it;" and he looked inquiringly from one to the other.

This proposition was received in silence by most of the group; they did not mind going over, but getting back usually proved troublesome, as the old man was prepared for them; they said as much, all but one or two, bolder than the rest, who broke in impatiently with "Oh come along! let us stick together and we can lick old Pimple if he catches one of us."

"Of course, said Winks, sarcastically, lick old Pimple, and then have the Bobbies after us, O yes! but I'm not one though."

"Well who asked you," growled Phil, "nobody ever expects you to go anywhere, we know what you are; better wait till you're asked next time;" and he proceeded to detail the plan of operation to the others, "you see when the volunteers march past the toll house, Barney can't be on both sides of the bridge at once, can he?" This was readily admitted by all as evident; "well then we will keep on the opposite side, that's easy enough."

"Yes, but he can cut between the men when he sees us," objected the irrepressible boy that was sarcastic.

"Look here! old sober sides, as long as you're not going just shut up will you? it does not make any difference to you what he does."

"Will I shut up?" replied Winks defiantly, "not unless I please; do you understand that?"

"It seems to me you're always rowing with some one," interposed McLeod, turning to Phil, "you're getting too cocky, do you know that; that sort of thing won't suit. Who is going over?" he added, turning towards the rest.

"Hold on, now," he said, as Phil began to grumble, "it's no use talking here."

"Well, what business has he got to bother about it as long as it don't interfere with him? If he was going over I wouldn't mind, but don't you see he said he wasn't."

"Don't be a fool, he has got a right to say what he thinks."

All but five out of twenty odd signified their willingness to go; those who preferred remaining were Beltram, Winks, and three little fellows.

By this time the volunteers and their juvenile followers had nearly reached the farther extremity of the bridge, where the toll-house was situated.

"Now boys," said McLeod, who had assumed the direction of affairs while Phil's sulky fit lasted, "let us keep on the opposite side; Phil and Hammond and I will go ahead, and if he tries to stop us, we'll rush and you follow, do you understand?"

"All right, we know," replied several, "go ahead."

The three leaders, followed by the other boys, took up their places, keeping the volunteers between them and what would probably be the toll-keeper's position; but they had reckoned without their host, as he observed them, and readily divined their intentions, from past experience. Standing conspicuously in front

of the toll-house, so that they could plainly see him, he waited until the leading files of the company had passed him, then, as Winks had elegantly expressed it, "cut in between the men," and just as they thought they were safely through, there was Barney, standing like an avenging spirit, brandishing the omnipresent stick in a manner that threatened to dislocate both arms, one moving in sympathy with the other, as he hopped about.

"Put your hands in your pockets as if you were going to get some money," whispered Phil hastily, and, suiting the action to the word, "be ready for a rush."

"Look here!" exclaimed Barney, as they approached, "none ov yer antics now, but be off wid yez and be dacent. No, no ye don't," he continued, as Phil and McLeod approached him, looking suspiciously confidential, "I know yer thricks."

"What are you talking about?" replied Phil, looking indignant. "I guess we are going over this bridge if we want to; you can't stop us;" without waiting for a reply, "change a quarter," and he plunged one hand viciously into his trouser's pocket, and jingled some keys and two or three brass buttons at a furious rate; withdrawing his hand he exclaimed, "now!" and before Barney had time to flourish his stick to any advantage, the youngsters had hustled him over, speechless with indignation, and utterly incapable of preventing their rapid rush past him, as he sat where he had been tumbled, swearing like a trooper, in a voice indistinct from passion.

"Oh ye bla'gards! ye thafes!" he shouted, jumping up and capering about furiously, "I'll break every bone in yer bodies, ye scalliwags!"

The volunteers fairly shouted at Barney's discomfiture; the old fellow got almost frantic at this, and turned his attention to them. "Who are yez that the like ov yez should be laffin at a dacent man? You sogers! Bah!" and he grunted out his contempt for their claims to this title. "Counter-hoppers, and till-pickers and sich," he yelled, as they kept on. "You charge! begorra the only way yez can charge is wid a pen, an' if ye could do as much damage wid the bagginet as ye cud wid that, there'd be no stannin' yez sure?" Contented with having delivered this parting shot, even if the range was long, Barney strutted back to his duties, utterly deaf to the chaff the volunteers sent back.

"Be jakers," he said to himself after he was seated in his place,

"but I'll skelp them rips whin they comes back; there's that one they calls Cloudy, and the Widdy Blair's son, the divils, them's the ones." Barney did not know any of the rest, at least did not know who helped to upset him, so he vented his spleen by meditating how he could best get hold of these two in particular, and mentally loading them with hard names.

"How much farther are we going?" queried one of the group. This was put as a general question for any one to answer. "It's more than a mile from the bridge now, I know; that it is," assented several. As long as the music lasted it was rather pleasant than otherwise, marching along in the sunshine, but when that ceased it became slightly monotonous, and long walks not being an article of which boys are particularly fond, that is for themselves, the majority could not appreciate the beauty of going farther.

"Come on all the way Cloudy, that's a good fellow," said Phil, "we'll have a bully time, why there'll be more'n five thousand of the volunteers there, the greatest turnout yet."

But McLeod only smiled incredulously at his companion's extravagant estimate of the number to be in camp.

"You can laugh, but there is going to be an awful slew, I know that; will you come, say?"

"What will the fellows say if we let them go back without us?"

"What can they say?"

"Why, that if it hadn't been for us they would not have come, and that we ought to go back with them."

This was a new view of the case; "you're right," replied Phil, shaking his head thoughtfully, "I never thought of that. I'll tell you what, though," he added, brightening up, "they can pay going back, then he can't bother them; and if any fellow hasn't got the cents I can give him some, it's only two cents apiece;" and Phil thrust a hand deep into his pocket, fishing out some keys, a bunch of string and a knife; another trial brought to light sundry buttons and a solitary cent, after transferring all these articles to another pocket, the cent excepted, he made another attempt, this time with more success. "I knew I had some," he said exultingly, counting them over, "there's ten, I guess that will be enough."

"Shall I tell 'em we're going all the way?"

But McLeod shook his head, "I don't think; there is no one

there that we know, and all the money we have between us is only fifty cents."

"I've got a yorker," interrupted Phil, "besides the ten cents."

"Well, what's that, sixty-two-and-a-half cents."

"It's plenty, and besides haven't I got an aunt down there where we can stay, she often asked me to come down and bring a friend." He also drew extensively on his imagination for a description of the town, which was necessary, as he had never been there.

"We can have a jolly time, she is a splendid woman, not a bit stiff, and likes boys," he continued enthusiastically, but his eyes twinkled.

"What street does she live on?" said McLeod, looking doubtfully at Phil. He had some misgivings as to the accuracy of his statement, the more so as he had had some experience in the other's powers of imagination.

But Phil was ready, and gave him the name of the street, also describing the house with a minuteness that would have excited suspicion in an older head, but it apparently satisfied McLeod, as he reluctantly consented to go.

"I say boys! Cloudy and I are going all the way to Winder," said Phil, the moment the former had indicated his readiness to do so.

"That's shabby!" exclaimed Hammond, promptly, "after getting the fellows to come this far to back out about going back. I don't care for myself," he continued, "because I can pay my toll, but I know some haven't got a cent with them."

"That's all right then," said Phil, eagerly, "that is just what I was going to say that you could pay, and if any haven't got the money why I'll give it to them." But this only seemed to half-satisfy the others; "you got us to come," they grumbled."

"All right," said Phil, "I'd like to go down, but as long as you are so stiff about it I suppose I'll have to go back; come on Cloudy," and he turned about angrily.

"Let him go if he wants to, what difference does it make," said one after a moment's silence, "he will begin to think that we can't do without him."

By this time the two boys were some distance on their way towards home; Hammond therefore shouted after them to come back; at first they did not seem inclined to do this, but finally

the desire to go on proved too strong for their sense of wounded dignity, and they rapidly retraced their steps.

"It's all right," said Hammond, "as long as there is money enough to pay the toll, so cut on ahead and we will get back."

"You don't think it mean?" said Phil.

"No! no! go along or the Company will be out of sight."

"Here Ned," and Phil hastily thrust the cents into Hammond's hand, "give these to the fellows that haven't any. I hope there are enough," and the two boys turned and scurried on after their military friends, whom they soon overtook.

For a time they strode along sturdily, but, like a couple of diminutive Shetland ponies among a squadron of cavalry horses, at a manifest disadvantage among the men; who soon noticed them keeping on after the others had turned back.

"Did you notice those youngsters coming along with us, Tom?" queried one of the bandsmen of the drum-major, as they were marching at ease.

"No I did not; why, who are they?"

"One is a nephew of Morel's, the other is McLeod's, the hardware man's son; a precious pair of scamps. I'll warrant they have run away from home to follow us. There is never a bit of mischief among the youngsters but they are at the bottom, either one or the other."

"What Morel is that, the lawyer?"

"Yes."

"That must be Dr. Blair's son, then; I know him by sight. I fancy he knows me as well, but where are they? I must see where they are going."

"There you go again," replied the other, "you're too good-natured by half. I do believe you would consider yourself a veritable monster if those two young rascals should come to grief after you had a chance to help them; let them get along the best way they can. If they go without a supper it will serve them right."

But the good-natured giant only laughed at this. When he laughed it was never loud, but a sort of subterraneous chuckle that resembled an earthquake, as it shook him all over, but the resemblance ceased there, for it never could, by any possibility, hurt any one.

"You're too hard, Aleck," he replied, "if they were my boys I

should be only too well pleased to know that any one had taken the trouble to look after them; even, supposing they ran away, which we have no right to do at present, they are a plucky pair if they intend to walk all the way down, but I must have a look for them," and he turned on his heel to carry his resolution into effect.

"There he goes," ruminated Aleck; "one of the best fellows in the world, with a body like a young lion, and tender-hearted as a woman."

The drum-major was an exceedingly big man; he was more than that, he was enormous, and his good nature, like his body, was enormous as well, and when he was dressed in all the panoply of war, he wore a huge bear-skin cap that added a foot to his height, and made him look very inspiring indeed; his other article of attire was a baton with a gilt ball on the top; that constituted him a drum-major, and made him magnificent in the eyes of the juvenile admirers of military glory.

He soon discovered Messrs. Blair and McLeod travelling soberly along, as though marching fifteen miles or thereabouts was of every day occurrence with them.

"Well boys," he rumbled out, he could not help that, his softest tone was a juvenile roar, but it was melodious for all that; his smile, however, quite compensated for the voice, it was so cheery.

The boys knew him, and as he approached, Phil said: "Here's big Tom Delwyn coming, look Cloudy, ain't he a stunner?"

Cloudy admitted he was.

"Well boys," said the stunner, as he approached them, "where are you going?"

"Down to Winder," Phil replied boldly, "going down to stay with my aunt and see the fun."

"It's rather a long walk for such little chaps as you, don't you think? Why not take the cars? Surely your mother would hardly let you walk this far?"

"Wouldn't she though? I guess if we chose to walk and save the money to spend when we get there, she wouldn't mind, hey Cloudy?" and Phil looked very wise indeed; besides, she knew the Company was coming, or I think she did, so it's all right." He evidently did not care to be questioned very closely. This Mr. Delwyn observed, and said: "Now you youngsters, you must not think to make me believe such a yarn as this, answer me

truthfully, don't be afraid, but speak out like men. Did you run away or not?"

"No sir," exclaimed Phil indignantly; "of course we didn't, we just come;" "without any one knowing it," interposed the drum-major, and he chuckled and shook till the boys had to laugh and admit that they did come without leave, but they did not run away, no sir.

He then tried to persuade them to return as they were barely four miles from home, but this was no easy task with Phil; McLeod was ready to turn about, as he hardly relished the idea of going from the first, but Phil was determined, so the Major having satisfied his conscience in that direction, took them under his special care.

They were now supremely happy, and strutted off with increased vigor, fully two inches taller in their own estimation, after having made such a gorgeous friend, and in the gratitude of their hearts insisted on carrying the baton by turns, and performing any other little services, for which they were amply repaid by a share of the lunch when the Company halted for that purpose.

(To be continued.)

IN MEMORIAM.

A SCORE of years have dropped into the past,
Since, in your home, a life was given for your's—
In summer, when the sunshine lazily
Dipped in the brooks, and to the distant hills
Gave crown of glory on their August green!
It was on Sunday, in the early dawn,
That anxious watchers through long hours of pain
Heard the glad news, from out a shadowed room,
"A son is born—and so far—all is well!"
Our hearts gave forth the music of relief
And thankfulness. But through the after days
Fear followed hope—the burden of suspense
Crushed out our joy; your eyes had seen the light
One little week, when with the noonday came
The dull, chill touch of Death! Its seal was laid

Upon your mother's lips,—and in the hand
Where all the gentle charities of life
Become eternal in the smile of God
She stood a Saint, because a woman pure!
If sweet unselfishness and patient love,
Transparent truth and heart all sanctified
By love of Him she knew and served so well
Can make humanity like our's divine,
She has her rest within the Master's home!
On us the blow fell sharp and suddenly,
And for a time we cowered as blind and stunned.
She had the light—but our's a strange eclipse
Of faith and happiness—for she had filled,
In her sweet, quiet way, our inmost hearts.
You slept unconscious of your cruel loss,
And day by day as in your eyes and smile
We saw your mother's face, our hearts went out
Empty and sore to love you for her sake.
A shadow always seemed about your life,
I know not why—but from your baby days
To me a prescience was of coming doom.
You had life's dower of health, and wealth, and ease,
Love without stint, such discipline and guard,
That *we*, more tender-hearted, if less wise,
Half quarrelled with the love that watched so well.
Your father held you dear as life itself—
A dower of memory and star of hope!
So in the struggle to present you pure
Before your angel mother once again,
He cultured too severely the young soil,
And made it weak, instead of strong to bear.
I would not blame his great untiring love,
What seemed to him his duty was well done,
At any cost of pain unto himself,
But he was strong, and you were weak of soul,
And so the shadow brooded o'er your life.
Boyhood and youth stole quietly away,
Life stretched in promise fair before your eyes,
And childish things with childhood passed away!
It seemed as if it rested with yourself

To win and wear the brave, best things of life,
Fortune had placed your feet upon her steps,
And bade you enter where so many end.

Not in the midnight—not without a sound,
From the grim sentinel your summons came.
Slowly and quietly you yielded up
Your strength to weakness—weary months of pain,
Crushed out the light of earth, and all its joy—
And in the place of strength there came to you
Such gentle patience, such endurance meek
As only comes from baptism of fire.
The moments melted sweetly from your grasp,
And you were calm and happy as a child!
Death came so slowly that at last its face
Grew most familiar, and its final touch
Was like a friend's kind hand in welcome given,
And brought us on the day that gave you birth.
In the fresh glorious summer-time you went
From death to life—the infant's soul put off
Its swaddling bands—and what we term the end,
Was the beginning of that life to you
Which comes to all—new born from pain and death.

Standing this side the sea, and looking down
Into your quiet grave, so early filled,
Deploring with wet eyes and aching heart,
All that you might have been and now are not,
Pigmies of dust! this thought essays to rise,
What was your life but failure from the first?
A life went out to give you life, and here,
With only twenty years upon your scroll,
You lie as mute and helpless as the clods—
The blossom has not borne a single fruit.
We looked for restitution for her loss
In length of days for you—and double share
Of life's best deeds—your portion and her own;
And now your crown has fallen—the crown of youth,
And hope and expectation—all lie here!
Pigmies indeed! We put our feeble strength,

Against the Infinite, and strive to guage
His wisdom with the plummet of our will.
What do we know—of life, of death, of God,
Or of eternity? For you—for us—
His wisdom shapes our being to His will.
Death is the crucible that tries the soul,
And with the veil of flesh now laid aside
Your life may grow into the perfect shape
Of full completeness! This is all we know,
As our hot tears fall back upon our hearts,
That we are here, and you are with the dead!

M. J. K. L.

Victoria Road, Halifax, N. S.

SARAH BISHOP'S SECRET.

BY CORINNE,

Author of the "Haunted Home," "Love and Hempseed," &c.

WE had been living in our pretty cottage in Cornwall, mamma, my brother and sister and I, nearly fours years, when the Tremaines came back to live in their grand old mansion which had been shut up for a long time.

Of course we had to call on them, so a few weeks after they came we went up in great state. Mamma and Charlotte were not over well pleased at having to perform this duty, for they thought that the Tremaines were proud, stiff people, who would think themselves too grand to be free with us, and dear mamma is such a gentle timid soul that it is easy to put her down; and Charlotte is quick to resent all patronage, and to show people that she is a Leigh, and the Leighs were always a proud family.

But I was wild with delight. I wanted so much to see the Hall, the picture gallery and all the quaint old things and places I had heard about, but never seen. The things that these great people had, and that I had "read of in books and dreamt of in dreams," but which were as far from us, Leighs though we were, as from the commonest labourers' families around us. But then Charlotte would say the knowledge that we were Leighs ought to

console us for the absence of wealth, though it seems to me that is poor consolation.

However, to return to the Tremaines. We found them at the very beginning much pleasanter than we had expected. On our arrival we were shown into a pretty little room opening from the back of the hall, and looking towards the sea, and a few minutes after we were seated, Mrs. Tremaine came in. Such a gentle, delicate looking lady, that mamma was quite dignified and imposing beside her. Not that Mrs. Tremaine was wanting in dignity either, but her manner and looks were so quiet and sweet that the idea of her attempting to patronize us seemed most preposterous. I could see that Charlotte was pleased, especially when Miss Tremaine came in, and after giving us all a pleasant greeting, sat down by her and entered into an animated conversation. I heard her say she was glad we were such near neighbours, and hoped we would become friendly very soon, when the door opened and admitted the strangest looking lady I had ever seen, very tall and graceful, and with beautiful dark eyes and clear brown complexion, she could not have been more than thirty, and her skin was as smooth as a child's, but her hair was as white as silver. I could not help seeing a change come over Mrs. and Miss Tremaine when she entered. They seemed to grow cold and reserved until having been introduced to us as Miss Bishop, she took a rather secluded seat not far from me, and they could dismiss her from their thoughts and resume their conversation with my mother and sister. I sat a little apart from the rest, only receiving a stray remark or question from them once in a while, so I mustered up courage enough to address Miss Bishop. She answered politely enough, but seemed not very encouraging. However, I persevered, and before we left, the ice was broken and we were quite chatty and sociable. She talked very intelligently and with much animation, but I noticed with wonder and a feeling of pain that she never smiled; her beautiful dark eyes seemed to record every change of feeling by their expressive glances, but the muscles of her face were immovable. I was so interested in her that mamma had to speak to me twice before I heard. She was saying that we had made a long visit, and when I turned with a start on hearing her words, I noticed that the two ladies were looking at my companion uneasily. We took our departure hastily, for we had stayed a most unheard of time, and

mamma wanted to call at the parsonage before we went home. We drove briskly down the avenue, but before we reached the lodge, we were met by a gentleman on horseback. He drew aside to let us pass, and raised his hat with such an easy grace that we put him down as something uncommon at once. It was rather different from the heavy manners of the young men of the neighbourhood.

"That is Mr. Tremaine, I suppose," said mamma, after we had passed.

"I didn't know there was a Mr. Tremaine," said Charlotte.

"Yes, there is. Mrs. Tremaine spoke of her son. But who is that lady with the white hair? I didn't hear her name distinctly."

"Miss Bishop," said I. "She is Mrs. Tremaine's cousin from India."

"How do you know, Mary? Did she tell you?" asked Charlotte quickly.

"No, David told me about them."

David was our gardener, and he had worked on the Tremaine estate at one time.

"Well Mary, I think you might have waited to find out for yourself; there is nothing I dislike so much as obtaining information about people from servants."

But "there was nothing she disliked so much," was such a common expression with Charlotte concerning my doings, that I did not quite believe in it, and I felt indignant at her tone, and answered sharply: "Well Charlotte, you need not think me so dishonourable as to try to obtain information that the people themselves would not be perfectly willing to give me." And then I obstinately shut my mouth, determined not to say another word until I was questioned, for I knew that Charlotte's curiosity would soon get the better of her importance. I was right, for just before we reached the parsonage gate she said "Well, what did he say about them?"

"Who?" I asked innocently.

"Why David."

"Oh, you mean about the Tremaines? Why he said that Mrs. Tremaine was a widow, and she had one son and one daughter."

"Well, what else?"

"Let me see. Oh, he said that Mr. Tremaine died fifteen years ago, before Mr. Edgar left school."

"Mr. Edgar? Oh the gentleman we met?"

"Yes, of course. Now, if you interrupt again I won't tell you a word more," said I in great delight, trying to lengthen out my story as much as possible to keep Charlotte's agony on the stretch, "and they went away from here ten years ago to go out to India, and they have been travelling about ever since."

"But is that all? Didn't he tell you what they went to India for, or anything about Miss Bishop?"

"Yes he said,—now I wonder if that gate is open or shut, can you see Charlotte? I expect it is shut, just to make me get out and open it. Yes it is. I knew it would be. You hold the reins and I'll get out."

I sprang out and fastened the gate back while Charlotte drove in, and when she and mamma alighted at the door, I finished up with: "He said he had heard that they brought a cousin home with them from India, and that her name was Bishop," and upset all Charlotte's dignity, which was, at least, ten times the usual weight, from the fact that we had been calling at the Hall, and made her frantic to question me further. Poor old Lottie! It was a shame to tease her so, but I couldn't help it. I knew how much she enjoyed a bit of gossip when she could obtain it without compromising her position, and I could easily understand her object in cutting this call so short, while I did my best to make it long, and then to disappoint her after all, for I had nothing more to tell, having had hard work to draw so much out of old David, who was not very communicative.

We soon became very friendly with the Tremaines, and before the summer came it became a common thing for Edgar to ride down in the evening and spend an hour or two with us, and very soon I begun to take riding lessons under his tuition, and we enjoyed many a delightful canter over the moors together. He was fond of drawing too, and of music and flowers, and indeed of everything that I liked, and his manly, easy style, and frank, handsome face, soon won him friends.

I became well acquainted with every corner of the Hall, and spent many days there and nights too, for Mrs. Tremaine and Katie liked to have me with them. There was only one thing about them that did not please me, or that I could not understand; and that was the coldness with which they all treated Miss Bishop, and the efforts they made to keep me from associating freely with her. I was sorry on her account and my own, for she interested

me very much, and I often wondered what the trouble could have been that changed her, she must have been so beautiful before. I dare say some of our neighbours could have enlightened us, but we would not ask of them.

It was a lovely, happy time. Edgar and I soon began to feel something warmer than friendship for each other, and, after a month or two of conscious though outspoken love, he proposed, and we were engaged. How well I remember all the events of that day! He asked me in the morning to go down on the beach with him, and after we had walked up and down in silence for some time, he suddenly put his arm around me, his strong, brave, tender arm, and said, "Mary, isn't it time for us to understand each other?"

I felt as much taken by surprise as if I had not expected this, or something like it, for months past, and did not answer.

"Have I misunderstood you, Mary?" he asked, his voice trembling a little. "Don't you love me?"

"You know, Edgar," I faltered at last.

"Do I know?" he laughed quietly, "but I might be mistaken, so you must tell me."

We had stopped, and he was standing in front of me, with both hands on my shoulders, and I looked up into his laughing brown eyes, and gave him the answer he wanted, and presently he took me home to his mother, and she opened her arms to me and called me her dear daughter, and Katie welcomed me too as heartily as I could desire. But over all this sunshine came a little shadow, when I heard Edgar whisper to his mother, "Does Sarah know?" and she shook her head and said: "No, not yet, we thought it best to wait, we must be careful." And I longed to ask what this secret was that hung over her, but their manner of treating her awed me, and I feared, too, that they would think I was presuming on their love for me and my new position with regard to them, so I waited, but the shadow was fated to deepen.

I soon found that now, instead of meeting Edgar and all of them oftener than before, as I had expected, I saw less of them. One day when Edgar came to take me for a ride on a beautiful pony that he had been training expressly for me, I ventured to ask him the reason of it, and he said: "My love, we have been very anxious about Sarah lately." He was putting me on the pony when he said this, and there was such pity in his tone, and

he looked up at me with so much love in his dear eyes, that I laid my hand on his shoulder and whispered: "Dear Edgar, won't you tell me what it is?"

He withdrew his hand from mine, and mounted his horse, for Charlotte and Willie had come out to see us start, and we rode away, but when we were out in the road, he looked round to make sure that no one was near us, and said in a low voice: "Mary, have you ever heard mother or Katie speak of Sarah's sister Jenny?"

"No, never," I answered in wonder.

There was a long silence, and my heart began to beat painfully, for when I stole a glance at Edgar, I saw that he was pulling his moustache fiercely, as he was in the habit of doing when anything worried him, and I was afraid I had vexed him. Presently he looked at me, and seeing my troubled face, came close to me and taking my hand in his warm clasp, said, "It's a sad story my darling, and one I would rather not tell you now, but you shall hear it sometime."

It was ordered that I should hear it very soon. I went down to the beach the same day after luncheon, and sat down to watch the white-crested waves rolling smoothly in, and to think my own happy thoughts, when to my great surprise I saw Sarah Bishop coming. It was the first time I had seen her since Edgar and I were engaged, and I was startled to see what a change there was in her appearance. She looked haggard and old, and when she sat down by me, her nervous fingers clutched my dress as if she had been frightened at something. I laid my hand on hers, and said kindly, "Why, Sarah, where have you been this long time? I have missed you so much. What has kept you away from me?"

She bent her head close to mine and whispered: "They have kept us apart Mary. They have tried to prevent our seeing each other ever since the time we came here, because they were afraid I should tell you what I know, but I got away from them to-day. Mary, you are going to be married and you ought to know the character of the man you are going to marry."

Her hot fingers clasped mine with a pressure that made me scream, and her eyes seemed almost to burn me with their wild, fierce gaze as her words came pouring out fast and eager. "What do you mean, Sarah?" I faltered, tremblingly. "Do you know how he ruined an innocent girl? Did you ever hear of my sister

Jenny? My only one, a sweet, loving, gentle girl, and he destroyed her, and yet, how I loved him! When he first came to us in India I began to worship him, and I made a vow to myself that I would win him in spite of everything and everyone. I felt as if I could bear eternal misery only to hear one word of love from his lips, or rather I could not believe there ever would be any misery for me in this world or the next if he loved me. But we left India and came to Europe, and when we were in Rome I found that my Jenny was keeping a secret from me, and I soon knew that she was trying to steal away my idol. Think of it, Mary, what it would be to lose Edgar! Think of his sunny eyes and noble face, of his bewitching grace and beauty, but think of him as ten thousand times more attractive than he is now. Now he is a cold, stern man; then he was joyous as the sunlight and beautiful as an angel. But no, you could not imagine it, your cold English hearts are no more capable of developing love, or passion, or imagination, than your climate is of ripening the fruits that grow in our gorgeous, glorious land. We in India can dare and do things that would make your flesh creep only to hear of."

The wild energy of her words is indescribable. The memory of it comes back to me always, accompanied by the sobbing of the waves, and by a strained feeling about my eyes, and a throbbing, burning pain in my head.

She continued: "I bore this agony in silence for weeks, until I found that Jenny was lost and ruined. I heard her one evening in the garden pleading with Edgar to have pity on her, and tell her when this misery might end, and he put her off with excuses. That night I concealed myself in her room, and when she was asleep I sat down by her side and thought of her disgrace, and my misery, and love, and I killed her."

I sprang up in horror, and tried to escape from this dreadful woman, but she held me fast, and went on, with a strange calmness taking the place of her former energy. "I set fire to the bed and watched until it burst into flames, and at the same moment a flame sprang up in my breast which has burned ever since, and will go on burning for ever and ever."

"But why did they let you go unpunished?" I asked. The words seemed to rouse her to fury. "Fool," she exclaimed with flashing eyes, "do you think I let them know I did it? do you think that any one would suspect me? now go and marry Edgar

if you can; now you know how he destroyed us both, Jenny and me."

She held me by the shoulders while she uttered the last words, and then threw me from her violently, and fled away across the sands.

* * * * * * * * * *

I turned from the spot and stumbled blindly over the rocks, feeling as if all life was over for me. When I reached the grassy slope above the beach, where Edgar and I had often sat and walked together, I fell down and pressed my cheek against the cold earth. I wished that I had died on one of those bright summer days, when earth and sky had smiled on me alike, but now the autumn had come, and I thought that all light and warmth had died out of my life for ever. When I rose I was conscious of only one desire, and that was to go away as far from the spot as I could that I might not be forced to see Edgar again. I tried not to believe what I had heard against him, but I remembered how they had tried to keep Sarah from conversing with me, and how he had put off the explanation I had asked for, this very day; and with the recollection of the wild eyes of that poor woman that he had driven mad, for mad I felt she must have been when she committed that dreadful deed; and with one hasty glance towards home, I went to the station, and was soon speeding away from the place where I had buried all my hopes, with the intention of going to London and hiding myself there. I was destined to change my plans, however. Late in the night the train stopped at a little station in Devonshire, and a lady got out. She and I had been sole occupants of the carriage for some time, and I raised my head as she passed. She stopped immediately. "My poor child how ill you look!" she exclaimed, when the full light of the lamp fell on my haggard face, "excuse me for taking such a liberty, but may I ask how far you are going?"

"I don't know," I answered, for my mind was so unsettled that I had forgotten my intention of going to London.

"But have you no friends here?" I shook my head.

"Have you forgotten where you were going?"

"Yes," I said, putting my hand to my forehead. "I had forgotten. I think it is here." I think some instinct told me not to lose sight of her, and I stepped out upon the platform, and after standing for a few minutes, trying to think, I walked away into

the dark night. With unsteady steps I stumbled on along a country road, until overcome by weakness and blinded by the darkness I fell by the side of the road, and lost all consciousness. When I opened my eyes again I found myself lying on a settle, in a room full of people. The first my eyes fell upon was the lady who had spoken so kindly to me. She had been alarmed at my look and manner, and accompanied by the man-servant who had come to fetch her from the station, had insisted on looking for me. They found me lying on the roadside, not far from the village, and they had brought me to the inn before they attempted to restore me. She bent forward when I opened my eyes, and said "I am afraid you are ill my child?" I made an effort to answer her sensibly, and managed to say "I am not very well, and I have travelled some distance without eating."

"Your wants shall be attended to directly," she said, kindly, "and if you will tell me where to find your friends, I will go to them and tell them you are here."

I turned away my face from her, and she, laying her hand gently on mine, said with extreme tenderness and delicacy: "Oh, forgive me, I am sorry I have pained you. But," she added after a little thought, "will you stay here to-night and let me see you in the morning?"

I promised to do so readily, and, after speaking apart to a rosy-cheeked, stout person, who was the landlady, she wished me good night, and went away. They were very kind to me, and waited on me very respectfully, and, after eating and drinking the delicate refreshments they brought me, I was shown into a barely furnished, but spotlessly clean bed-room, and laying myself down, I slept heavily all through the rest of the night. Very soon after I rose in the morning, the lady came. She had come early, for she feared that I should go away without seeing her, but there was no need to fear. I was unable to take another step alone. In wandering as far as this from home and from Edgar, I had done my utmost, and I was waiting for some hand to guide me. My night's rest had refreshed me bodily, but the sharpness of my grief was changed to a dull, heavy, weariness of mind.

After a very kind enquiry for my health, the lady said: "I dare say you wonder at the interest I have taken in you, my child, as you are a complete stranger to me, but I could see by your manner last night that you were a lady, and I thought you were

unused to travelling. And then, when I saw your face, it needed no second glance to perceive that you were in trouble. Will you tell me who you are and where your home is?"

I hesitated, and she added after a pause: "Perhaps I ought to set you an example. Well, I have no objection to your knowing. My name is Margaret Russel, and I live in Derbyshire."

"My name is Mary ——."

"Have you any particular reason for not telling me?" she asked, showing a little surprised displeasure at my hesitation.

"No," I said. "I will tell you; my name is Mary Leigh, but if you please, Mrs. Russel—"

"*Miss* Russel, my dear."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Russel. I would rather not tell you where my home was."

"Why do you say 'was'?"

"I will tell you the truth," I said, raising my heavy eyes to her's. "I have left my home because of the unworthiness of the man I loved. I can never marry him knowing what I do, and I dared not run the risk of seeing him, for he would win me from my resolution in some way or other. I came away because I know he will persuade mamma to believe in him still, as he would have persuaded me if I had stayed. Don't ask me to tell you his name, for I love him so that I cannot bear to expose him to any one. Oh, how I love him! Oh, God pity me." I burst into tears for the first time since I heard that dreadful story, and wept passionately.

Miss Russel came and sat by me, and tried to soothe me with her tender and comforting words: "God *does* pity you my child," she said gently, when I grew calmer. "Of that you may be sure, and He will make a way for you out of this dreadful trouble in His own time. I can speak confidently from my own experience, for I have been in deep sorrow and despair, and I have been brought out of it into such great peace. But now, tell me what you intend to do. What are your plans for the future?"

"I intended to go to London," I answered.

"My poor girl, what would you do in London?" she said, pityingly.

"I do not know."

"But surely you must have had some definite purpose in going there?"

"Yes," I said, feeling ashamed of listlessness, "I intended to try and get a situation in a school or somewhere."

"Miss Leigh," said my friend after a thoughtful silence, "I have a proposal to make to you. London is no place for a young girl like you, and you must give up the idea of going there, but instead of that will you come home with me. I am visiting in the village for a few days, and then I shall return to my own and my brother's home in Derbyshire, and if you would as willingly be a companion as a teacher, there is plenty of room for you there. Will you come?"

I burst into tears again, touched by this kindness, and taking Miss Russel's hand, kissed it fervently in answer.

"You will come?" she said, "very well then. Your first duty will be to write to your mother to let her know you are safe and not uncared for, and we will post the letter on our way. You see, my child, I respect your secret, only I must have your mother's mind relieved as soon as possible. But, before you put yourself under my care, you would like to know something about me. I am not going to ask you to take me on trust, but I have visited the village many times, and am very well known here, so you can make enquiries about me of any one," she said, smiling at me kindly. I assured her that I was not afraid, her kindness to me was sufficient to make me trust her entirely; besides that, I had noticed the night before that the people here had spoken to her with the greatest respect, so it was decided then and there that I should remain where I was until her visit came to an end, and a few days later we were on our way to my new home. Miss Russel had shortened her visit on my account, at least I suspected so, and my letter to mamma was sent on the fourth day from my leaving home. I only asked her to forgive me for leaving her as I did, and begged her not to be uneasy, or to try to find me, for I was well and in good hands.

I was, indeed, in good hands. Miss Russel and her brother bestowed the tenderest care upon me, and I was soon "our little Mary" to both of them. They lived in a beautiful house, quite in the country, and the gardens became a great delight to me, though I often longed for the sea. Mr. Russel was a good many years younger than his sister, but he looked like one who had seen very heavy trouble, much heavier than ordinary, and there was an air of seriousness about the household, of subdued and chastened

peace, that suited me well in my stricken state. The affection that existed between brother and sister was something above the common. Some past experience had evidently knit them very closely together, and they seemed to have no separate interests, and no divided joys or hopes. I soon had an opportunity of showing my gratitude to them for their tenderness to me, for Miss Russel was taken ill late in the fall, and was ill all through the winter. Then I tried to fill her place in the house, and to give her loving and gentle care as well. The last was easy, but in the first I knew that I failed every day. I faithfully did my best, however, and that was accepted by them as if it had been ten times better. It was well for me that I had so much to fill up my time, for I was very miserable. Sometimes I tried to believe that I was forgetting, but it was all in vain. Who that had known Edgar could forget? It was not one but a thousand ties that bound my heart to him. Sometimes, when I seemed not to be thinking of him at all, his face would appear to me suddenly; his eyes, that had always seemed to me formed for nothing but to catch and reflect the sunbeams, filled with a sorrowful reproach. And then, at other times, when there was nothing to recall him to my mind, his voice would sound in my ear. Sometimes it uttered but a single word, and then died away, but that was sufficient to bring back the sick-longing to die that I had felt when I first realized my misery. I think if this state of things had continued much longer, I should have given up and gone back to him in spite of all, but it was not to come to that.

When the spring came Miss Russel began to get stronger, and before long she was able to take her place with us down-stairs again. Then I tried to retire from the active part I had taken, and bury myself in silence and obscurity again, but they would not allow it. I was expected to have a voice in every domestic consultation, to give an opinion about everything that took place; and a warmer, more outspoken affection was shown me than before. This continued until May, and then one morning Mr. Russel sent for me to come to him in the library, and when I obeyed the summons he asked if I could spare him a few minutes, as he had something to say to me. I answered by laying down the little basket I was just taking to get flowers in, and throwing my hat aside with it, and then seated myself. Something in Mr. Russel's manner, and his earnest look, made me feel nervous, and

seeing that, he smiled and said: "You need not be afraid of me, Mary. Sit down here and I'll tell you why I sent for you," and he placed me in the corner of the wide old-fashioned sofa, and sitting beside me took one of my hands in his.

"Mary," he said after a long, and to me very uncomfortable silence, "we have been talking a good deal about you lately, Margaret and I. You have won both our hearts, and made us love you very much by your unselfish devotion this winter, and we want to keep you here always. I want you to feel that this is home, and—dear Mary, will you be my wife?"

I gave one quick look up into his face, for I could scarcely believe my ears, and he added: "I do not expect you to give me much love at first, Mary, but I think that we might comfort each other, for I have many regrets as well as you, my first warm, deep affection is with a dead love, and your's is with an unworthy one. I want to have a right to comfort you, and win you by degrees from the sad memory of the past."

I turned away my face quickly, and tried to choke back the wild grief that was almost beyond my power to control. It was not a year since Edgar had asked me to be *his* wife, and now to be addressed by another, and on the plea of *his* unworthiness too. Oh, it was dreadful to me. I held my breath, and clenched my hand tight until I felt that I could restrain it, for I was ashamed to let Mr. Russel see now how much he had hurt me. He pressed the hand that rested in his, and said softly, "I am afraid I have troubled you, Mary, when my only desire was to give you a chance of peace. The only remedy for sorrow like your's is in forgetting, and I thought that I might help you to forget. Will you think of it my child?"

"Yes," I said tremblingly, and then he let me go. I had several days to think the matter over in, and I faithfully studied my own heart before I arrived at a decision. Could I sin against my own heart by uttering false vows? I asked myself. But then they would not be false in one sense; I was not deceiving the man who wished to marry me. He knew all, and he would not expect love from me, at least not such love as a wife ought to give her husband, to be really happy with him. Still, could it be right to marry him, loving another, and that other living? It was a strong temptation to me. Yes it was, for I felt so hopeless that I thought Mr. Russel was right in saying the only remedy for

sorrow like mine was in forgetting, and I wanted to feel the care and protection, yes and the authority, too, of some one stronger than myself. The conflict was almost more than I could bear, and on the morning of the day when I was to give my answer, when I went down stairs, I was pale and trembling, but my mind was made up. I was going to give my life into Herbert Russel's keeping. I hesitated at the breakfast-room door, for it was late, and I knew that he and his sister were both there, but after a struggle with my feelings, opened it as quietly as I could, and went in. He rose to speak to me and place my chair, and he held my hand in his longer than usual, the while his eyes lingered on my white, downcast face. I felt that he read my decision there by the little pressure of my hand before he released it, and I sat down to breakfast with very little appetite indeed.

After prayers were over we sat a little while in silence, and then he rose, and drawing my hand through his arm, took me away to the library.

"Mary," he said, when he had closed the door, "I think perhaps it would be better for me to tell you a little of my life history, before you give me your answer."

I was glad of anything that promised me a little respite now, so it was with a feeling of relief that I prepared to listen to his story.

"I must go as far back as my school-days," he began, "to show you what led to the events I am going to describe to you. When I was quite young I began to develop great powers of oratory; even at school I could draw tears from the eyes of my companions by my rude attempts at speech-making. My talent became well known, and every one thought it a splendid thing and congratulated me; every one but Margaret. She was afraid for me, and tried to persuade me not to think too much of this gift, for fear I should be carried away by my own expressive gestures and well-turned sentences, to forget sober sense, and truth and justice. If I had paid more attention to her earnest cautions it would have saved me and others much misery. But I had a friend whose influence was stronger than hers, and by him I was encouraged continually to persevere in my studies and cultivation of voice and manner. I never suspected his reason for this until I travelled with him after my education was complete, and when we were in Rome he discovered it to me. It had been his wish more than

mine to visit Italy, and when we had been in Rome some weeks he told me that he had joined the Roman Catholic Church, and plainly expressed his wish for me to follow him. I did follow him, not immediately, but by slow degrees, and when the step was once taken my enthusiasm began to rise. I thought I saw the purpose for which I was born a speaker, and I entered with all my heart and soul into the wish of those who now took possession of me that I should put forth all my powers for the cause they belonged to. I was willing to give up everything, the ties of nature, the habits of youth, and all the hopes I had indulged of an earthly future, for this. I had achieved many successes already in public speaking, I had carried away my audience by my eloquence, but now I went entirely beyond that, and carried myself away. I often forgot everything else in the visions that my own words and thoughts conjured up. But I must not dwell longer on this part of my story, Mary. I have told you my dream, but it is the sad awakening that I want to tell. Eight years ago, after I had been several years in Rome, and when I was just twenty-six, you look surprised, Mary, and I don't wonder at it, but I am only thirty-four, it is not years but sorrow that has made me old. Well, eight years ago, I made the acquaintance of a young lady, and, in short, Mary, I soon learned to love her. She and her sister, with some cousins, were staying in Rome. She was the younger of the two, and was a gentle, sweet girl of nineteen or twenty. The elder sister was one of those magnificent women one meets with perhaps once in a life time, a haughty, queenly beauty, as proud as she was beautiful. I admired her very much, but I loved the gentle little sister. My vows and resolutions were all cast to the winds. I told my love and she returned it, but for my sake kept it a secret even from her friends; but I was too closely watched. It was soon discovered by the Superior of the Order I belonged to, and I was suddenly and secretly removed from Rome, and placed in close confinement in some place hitherto unknown to me. Mary, before I escaped from that prison my darling had ceased to suffer for me. She was dead." He stopped suddenly and covered his eyes with his hand, and I saw his lips grow white, as he compressed them tightly to stay the quivering of them. "I went back to Rome," he contiuued after a minute or two, "as soon as I regained my liberty, and they told me that she was dead, that her sister was in a private asylum for the insane, and her cousins

were in Germany. I went to them and learned the manner of her death. It had been said that she destroyed herself, but I knew better, and they never believed it. I heard it from her cousin's son, a youth about her own age. She had confided in him after my disappearance, and he had tried to find me, but all in vain. She met him in the garden on his return, and besought him to end her misery and not deceive her, and when he could tell her nothing she left him and wandered about the garden alone until a late hour. She went into the house at last and up to her own room. There was a cup on the table, she thought there was water in it, she was faint and sick with sorrow, and she took it up to drink. Oh Mary!" His arms fell straight across the table and his head dropped forward. I crept to his side and touched his shoulder. He raised his head again. "Was it poison?" I whispered, for something within me made me long to hear the rest. "It was a powerful acid that one of the maids had been using and left there, and it killed her almost instantly. Her sister came in just in time to see her drop down struggling and fighting for breath, and the shock of seeing her die in such a manner deprived her of reason."

There was another silence that I dared not break, but presently he went on in a calmer tone: "For some years after that I wandered about 'seeking rest and finding none.' From being a fanatic I became an infidel, and it was Margaret's prayers and influences that brought me back at last to the true faith. But, Mary, I cannot forget."

"What was her name?" I asked, after a little while, still standing by his side.

I have often recalled since how his voice lingered on the first word, but all I heard then was the words "Jenny Bishop."

* * * * * * * * * *

The next thing I heard was, "she fell right down at my feet, Margaret. I had not even time to catch her in my arms," and then I felt a soft cool hand on my forehead, I lay still with closed eyes until my recollection fully returned. Then opening them suddenly I looked up at Herbert.

"Was the sister's name Sarah?" I asked. "Yes," he answered looking at me in wonder, "and the cousin was Edgar Tremaine?"

"Yes, my dear, but why do you ask?"

My only answer was a burst of tears. I did not understand it

yet, but I felt that all my sorrow was gone, passed away like a summer shower. When I could control my tears, I whispered a few words to my friends, sufficient to let them understand the matter, and while I was speaking I felt Herbert's hand withdrawing itself from mine. I held it fast, and raising my eyes to his face motioned him to bend down. "Can you forgive me?" I whispered. He laid his hand on my head and kissed me, "I can my dear, and say God bless you, and I want your forgiveness, Mary, as much as you do mine." And then when he went away I knew he was going to write to Edgar.

I was too weak to move, so I lay there on the sofa all day, and at night Herbert carried me up-stairs, and Margaret put me to bed like a child. I seemed to have been asleep a few minutes, just long enough to dream of Edgar, when I opened my eyes and found mamma sitting beside me. She had been there two days, she told me, when I had got over the joy of seeing her, and I had been asleep all the time. They had given me something to make me sleep, because I was weak, and they were afraid I should get into a fever with waiting for news from home.

"My darling, why did you go away?" asked mamma, when we were calm and quiet again.

"Oh mamma, Sarah —"

"Oh yes, I know my dear, poor Sarah was mad, but you should have known Edgar better." Presently she told me after I left them, about how they had been so occupied in looking for Sarah, who wandered far away after leaving me; that they had not missed me for hours, and when they did, the first dreadful thought that suggested itself to them was that Sarah had pushed me into the sea. She told me, too, that they had tried to keep us apart because my affection excited her and made her worse, and they never told me of her affliction, because she begged them not to, if it were possible to avoid it, for she had grown as fond of me as I was of her.

But mamma did not tell me how ill she had been herself while I was away, nor how Edgar had searched for me, and had grown thin, and white, and sad. I longed so much to ask her something more about him, but I was afraid to. Oh, would he be able to forgive me? I wondered. When mamma was wishing me good night, she saw that I looked wistfully at her, and asked me tenderly what was the matter, but I only kissed her again and

said "good night, mamma," and she left me. As she went out I heard a step on the stairs, and some one whispering to her outside, and twice after that the same step, in passing, lingered at my door. I fancied I knew it, but chiding myself for being fanciful, I went to sleep. When I awoke in the morning the beautiful May sunshine was flooding my room with light. My window faced the east, and springing up to look at the sun, I found it was still early. I dressed hastily, with trembling fingers, wondering all the time if it could be real, and longing to rush into mamma's room and see if it was her own dear face that I had seen the night before, and not a dream. Just as I stepped out into the passage to go to her, I heard the glass door at the foot of the stairs leading out into the little garden, shut, and then footsteps coming up. A fit of trembling came over me at the sound of them, and I stood with the handle of the door in my hand, and counted the steps as they ascended. There was a little pause at the top by the bay window, and then I heard them coming nearer, and just when I could not have stood a minute longer, Edgar turned the corner and caught me in his arms. Did he forgive me? Was there any reproach? Not from his lips, not in the clasp of his arms. But when I ventured a glance up into the dear face, the lines of sorrow and the sunken cheeks reproached me bitterly. While I looked, a smile parted his lips and brought back a flash of brightness to his eyes. I threw my arms round his neck and whispered, "Forgive me, Edgar," and he clasped me closer to his heart, and with his kisses and words of love, chased away all my sorrow and doubt. We were a happy party at breakfast that morning. Edgar sat beside me, and I had nothing more to wish for. It was hard at first for me to meet Herbert's eye, but when I found that he had recovered his old brotherly manner towards me, I began to hope that he was not much grieved by my conduct, but both he and Miss Margaret were regretting that they would have to lose me. Mamma would have liked to take me home that day, but they would not hear of my going, and much as I longed to be at home, and to see Charlotte and Willie, I felt almost too weak to bear the journey yet, and was well pleased to rest and talk to Edgar. (It was his step that I heard on the stairs the night before, and it was he whispering to mamma.) We had a long, happy time together that morning. Edgar explained everything that was strange to me. He told me about

poor Jenny, how her poor heart was broken by the uncertainty about Herbert's fate, and how her words to him in that last interview in the garden might have been easily miscontrued by one as jealous and passionate as Sarah had been, and how Sarah had sat by the bedside, where Jenny lay dead, looking at her until her reason fled. "But Edgar, one thing seems strange to me now, what made Sarah think she had murdered Jenny?"

"Ah Mary, that is the most dreadful part of it. Poor Sarah's mad, wicked, jealous thoughts, which she fancied no human creature would ever know, told themselves out. It seems to be the punishment she has to bear for committing murder in her heart, that, as often as these fits of insanity come upon her, she has to think that she really was guilty of taking her sister's life. Poor Sarah! I think that even you can hardly realize what a wreck she is. She was so beautiful."

"Yes, I know, Mr. Russel told me," and then my cheeks began to burn when I remembered that I had a confession to make. I had to tell Edgar of Herbert Russel's proposal, and how near I was to accepting it. He looked very serious about it, but when he saw how penitent I was, his face brightened, and he said: "Never mind, Mary, we will soon prevent any further danger of that kind. You shall be made secure, so that you can't run away or marry any one else," which threat was soon carried out. We were married two months later, and while we were on our bridal tour, Mrs. Tremaine and Katie took poor Sarah away from the seaside to a quiet spot in central England, and I never saw her again, though she lived nearly three years after we were married. She never fully recovered the last attack, which had come on from the time she heard of our engagement, but she became quiet and manageable, and never knew how nearly her sad secret had wrecked our two lives.

THE DYING LOVER.

BY R. H. STODDART.

THE grass that is under me now,
Will soon be over me, sweet,
When you walk this way again,
I shall not hear your feet.

You may walk this way again,
And shed your tears like dew,
They will be no more to me then,
Than mine are now to you.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

JOHN HILL BURTON has given to the world, in eight volumes, the History of Scotland from the Archaic time to the era of peace—the latter part being only as it were an appanage and complement of the earlier and mysterious ages, on which his attention chiefly rested. In the first volume there is a vast mass of light shed on the darkness which rested on fortifications, mounds, lake-dwellings, mysterious buildings, sepulchral rites, chambered cairns, etc. The author commences with the history when it emerges from the darkness in the year 80 of the Christian era, but he really in his subsequent investigations transcends this period—who can say how far. Passing over the views we have of Scotland from the pages of Tacitus, and occasional glimpses of contemporary literature relative to Agricola's invasion and subsequent historic events of the Roman period, the author goes back to the unrecorded ages—to the times when the hill-forts were constructed; and the lake-dwellings formed the resort of the inhabitants; when the Deil's Dyke fenced off the enemy from the border land, by Yarrow, Melrose and Liddesdale; when stone and bronze formed the materials of art and armour; when the Druidical and sculptured stones were set up, and other archaic things were new. There is very much in this volume of profound interest. One part we may note, viz: that there have yet been

found in Scotland no traces of man or of his works anterior to the last great geological change. We give an extract here of what the author has to tell us of lake-dwellings:

"The remnants of a very characteristic method of ancient defence have long been known in Scotland. It was accomplished by insulation within an inland lake. Natural islands are obvious places of strength, and many of them throughout Scotland have the castles of later times built on them, as Lochleven, Lochdoon, and others. I am not aware of any artificial lake bearing a stone edifice; but so valuable does insulation appear to have been to the people who did not know how to enclose themselves with stone walls, that artificial islands were frequently made of stakes and stones. The first of these brought into prominent notice was in the Loch of Forfar, when it was partly drained about the year 1780. The remains discovered on these islands show that they were not mere garrisoned fortresses, but were dwelling-places for families, sometimes containing several, so that they might be counted as villages. If there were not an enemy in possession of boats on the loch, no position could well be more impregnable than such an island in tolerably deep water. They have been found in all parts of the country. They are well known in Ireland, where they are called Crannoges, after the name given to them by the chroniclers, who preserve examples of their comparatively recent use. Lake-dwellings have been found in other parts of Europe, as in Savoy, Italy, Germany, Denmark, and especially Switzerland. It was the eminence of these last that gave prominence to the others. But for the rich harvest afforded by the Pfahlbauten, or stake-buildings as they are called, the vestiges of such things nearer home would not have been looked for, and if accidentally found might have remained unheeded. They are not found in the lakes of the higher Alpine valleys, and are essentially an institution of a fertile country. What exigencies drove the people to a method of living that can scarcely have been selected for its own sake are not apparent, but it seems certain that if they sought peace in these watery retreats they found it. To support communities so large as their remains attest, there must have been agricultural possession of the adjoining land. There must have been an active commerce, too, for the insular people had the adornments as well as the comforts of life."

Another passage on earth-houses presents a curious problem:

"Another class of structures very abundant in Scotland are called Eard or Earth-houses, Picts' houses, and Weems. Their origin and use are shrouded in as deep a mystery as the round towers we have been discussing; and the perplexities of their mysteriousness are made almost the more emphatic by the darkness of the recesses into which the inquirer who tries to solve their

mysteries must descend. They exist in many places in Scotland, but chiefly they concentrate themselves near Glenkindy and Kildrummy, on the upper reaches of the river Don in Aberdeenshire. There they may be found so thickly strewn as to form subterranean villages, or even towns. The fields are, to use a common expression, honeycombed with them. They give no artificial signs above ground. The peasant will sometimes know where they are by a unploughed patch in the field, in which a few stones crop above ground, with furze growing between them; in other instances the earth above is sufficient to let the plough pass over the roof of the edifice, and a small hole between two projecting stones marks its entrance. Through this hole a corpulent man will find difficulty in squeezing himself. It brings him to a sloping tunnel, which he descends some six or eight feet. He is then in a subterranean gallery, in which he may be able to stand upright; the ordinary height varies from five to eight feet. It is some thirty feet long, and may probably have lateral galleries to the right and the left. There are few places in which the sensation of the dungeon or burial in life is stronger than in these artificial caverns, and that on account of the colossal and massive character of the roof. There is no cement, and no mark of tooling on the stones. If the gallery be eight feet broad at the floor, which is not an uncommon breadth, the walls, built of rough stones, will be found so to slope inwards by overlapping, as to bring the sides within six feet of each other. Across this breadth are laid gigantic blocks of granite.

"When we ask, what were the uses of such buildings? we are again launched on the great ocean of guess-work. There is a laboriousness in their structure, not naturally associated by us with the makeshift arrangements that content the savage in the construction of his dwelling; yet that they have been human dwellings is the accepted opinion regarding them. If we adopt what is said by Ptolemy and other ancient geographers, and in some measure sanctioned by modern travellers, about a troglodytic or cavern-living population in Arabia, we may suppose that we have here the actual dwellings occupied by a race of like habits at the opposite extremity of the globe.

"Any incidental testimony to their uses yielded up by these dark caverns has been extremely meagre. In general they have been found empty. In some of them there has been noticed a little rubbish, from which it may be inferred that at some time human beings had cooked and eaten food in them; as, for instance, cinders, bones of animals, and shells. A few articles, ornamental or useful, made of bone, flint, and bronze, have been found in them. In several the quern or hand-mill has been discovered; and this being indeed the only characteristic movable of which they have given up several specimens, it has sometimes been inferred that the buildings were ancient granaries. But taken as

a whole, the contents of these catacombs are not sufficiently extensive or characteristic to speak to the object for which they were made. Any incidents occurring in the course of the unknown number of centuries through which they have existed might have supplied their trifling contents. A set of schoolboys seeking a holiday's amusement in their mysterious recesses—a set of gypsies using them for casual shelter or concealment on their tramp—might be sufficient to leave such vestiges of human use as these structures afford. We can only tell what they pretty clearly have not been intended for. They have not been the sepulchres of the dead, nor have they been places of Christian worship; for both these uses have, as we shall presently see, their own special marks, and these are not found in the Earth-houses. It is one of their specialties, too, that none of the stone sculpture so abundant in Scotland is found about them."

CHORUS INVOKING ATALANTA TO THE CHASE.

FROM SWINBURN'S ATALANTA IN CALYDON.

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire or the strength of the streams that spring!

For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The night that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofèd heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

OLD BIRSY'S TRANSFORMATION.

TRANSLATED BY REV. W. STUART, FREDERICTON.

(From Revenu de Deux Mons.)

I.

SORE against my will I entered, as Freshman, the University of Munchausen, during the reign of Doctor Borst.

I had believed better things of Providence than that it would have left alive, till my time, this terrible bugbear of my boyhood.

How often had I sate listening, till both ears tingled, to the tales of the oddities, the crustiness, the cursedness, they styled it, of their former instructor, poured forth of an evening, over their beer, by my father and his old college-chum, Reinhold.

The one was head engineer, the other consulting doctor of the Platten Mines in the Hartz, and both old enough to have quite got over any youthful spites. Still it was with quite a youthful relish they would hold forth, by the hour together, on the long standing feud between Herr Borst and the Bürschen, and were never weary of clinking glasses and shouting "confusion to Old Birsy!"

I was sitting alone the evening of my arrival at the seat of learning. My rooms were over Beckhaus' bookstore, the same where my father before me had quartered.

I had my head buried under the lid of my trunk, my fingers were absently picking the plums from a pound-cake my mother had stowed in a corner, and my thoughts were busy on the subject of that last parting smack the fair Gretchen of my fancy had astonished me with.

Yes: what did she mean by it?—to come plumping a real, ripe, carnal kiss full on my lips as I was delicately approaching them in approved cavalier fashion to her taper fingers. I had never suffered such an infliction from a girl in all my life before. I was divided in opinion, whether to resent it as an impertinence, or to gloat over it as an impossible-to-be-suppressed ebullition of ardent maiden love—only how reconcile with this last theory the muttered remark, "all the Bürsten (brushes) in Germany could'nt brush an ounce of sense into such a blockhead?"—

Blockhead—eh! and Borst, indeed!—

Well, I was engaged wiping my eyes, and gulping down my

emotions and plums together, when the door half opened;—a mocking eye and a turn-up minim of a nose appeared in the crack, and little Maggie's small voice piped out: "Mother sent me to say, Dr. Borst is down stairs."

My hair started up, my heart fell down flat, I shivered in every limb; but, bolting some icing to warm my courage, I took the plunge down the dark stair-well, like Curtius into the classic gulf.

II.

I was face to face with my ogre. 'Twas undeniably a curst countenance: the brow was low, and seemed all the lower for the cow-lick that invaded it, and that spread backward in a grizzled, reddish crop over a three-cornered skull, apparently plundered from some Carib skeleton in the Museum. The eyes goggled uncomfortably towards one, from under an array of lobster-like antennæ that did duty as eye brows. 'Twas a snarler's nose, with some more of the same ugly fringe bursting out of each nostril.

A sneering twist had worn itself *down* from one corner of the mouth, *up* from the other. An ugly subject altogether was Borst the Bristly, and answered my father's description of him to a dot!

But how was I to reconcile with all this, the smile that transfigured and illumined the whole forbidding mask of the man, when he caught up and dandled Frau Beckhaus' teething, drivelling bantling, and hushed its squalls in a trice? Why, he looked absolutely—angelic, I was going to say, only the associations thus evoked would seem rather incongruous, grotesque even, when one would be forced to think of one's angel as sporting eyebrows that stood badly in need of clipping, a nose bestrid by gold bowed pebble glasses, and, for a robe of light, a bottle green, shag-hair overcoat with frogs to it.

I stared in stupid bewilderment, whilst, as in a dream, I heard mine host's voice murmuring:—"A new student, Professor."

I bowed mechanically, and stared. A basilisk gleam from the glasses transfixed me: I shuddered, and kept staring.

"Glad to greet you, Sir."

The cordial tone and smile warmed me through and through: Still I stared on.

"What name?"

No answer, but a stare.

"Where from?"

Silence, and a stare.

"Whose son?"

A stare.

Then stare for stare, the round eyes met mine, looking all the rounder for their bulging crystal lenses.

Nature could no longer support the strain. Confusion mastered me: reason fled. My fallen chaps made shift to gather themselves up, and formulate the starting query:

"Pardon me, Herr Bost, but—"

"But what?"

"—But are you—old Birsy?"

Here was a pause of horrified silence: then the storm burst. I have an indistinct remembrance of the fat, good-humored frau, changed into a pale, angular fury clutching at my hair,—of my burly host, red with passion, shaking a mighty fist under my shrinking nose, and of a whole commination service, in *G. alt.* and in *E. bass. prof.*, being dinned into both my suffering ears, by turns, after the fashion of an antiphonal chant, as thus:—

"Villain! Hempstretcher! Go, rasp thy ill-scraped tongue. Thus to abuse our good doctor, the wisest, the kindest of men! Out of my house, *hallan-shaker!** Not a bit, not a wink under this roof! Out, Schelm!†—away, I say!" And that abominable baby struck up an *obligato* accompaniment that soon overtopped all the rest.

"Hold, hold!"—cried the Doctor, and his voice rose like Neptune's over the warring winds and waves;—who is the youth?"

The extremity of my peril rallied my scattered wits.

"Gellert, at your service,"—I cried, "son of Siegfried Gellert, your *ci-devant* pupil, now engineer in the Hartz.

"Aha, aha! I see," and he laughed in a good-humored, bantering way. "The palette was mixed twenty years ago with which your father has painted his old preceptor. I'll wager now he portrayed me as something of an oddity, eh?—a bit of a misanthrope—eh, eh? or an out-and-out bruin, more likely? eh, what? eh, what?"

His good humor had changed my pallor into a blush. His sly

---

* *Halssacher*—German.

† *Skallum*—Scotch. "She tauld thee weel thou wert a Skellum."—Tam o' Shanter.

humor now deepened the blush into a burning red. I could only stammer out an incoherent:

"Well, something like that, I believe."

"No 'believe' about it, my lad. Say 'yes,' like a man, for that's the truth of it, or rather that was the truth of me when Siegfried knew me; but that's long past now I hope. You see, Beckhaus," he continued, turning to my host, "you have been here only ten years and you would never believe me, but here is the third witness of late that has openly testified to the bad odor in which my name was formerly held. I count their unfeigned astonishment, and your honest indignation proof positive that a radical change has been effected in me. Henceforth I hold myself authorized scientifically to declare that by the effort of his own will man is able to transform himself for the better, and I believe myself justified in publishing that doctrine to the world, as I do in my great work on "Soul Modelling," basing my theory on the striking example of "the transformation of Old Birsy."

"Yes," said he, turning to me, "I am a standing evidence of the soundness of my theory. They may well dub me the man of two characters. My story is simple enough, but to a well-meaning young fellow like you it may not come amiss to tell it.

"Saint Paul dates his conversion from a fall off his horse on the road to Damascus. Well, I date mine from a drenching I might have got, but didn't, for seeing myself caught without my umbrella I dropped, for shelter, into the Natural Philosophy class. I could not well make out what the Professor, with his long strings of figures on the blackboard, was driving at. I suppose my eyes and thoughts were wandering between the board and the window against which the rain-squalls kept lashing. Suddenly the words arrested my attention: 'so you see, gentlemen, in mechanics it is a demonstrable fact that no motion, however slight, is lost. Infinitesimal as it may be it pulsates on through all space, its echoes throb through the infinite. It is the same, you may be sure, with every impulse of the soul; your every resolution, all your actions, good or bad, must of necessity send their reverberations through the whole after-course of your existence.'

"I heard no more. That one remark dazzled me as with a light-flash. It captivated me; I kept chewing it over and over, commenting on it and working it out endlessly. What, after all, did it amount to? Only this, 'we must do good and eschew evil.'

Most lame and impotent conclusion! Surely I had no need to go to the Natural Philosophy class to learn that. But, I reflected, every thought, however much of a truism it may be, gains by being set forth in a new and startling shape; and this one, in my view, possessed the double merit. I several times made the round of the ramparts, astonished to the last degree at the hold on my mind that old, trite commonplace had taken, just because it was turned out in something of a new dress. Arrived at home I donned my dressing-gown, the philosopher's robe *par excellence*, and ruminated long, letting my pipe die out three times over, a manifest sign of grave preoccupation.

"Next day sleep had somewhat calmed the confusion of my thoughts; two ideas shone out clearly. I noted them down under the form of axioms. The first has made of me a useful professor, the second a supportable neighbour. Is not that the case, Beckhaus?"

Mine host's smile and deprecative shake of the head said plainly enough: "I won't say it; but—under favor—you are too modest by half."

The Herr Professor continued:

"My two maxims you would do well to mark down on your tablets, Gellert. I bethought me that when one is professor he ought to be a good professor, and should study less his own convenience than his pupils' advantage; that it is not enough to blurt forth a truth *anyhow*, but, amongst all possible forms of presenting it, your conscientious instructor is bound to choose precisely that one way of putting the thing which will prove at once the most convincing and the most taking. Again, moralists, in place of idly repeating their old, worn, and now pointless platitude: 'flee evil and do good,' are bound to pause at each dubious turning-point, to mark out with precision what is duty for each one of us, and to help us to the simplest and most practicable means of accomplishing that duty.

"For days afterward I was haunted by that idea that no movement of the soul is ever lost, but projects its impulses through all the future. I bethought me that the crusty, peevish, *birsy* professor Borst, detested of every one, was but the logical sequence of the egotistic, morose student Borst, of the selfish school-boy Borst, who had never cared to correct his native rudeness, or to cultivate in himself a better disposition. And it

seemed to me clear as day, that, if the said Borst had a little courage, he would set himself to work at once to transform his spirit, as the modeller transforms his clay into some fine statue.

"I was so habituated to what I was, that I hardly realized what gain a change would be: So terrible is the force of habit! Nevertheless, I took the resolution,—rather, I own, as a matter of scientific curiosity than through any genuine desire towards a moral regeneration,—henceforth to throw aside my cloak of misanthropy, and no longer to crawl the earth a mere human hedgehog, bristling its spines against all comers."

III.

I was racking my brains how to find a good beginning for my experiment, when old Ivan, my factotum, half opened the door, and said:—

"A student to see you, Sir."

"To———with you and your student together! Don't you see I'm busy?" roared I.

The door closed softly behind him. I set myself to pick up the broken thread of my cogitations, and to find this famous starting point, whence the whole series of my experiments on myself was to date.

"My starting point!" cried I, "Hang it all! Here has Providence just sent it along, and in the nick of time too, and I have sent it to the right-about, and this moment it is tramping down stairs. A grand start, I must say!"

I slipped to the window and peered out. My visitor was just crossing the threshold of "the bear's den"—as the students dubbed my abode. He was tall, slight, and might be twenty years old. His fair, silky curls escaped on all sides from his little student's cap. Hesitating an instant, he turned to the left and walked off with a dejected gait. Had he only slammed the door, or flung up his head, or spurned the pavement angrily, I would not have wasted a second's thought on him. What made me wince was that sad, resigned air of his. I leaned over the balcony to call him back. Yes! but what a grand joke it would be for that rascally cobbler, Schnapps, over the way, to hear me, the professor, shouting down the street like a housemaid after the ragman. His sardonic grins as I passed his stall would become more insupportable than ever.

"A plague on the clown!" thought I: "Let him grin as wide as the holes he patches. What care I?" and I gathered breath for a view—holloa. But by this time he was beyond ear-shot. "If he would only look round now! All the Schnapps on earth would'nt stop my signalling him."

Chance willed it so that he did turn at the instant. Could I help it? My head dodged itself back out of sight like a spy caught in the flagrant fact.

"Decidedly," quoth I, "it is harder to do right than I thought, when one isn't used to it."

I thrust out my head boldly once more, resolved this time to fetch him back, if voice or hand could do it. His coat-tails were just fluttering round the corner.

"Shall I run after him? But who knows whether he is not up Stork strasse or down Walk strasse, or through the Brewer's Arch-way by this time? Then where would be the good of my running? All silly pride and sheer laziness!" cried I, "one can but try."

Further reflection shewed me, however, that I had lost my chance. Whilst I was arguing instead of acting, my man had doubtless gained the Old Bridge, and had plunged into the cork-screw windings of the Baiernstadt.

What was I to do? I rang up Ivan. Usually he was afraid of me; now I was afraid of him. I felt uncomfortable; in his honest blue eyes, it seemed to me, there lurked the shadow of a reproach.

"Look at those shelves," said I, roughly; "why on earth can't you dust them of a morning?"

Without a word he passed his feather-brush methodically over the books that—more by token—hadn't a speck on them.

"Have done, and take yourself off;" I cried, feeling myself more and more in the wrong; "one would think you were dwadling on purpose to worry one."

A last pathetic glance at the books, and my domestic slid off, drawing the door silently after him. This wouldn't do. I struggled with my vanity and blurted out:

"Ah, by the way, what was that person's name?"

"The young man said his name was Heilig, George Heilig, and that he came——"

"That's enough!" said I, brusquely.

Ivan vanished, his brush under his arm.

What had he to do prying into my affairs? I could have cried

with spite, for, of course, it wasn't enough. What I wanted was to find out where the young fellow lived. But to ask in plain terms? That would look like making confessions to my own valet; and this I could not stomach.

"Well, it's no use," said I, stopping in my nervous walk. "I must start," and I grasped my hat and cane. To start—that was easily said; but whither? This is how I turned the point. Standing with the door half open in my hand, I grumbled out over my shoulder to Ivan, who was at the moment carefully replacing the glass globe over the French clock on the chimney-piece: "Did you say it was in Tanner's Lane this young Liebig lives?"

My finessing met with the success it deserved. Ivan, after laboriously instructing me—confound him, I knew it as well as he did!—that the student's name was Heilig and not Liebig, declared he knew nothing whatever of his address.

Thereupon I set forth, profoundly mystified, wondering why I went, and stopping at each step to ask which would be the more ridiculous—to turn stupidly back before I had well set out, or to start forth vagabondizing like a dog that has lost its master?

To go out solely to make believe I *had* to go, was a trick I couldn't demean myself to play off even on my servant, and yet I saw no other way out of the dilemma.

At the first floor landing a bright thought struck me:

"Why not go to the college clerk's and ask the address?"

IV.

"The Herr Secretär Heindrich? Yes, Professor; but he has already gone home to his country house 'the Lindens,'" and the old janitor's eyes turned to where the college clock pointed to three, past.

"Thanks, Schmoll. Fine day, Schmoll."

"A grand day—be thanked!" stammered Schmoll, sorely puzzled at this unusual access of politeness on my part.

I left him sunning himself, and soon was through the Saxon gate and out among the fields. Like a new revelation came upon me the scent of the flowering hawthorn, the hum of the bees, the quail's pipe sounding from the green corn and the scattered pine clumps. Was this then the country of which I had entertained such a systematic horror, and for no other reason than that every one else loved it? Why, 'twas a new-born world, whose youthful

perfume of fresh shoots and lush greenery was a positive intoxication. Stay!—primroses,—violets! I asked myself how many years had come and gone since I had seen their fairy blooms anywhere except in bouquets. They laughed and nodded up at me with an old-world familiar air I could not resist. I had to stop and pick a posy of them; and delicious, too, was the fragrance! But, alas! at the moment a tinker-tramp came out by a wood-path. I grew ashamed of my bouquet and flung it into the hedge. You see, even over those who most brave public opinion, Mrs. Grundy exerts a tyrannical power. Here was a philosopher held in check by a mender of old pans.

Grain followed grass, and gardens meadows; the Munchan sparkled fresh and clear between its banks lined with willows, alders and poplars; now it coasted the road, anon it went frolicking across the country. At a turn in the road, a little way-side beer-house appeared, whose flaring sign outvied the gorgeous colouring of my friend Heindrich's tulip-bed. There shone resplendent the well-known shield of two-and-thirty quarterings, peopled by a whole menagerie of heraldic monstrosities done in blue and gold, in green and crimson. Crowning all was the appropriate inscription,

'The Munchausen Arms.'

In front, three troopers were silently steeping their big yellow mustaches in foaming beer-mugs. Such was their air of placid content that I could not but smile as I passed: they responded by wishing me heartily a pleasant walk.

Further on, I came upon a group of students under a trellised hop-bower. They were stamping and shouting in chorus—

"Drink, pretty Lisette, for here's good beer!" How jolly the young dogs were!—how full of life! I wished myself young again, and light-hearted even as they. I felt the melting mood coming on: but it did not last.

At the moment I was passing, a dead silence fell on the party: then came whispers and stifled tittering. I felt sure the fun was at my expense, and grew savage. I forgot that none of them knew of my fine projects of amendment. The keen edge of my enjoyment was taken off.

Troubles never come single, they say; so at this point a staring white wall began which went stretching—goodness knew how far!—

along one side of the way, turning it into a veritable furnace, without counting that the river, tired of its cross-country excursion, here steamed back express to drive the road against the wall, and me to desperation with its blinding reflections. I should be roasted alive if I went on.

I am not a good walker: I was already bathed in sweat, and a good half of the journey was still ahead of me.

"What, after all, is this miserable Heilig to me, that he should cost me such toil and worry?"—asked I of myself;—"enough done for once:—not bad for a first trial. That wall is three hundred paces, if it is one. Come, let us go home." It was my cowardice spoke.

"No flinching!" cried conscience, and I grounded my stick with a thud. "It isn't the heat is going to stop me;—nor you either, you whitewashed sinner of a wall!"—I had plucked up heart of grace again; so now I drew up my weapon to the charge, and shouted—

"To the Lindens I'm bound,—to the Lindens I'll go! Hurrah for Heilig! *Vorwärts!*"—and off I went, left foot foremost, whistling the Uhlan's march.

Instead of the three hundred paces at which in my discouragement I had rated the length of the wall, one hundred and twenty was what I actually stepped it off.

"Difference between fancy and fact"—reflected I—"when a difficulty has to be faced:—discount, 60 per cent.—as a rule!"

My numerico-ethical computations carried me unwittingly to the Lindens.

What jokes I have cracked, to be sure, on poor Heindrich and his bit of a box in the country, with it's sounding name—and nothing to show for it but four scraggy broomsticks by way of trees in front, with not enough substance about them to throw into the shade, even that rusty little gridiron of a gate with it's two stone benches no bigger than your palms!

"The Lindens—eh?"—I would cry. "Why, one would think there was a whole park of them, with nothing less than a grand-ducal schloss in the middle! and his collection of tulips! good lack! A Dutch vrow would start off twenty miles to market with the whole garden balanced in her basket, and would be thankful to get twenty groschen for all it held—just in the lump, as it were!"

Now, however, that the addle-egg of my jaundiced ill-humor began to be cleared out of my eyes, I grew ashamed of the verjuice my tongue had distilled, and found myself forced to make the *amende honorable* to the Lindens. It was a charming place after all, and well worthy the fine name these pretty trees lent it. For they *were* pretty trees: their floating perfume caressed my nostrils: their swaying branches and twittering leaves waved hospitable welcomes, and pointed suggestively to the motto deeply cut over the shady stone seats, REST, AND BE THANKFUL. I *did* rest a moment, and thankfully too, feasting my eyes on the ranunculus and anemone, the tulips, hyacinths, and narcissi which floated before them in a maze of gorgeous coloring that proclaimed them true children of the Orient, and no mere "Dutch bulbs" to be sniffed at, and lightlied by an old crab-stick like me.

I had got thus far in my acts of contrition, mentally groaning forth a "*mea culpa*" at sight of each hitherto decried charm, when I was disagreeably reminded that I had overlooked the "*maxima culpa*" of all. Another's memory had not been so derelict of duty as mine. Retribution had been slumbering; but it was with one eye open. Now it leaped forth upon me amid a storm of yelps, a whirlwind of flying hair and blazing eyes, and viciously snapping fangs. Sultan was up, mine ancient enemy, with a keen and most vengeful memory of our last passage-at-arms. It was to no purpose I assured him that I was now reformed; that I would henceforth be no party to the further prosecution of that ruthless feud so long standing between us; that I had become a friend of man, and by consequence, of dogs, and that he would do well to reciprocate in kind (not by tooth and nail) the advances of a brother Cynic. His Grand Seignory sneezed at all my overtures of peace, almost burst a blood-vessel howling at the mention of an armistice, foamed out threatenings and slaughter, flung dust to the heavens as a testimony against me, rejected and contemned my counsels utterly, in short would have none of me on any terms. He and those blackguard young *burschen* at the Munchausen Arms seemed much of a mind. Whilst we, each in his own tongue, debated the point,—the dog manfully defending the position, the man currishly fighting shy of the proffered combat—the Herr Secretär appeared in shirt sleeves and straw hat, with a dripping watering-pot in each hand. Surprised to see me he set

down the cans, silenced Sultan—who insisted on having the last word, and said heartily—

"How good of you, Herr Professor, to give me this pleasant surprise! Come right in. We'll rest and freshen you up a bit,—then we'll talk."

No use to protest! In a trice I was plundered of my hat and cane, seated in a shady room, where a delicious freshness reigned. Mine host's beer was cool and foaming, his manner warm and smiling. Everything conspired to turn into a pleasure what I had accepted in advance as a disagreeable duty. We viewed the tulips together. I told him how I had been reminded of his collection at sight of the gorgeously colored sign-board of *The Munchausen Arms*. He blushed with pleasure, all but hugged me, and stammered "*mein lieber Herr Borst!*" with most affectionate familiarity.

At last I informed him of the business that had brought me.

"George Heilig?" said he, rubbing the tip of his nose with his finger to tickle up his memory, "George Heilig!—fine lad—student in divinity—should live—*Weiss*—*Spätzen*—*Strasse*, over the cooper's."

V.

I took my departure, but with legs slightly stiffened, and somewhat cooled on my project of reformation,—why, I could scarce tell. I was beating my brains to find out the cause of this reaction, when my mouth, of its own motion, opened and treated me to a preposterous yawn. The problem was solved. My stomach was intimating that—like Nature—she too abhorred a vacuum.

My watch pointed to six; now, half-past is my dinner time, and I had more than a sharp hour's walk ahead of me yet. My gigot with gooseberry sauce would be roasted to a cinder, the sour-crout wouldn't be eatable. I'd be sure to have the megrims all night, and to break down in my lecture on the morrow.

"Aha! gormand!" cried I to the lusting flesh; "out of humor about thy burnt mutton and ruined kraut! See if I do not punish thee now, and right in the sinning spot, too! Yes," I reflected, "I'm bound I'll go through with my job before sup or nap be mine, for who knows how long it may be since this wretched Heilig has crossed tooth on crust?"

Half-after-seven sounded from the bell-chimes in the Waffenplatz as, after five stories' climb, I sent myself puffing and completely blown up my student's garret-ladder. A tap at the door and Heilig himself opened. 'Twas a bare den—*that* I saw at the first glance,—*too* bare, even for a predestinated church-mouse. His one chair he politely placed for me, and standing, waited what I had to say.

I had counted on seeing him surprised and charmed at the honor I was doing him in seeking him out. Surprised, he evidently was; charmed, I'm not so sure of it. That piqued me a little, but I managed to hold in. I had gone too far to risk all now by a hasty move.

I took breath a moment, then gave him a lead:

"You came to see me:—on business, doubtless?"

—"True, Herr Professor, an affair of some importance to me."

—"Ah well! we'll be more at ease at my place than here. Come and share my supper, and we'll talk matters over at table."

He blushed, and too late I saw I had wounded him by my slighting reference to his poor lodging. He declined, in select enough terms, the honor I would do him, simply asking permission to escort me home, and to speak to me on the way.

"'Pon my word, pretty well that!"—thought I, "Refuse me!—and the breath fairly blown out of my body climbing those six stairs to the beggar's roost! Renounce me—if I stand that!"—and my mouth opened to teach my gentleman his place, when an inward voice cried,—

"Halt! Another wile of the Tempter! Come, steady there! A bold push, and you win!"

I forced a smile, held out my hand to the youth, who scarcely dared refuse me his in return, and said with a good-nature that surprised myself:

"No, no! my young friend, I won't have that. You have it in for me, and you're in the right; but so also am I in trying to win my pardon. Now I won't be sure I've got it unless you do me the pleasure of dining with me."

He smiled at that, and, bowing with courteous grace, replied:

"I am entirely at the service of the Herr Professor!"

A profound stupor seized upon the students who met us passing arm in arm, the grumpy Professor with one of themselves. The scattered groups would nudge one another with their elbows, and

turn and stare at us as we went by. Some waggish "*Junkers* even flung up their arms as if calling Heaven to witness the miracle.

Ivan, who knew me to be punctual as Fate to the dinner-hour, had had serious thoughts of applying to the chief of the Grand-Ducal police on my account. His anxiety changed into a comic amazement when he witnessed the strange phenomenon: Professor Borst bringing in a guest,—and what a guest!—a student! He was so stunned, I had twice to tell him to lay a second cover.

The mutton and sour-crout—were they eatable? Probably; at all events we ate them, and with tolerable gusto besides. When like Homer's heroes "we had banished hunger and thirst," Ivan set down a big-bellied, gray-bearded flask of Ahrbleichart. Then, having presented our meerschaums with the air of a Hamlet rehearsing "I do beseech you play upon this pipe,"—he left us to our chat. Heilig's story was a simple one. He had been studying for the ministry; but his father's death having thrown the family on his care he was compelled to give up his studies and seek a place as tutor. Having learned that the Prince von Stackelbaum was in want of a preceptor, and understanding that I had some acquaintance with His Serene Highness, he had come hoping to secure my interest. A letter of recommendation was despatched at once, and such was its influence that my friend, the third day after, was installed into the position, and left for Milan, where the Prince held a high appointment.

The adventure speedily made a noise; the students got hold of it for their *Comic Gazette*. A squib appeared, headed after the approved style of sensation articles: *Deplorable Mischance!—A Student Devoured by a Bear!—Horrible Details!* The story went that the unfortunate Heilig had been traitorously lured into his den by a bear in human form, and had been mysteriously devoured, and that nothing of him had been recovered but his student's trencher-cap, a rag of the gown, his meerschaum and his boots, the authentic portraits of all which articles were most graphically rendered. This sally set the whole University in a roar, and when, shortly afterwards, it came under my own notice, I could not help joining in the laugh at my own expense. "Not a bad sign that!" thought I, and I mentally patted myself approvingly on the back.

I was now fairly started in my *rôle* as "Good-natured man," but I felt that it behooved me, in the interests of science, to neglect no precaution that could secure the success of my experiment.

The forms and usages of politeness I had hitherto disdained. I resolved I would no longer do so. I felt they were but the fitting outward index of the inward reform I was bent upon. Formerly, when a group of students saluted, I affected to be staring at the posters on the walls; when a bevy of ladies approached, I dodged round the next corner to avoid them. I had been a despiser of dignities, anything but respectful to my colleagues, or courteous to the aged and to women. We must needs change all that.

The results were annoying enough at first, and fifty times in the day I all but renounced the tiresome comedy. The students, drawn up *en échelon* all along my path, every other instant turned —front face—salute!—forcing me twenty times in as many paces to doff hat in reply. The young rascals got up for their "Punch" a series of illustrations showing poor Bruin taking lessons in dancing and deportment.

Tongues wagged freely on all sides. Some cried, "Poor Dr. Borst!—Sad case: softening of the brain!" Others, "He's had a warning!" and others again, "Pshaw! it's only a wager!" The wits were divided; all agreed I had an axe to grind—but what? Some opined I'd be setting up for Principal, and was out on the canvass. A few insisted on it that I had visions of the chamberlain's key. Finally, the drawing-rooms were thrown into a twitter with the news of my approaching marriage, and excitement ran high on the question, Who was the unfortunate?

I let them talk, and held on the even tenor of my way, trusting the good grain planted, and which I was doing my best to water, to Him who alone can make the seed of better things spring up fair and green in the heart. I strove against the childish impatience which would be forever scratching up the seed to see if it were sprouting. I knew any radical reformation on my part must be a work of time and constant effort, and so persevered.

Before long, public opinion changed. It was found that my lectures showed no signs of brain-softening or of approaching dissolution,—that I was no betting man, neither had any designs on the Principalship, nor would dispute with the Kammerdiener the power of the keys. Society agreed that if I had not much

grace, I at least meant well. The students gave up ranging themselves like nodding mandarins—"all of a row"—as I passed. The Bruin series of caricatures died out of the *M. S. Gazette*, which fell back on its stock themes of Dr. Bœhm's three cloaks. Junker Hiller's horse-back exploits, and—what afterwards achieved a world-wide renown—the astounding adventures of the Baron von der Schield—better known as the Baron Munchausen.

VI.

Some eighteen months after the beginning of my experiment, I found my way to one of the Rathsherr Wentzel's Friday Symphonies. There was nothing more *recherché* in all Munchausen than these same musical soirées; and the wonder was how I, of all people, could possibly have blundered in. Nothing more simple, however; I had been talking counter-point with the Councillor one evening at the Rector's; hence the invitation.

I had all the Teuton's passion for music, and the stronger in my case that my savagery had for years shut me out of the drawing-rooms, even as it had kept me from the crowded Thiergarten, where the dragoons' band were wont to discourse excellent strains.

The distinguished company amidst which I found myself, did not disquiet itself about my antecedents, but welcomed me cordially on the common ground of Art.

The *Andante* of Beethoven's *Symphony in A* was performed that evening.

From the first plaintive wailings as of a valiant spirit crushed under a mortal agony, to the moment when into the midst of the immeasurable woe a ray of hope is suffered to steal—which brightens more and more until it culminates in the sun-bright radiance of the satisfied and triumphing soul,—from first to last a profound emotion possessed me.

I could scarcely breathe, and soon broke away to wander round the moonlit ramparts, and drink repose

"From the cool cisterns of the midnight air."

By what magic of sympathy, I mused, had this mighty master of the lyre so penetrated the inmost recesses of my consciousness? How had he, as with a prophet's wand, called up and passed in review before my shrinking vision, all the wretched follies, all the

miserable meannessness of my heretofore self-centered, sordid, loveless existence? By what strange second-sight had he divined the late revolt of my spirit, and been able to depict to its veriest detail, the stern struggle I had since sustained with bravery if not with success? I blessed him in my heart for those ringing, hopeful notes, in themselves a pledge and a prophecy of victory: at memory of the last jubilant strain, I felt an ineffable calm settle down on my perturbed soul, as if the brooding wings of the Heavenly Peace were even now spread over her. For the first time in many years the ice of my morose constraint was thoroughly broken up. Genius, Heaven's most favored child, had brought me a message fresh from the Throne. And Oh, thought I, if so sweet, so quickening be the ready sympathy, the loving humanity of the child, what must be the power to transform, to ennoble of the yearning pity, the infinite tenderness that throb eternally in the great heart of the All-Father himself!

As I was thus pondering—(I remember as if it were yesterday. I was passing at the moment under the third elm from the Charlemagne Port)—there flashed in on me, like an inspiration, the whole idea and motive of my book "*Upon Sympathy.*" I have since driven my researches deeper into the subject, and carried it to a completion, but I have changed nothing essential of the plan which then I flung upon paper with feverish haste the moment I reached home.

It were vain to tell how this child of my new and better life, thus so suddenly conceived, grew apace through the changing months and seasons, till it was finally ushered into the world. But the author, like the parent, has an indulgence granted him to be garrulous about his offspring.

What visions of fame and usefulness kept floating before my excited fancy all that first night! How, starting at the break of day, did I write on, hour after hour, the mind working faster than the hand could follow! And when, to recruit the tired frame and rest the cramped fingers, I set forth to range the fields, with what fresh zest did I hunt for the crocus and anemone, or pounce upon the scattered tufts of snow-drops, or watch the varnished chestnut buds stringing themselves like knots on the delicate network of branches thrown over the gray sky! January still lingered in the lap of May; but winter's washed-out browns and sad-colored mists, trailing over the near horizon like ghosts

of the vanished storms, seemed to me filled with a tender and pathetic beauty of their own. I realized then, as I had never done before, how joy in the heart kindles a fire and a faith that lend a new meaning and loveliness to all things around.

What a charm, too, is there in writing when you do so with *verve*—when you feel you are in the vein—when you are conscious you have got hold of a great truth, and ideas gush forth from the full heart like water from the smitten rock!

It was very different with me when first I tried my hand at authorship. There still lies at the bottom of my drawer an unfinished fragment of a work entitled "The Human Monad." 'Tis but a sorry monument of a would-be philosopher's folly, a poor plea for his surly misanthropy. In default of any settled convictions, I had labored to support (by dint of far-fetched illustration, taking paradox, garbled citation, and plausible reasoning) the untenable thesis, that for a man to concentrate and develop to the utmost his moral and intellectual forces, he must, as far as possible, isolate himself from his fellows. I had only succeeded in completely disgusting myself with my attempt to turn author.

No sooner, however, had the subject of *sympathy* suggested itself than all was plain sailing. I had but to reverse my former thesis, assail my old positions, and draw from the fund of my own experiences in order to arrive at truths that I felt satisfied carried with them a saving virtue, and would serve to exalt and purify many a life, even as the dim sentiment of them had served to transform my own.

I felt, too, a new and increasing interest in my kind. I was no longer in the world only on sufferance. I had a mission—to console, to benefit—and so far the right to live and even to enjoy life. After a hard day's writing it was a never failing delight to me, when I had tired myself out roaming the fields, to return through the crowded streets, watch the humors of the workshops and the stores, or glance in through the lighted windows at the happy family groups clustered round their firesides. From my lively memories of these amusing interiors, I could furnish many a fit sketch for the pencil of a Richter or a Knaus. Without constraint or force-work now, but simply and naturally, I was polite and kind to every one. How could it be otherwise when my heart was so full of content towards my fellows, and trust in my God?

VII.

Once, however, I ran great danger of a relapse. Spring had succeeded to winter, summer and autumn had rolled by, and we were back at winter again. By dint of piling leaves on leaves, I had almost finished my book. My students had learned no longer to avoid and distrust me. One bold spirit had ventured to ask for further explanations on some abstruse point that had come up in the course of my lecture. The discussion begun in the class-room was continued in the street, and before we, either of us noticed, I had drawn my bright young interlocutor with me to my own door. The ice was decidedly broken: thereafter, I seldom returned without my following of faithful disciples—a fact that redounded greatly to my credit in the quarter. Schnapps himself would stare with admiration across the street, his hammer in the air, and mouth ajar. That, by the way, was its normal condition, as I discovered to my confusion the first time I accosted him. Poor man! Nature had so unmercifully cloven his countenance for him, that though a serious matter-of-fact soul with no more idea of a joke or a gibe than an oyster, he could do no other than grin, and might have sat as the original of Hugo's "*Homme qui rit.*" By way of penance for my hard thoughts of him, all my old boots were religiously handed over to his cobbling; and for years I wore little else over my bunions but Schnapp's patches.

The winter had closed in with severity. The urchins,—whose shouts and tacketted heels had rung for weeks from the slides beneath my windows, in cheery accord with the scratching of my flying pen,—one day in February found their occupation gone, so deep had the snow fallen during the night. I was in the same predicament, for my book was done at last, and in the hands of the printer. To kill time, which seemed desperately long whilst waiting for the proofs, I betook myself to a friend's for the evening. About eleven o'clock I was plodding home through the deep snow and the cutting blast, thinking on the good fire that awaited me, and hoping that a packet of the precious sheets might even at the moment be lying ready for me at the foot of the lamp. Half-way down Klingenstrasse, at the corner of the Masker's Lane, I observed a group, apparently on the watch for some one. "Students, most probably," thought I, and freed my hand to return their never-failing salute. When I had neared

them to within a few paces, I overheard a whisper:—"Here he goes; look out!"—and instantly a hand rose armed with a huge snowball. By instinct I flung up my arm as a guard, and only just in time. My face was saved, but the blow took effect on my wrist, and for an instant I was blinded by the particles of snow that danced round my glasses. "Ah, awkward!"—cried a voice, amid some confusion, as I passed under the next lamp. "Awkward! thank you! Not a bit of it" thought I, "I don't know what better you would have—unless perhaps you want to flatten my nose, or put out my eyes by smashing my glasses over them!"

What vexed me was not so much the pain I endured, or the danger I had run, as the disloyalty and treachery of these young scamps. The more laughable the affair looked as I thought it over, the more irritated and revolted I felt. That blow undid the work of years; I was back in my old position of student-hater at a bound. If I could only wreak my revenge on them! Would it were Board-day or Examination-day, for their sakes,—wouldn't they just smart for it!

I tore home like a fury, cursing myself as an imbecile for having tried to be good myself, and to believe in others' possible goodness. I flung my cloak with a brutal oath to Ivan, who seeing me beside myself with rage, did not dare to ask how there came a certain crusting of snow on my right fore-arm.

A packet of the coveted proofs was waiting me, sure enough. I did not deign them a look, but pitched them into the waste-basket. Oh, how I despised myself for my senile belief in *Sympathy;* how I blushed so to have belied all the rest of my life; how humiliated I was at having written what was there under cover! Nothing in the world would ever induce me to read a word of the stuff again. I scarcely slept a wink; a thousand times over the whole odious scene seemed re-enacted in the darkness. Again and again I saw myself the victim of the cowardly crew. Amid the howling of the night-wind I even fancied I caught the echoes of my own name shouted forth amid ribald laughter. The sharpness of my anger at length wore itself out, but it gave place to a profound discouragement, still more distressing. Had it come to this then? Had all my efforts at self-reform only made me the sport and the song of the drunkard,—a mockery and a byword in their low haunts?

I arose at last quite unhinged; so pale and altered indeed that

my barber affectionately questioned me on the cause. I sternly bade him mind his own affairs. He looked at Ivan in astonishment; but he, on his side, prudently avoided the glance, by staring out of window. This pantomime displeased me still more, and I sharply ordered Ivan about his business. He disappeared.

Left alone, I strode to the chimney, leaned my elbow on the marble, and my chin on my palm. I stared at my rueful countenance in the pier-glass, nursing my wrath, and chewing over and over the bitter pill those deceitful young scoundrels had given me to digest.

It might have been about eleven of the day when I heard a confused murmur of voices beneath my window. Directly afterward the street-door opened, and the hall-flags resounded with the shuffling and the stamping of snow off a dozen pair of boots, then followed a tramping up-stairs. A strong smell of tobacco-smoke wafted upwards told they were students long before Ivan could announce them.

"What, beard me in my own home!" I burst out indignantly; "If that is not the climax of impudence!"

For an instant I had an insane idea of ordering Ivan to pitch them down stairs; but he was in on me before I could rally my faculties, with the whole band at his heels. A tall, saucy-eyed galliard stepped from behind him with a low bow:

"Herr Professor," said he, "it was I that last night was so unlucky as to strike you with that snowball." ("How, scapegrace!" thought I, "you dare tell it to my face!") "So I came with the fellows here to apologize, and make any other reparation you may think fit. (Here my heart beat very fast. I was nearly choking —but it was with thankfulness. I was beginning to understand.) We were on the look-out for somebody that had been blackguarding us students—that awful brag, the Baron von der Schield, you know,—and all because we have been trotting him out in our *Gazette*. I had heavy odds laid on it that I'd hit him on the nose first crack. (I could not help smiling as I thought what a fair shot the fellow had made.) We mistook you by the dress, Professor. I'm awfully sorry!—(Here there was a break in his voice,) for we all like you and respect you right well; don't we, fellows?"

There was a chorus of ready assent, as the warm-hearted lads pressed round me. For a minute I could do nothing but seize

their outstretched hands and shake them heartily. At last I gulped down the knot in my throat, and said:

"It's all right, my lads, but even were it the Baron Munchausen in person, you need not hit quite so hard. It was all your old Bruin himself could do to stand it."

This last sally set us all laughing, and ever after peace and good will reigned between us. The packet of proof-sheets was speedily fished out of the waste-basket, the cover torn off, and the fair leaves held out at arm's length before my dazzled eyes. I gloated over the sight of myself in print with all the ardor of a young bride, in her wedding-robe, viewing her own fair image.

VIII.

This was my last serious trial. If, in after winters, a snowball should happen to close up ear or eye, I merely rubbed the part afflicted, sure that chance alone had directed the shot.

Sheets on sheets of proofs poured in, and soon my book was ready for the public. How would my idea take, and what would the critics say of it? My anxiety was cruel; I dared not stir out, and for the several days my lying-in lasted, I started and turned pale each time there was a rap at the door. Meanwhile, kind letters of congratulation from my colleagues and acquaintances poured in, and Ivan was in a fever-heat of enthusiasm. He lurked about the hall all day, ready for a spring whenever the knocker sounded. Over each new missive, as it arrived, his eyes sparkled with triumph, and he would ejaculate, "Another about *our* grand book!" as he punctiliously handed it to me on a silver tray. Then would he stand behind my chair, swelling with pride and glory as I broke the seal. To gratify the poor fellow, I always read him the juiciest bits of panegyric they contained, whilst he joined hands and cast up his eyes to heaven with admiration at the grandeur of the style and the extravagance of the compliments. From Munich the Councillor Wentzel wrote me, and George Heilig from Milan. These foreign letters were great feathers in Ivan's cap. But his delight rose to its climax when from Italy, France, and from all parts of Germany, newspapers poured in containing the most flattering notices of my work.

"There now you have it—in black and white—in print!" he would cry, flourishing the papers as confirmation strong. "Will

the Herr Professor believe me now, when I tell him *we* have written a book such as never was?"

I had actually become a hero to my valet.

The students, too, undertook to lionize me. One fine day a deputation of the Burschen invited me to a grand University banquet. The Principal presided, and all the Professors assisted. "The proceedings were lively in the extreme, but without the faintest shadow of disorder," was the verdict of the local journal. Glowing speeches were delivered, and songs of Vaterland sung and chorused to the echo. Oceans of beer were drunk "to the great German Land—to its language and its literature." Towards the close they drank to Europe at large, then to the universe entire.

A student, by the help of friends, mounted the table, and lifting his glass to the level of his eyes, gravely saluted; this meant that he was going to speak. "I drink," said he, "to the practical realization of that virtue of *sympathy* which has furnished to the hero of this *fête* the subject of so excellent a book. I drink to the eternal concord of the students of Munchausen."

Every one drank to *sympathy* and the eternal concord of the students of Munchausen.

"To a lasting peace between Town and Gown!"

Peace between Town and Gown was drank, and by acclamation it was agreed to drop giving the inhabitants the insulting epithet of Philistines.

A third time, drawing himself up proudly, the orator lifted his glass on high, and vociferated in a paroxysm of enthusiasm: "Three times three for Dr. Borst and his theory!"

IX.

The said Theory has had twenty years' ripening into practice since then, and it has fallen on no unfruitful soil.

Nowhere will you find more of the true spirit of the Burschenschaft—more harmony between Town and Gown—a more chivalrous consideration between professors and pupils—a more complete triumph of the principle of *Sympathy* in short—than exists in the University of Munchausen. "And, my dear Gellert, as to your father's former aversion, Old Birsy, his bristles are, I hope, completely laid by this time. You see, even a little child does not fear to play with the old Bruin now! Eh, Martha?"—and the venerable Professor tenderly kissed the baby's dimpled fist, which

she had hooked into his grizzled beard, whilst she kept comfortably sucking the other during his recital. Little Maggie was resting her chubby elbow on his other knee, and staring up wide-eyed into her old friend's face. Madame was unaffectedly weeping; whilst Beckhaus himself, in an access of nervous sensibility, was rumpling, in a horrible manner for so methodical a book-vender, the last volume of a costly edition of the Cosmos. For myself, I was utterly abashed and stricken with remorse at thought of that rude and unguarded exclamation of mine, and yet not wholly sorry either, since it had been the means of leading up to the naïve and touching narrative of *Old Birsy's Transformation*, which I have endeavored here to transcribe.

Since that time "*Soul-Modelling*," by Dr. Borst, author of the celebrated work "*On Sympathy*," has appeared. *Sumptibus et typis Beckhaus.*

THE OLD INHABITANTS OF OUR NORTH-WEST.

BY REV. G. M. GRANT, HALIFAX, N. S.

THESE are Indians and half-breeds, the former being the oldest inhabitants, and the latter claiming to share with them the original title to the soil. There are probably not more than 125,000 Indians in the Dominion, nearly half of whom are on the Pacific slope, sea coast and islands. Those between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains fall under three great divisions; (1) some 16,000 in the four Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario; (2) about 25,000 in and around the fertile belt, or our North-west proper; (3) nearly 30,000 Thickwood Indians to the north, living in wilderness and sub-arctic regions, where the most valuable fur-bearing animals are found. All those figures are approximate. Some estimates are lower, some higher; but no complete census has ever been or could be taken. It is with the second of those divisions that we are now concerned. Something concerning these twenty or twenty-five thousand sons of the soil, who have roamed and ridden over the great plains and prairies of our North-west for centuries

we all ought to know. How many great tribes are there, what are their present relationships with our Government and their present feelings towards the white man as a settler, what are their habits, and what is the probability of the continuance of peace within our borders?

The Modoc war has lifted our poor Indian into all the dignity of a "burning question." When our neighbour's house is on fire it is high time for us to think of our own, and the danger now is that our past *laissez faire* policy may be replaced by a policy unnecessarily energetic. Modoc valour and perfidy have commanded the attention of the world, and our people are thus made willing to listen to information about their own Indian question. We can listen calmly too; for as yet it is only our neighbour's house that is burning. A few outrages in Manitoba or on the Saskatchewan might wring from us a scream as unreasonable and revengeful as that which has re-echoed lately from Maine to Florida, and from the Bay State to the Golden Gate. One would, indeed, hope not. For the sight of forty millions of Christian people in a phrensy over the successes of forty or fifty savages, is not such an edifying spectacle as to invite national emulation. The assassination of General Canby was sufficiently horrible, it is true, but on that very account there should be meted out for it justice, not revenge; justice on the evil-doers, not extermination on the tribe. And if what a correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes be the fact, that twenty years ago the father of Scouchin and others were treacherously murdered by one Wright, captain of a troop of settlers, at a pretended peace conference, more pleas than one could be put in for the Modoc. At all times he may be expected, as Leather-Stocking used to say, to fight "accordin' to his gifts." All things are excusable in love or war, is a maxim of our own, and among the all things, the Indian has always classed assassination. It is a surprise on a small scale, whereas in our wars we now only allow surprises on a large scale. Again, the law of feud is still in force with him. It is out of date with us, but our forefathers held it essential to an honorable state of society. And as Captain Wright's treachery was not publicly punished, Captain Jack may have thought himself entitled to "better the example." Of course, Captain Jack must be taught that "the case being altered alters the case;" but the teaching that is conveyed in newspaper headings of "Exter-

mination is the Word," and such like, reflects a discreditable state of popular feeling, and promises little for the solution of graver questions of race that are actually impending.

The great Indian tribes with whom the Dominion has now to deal are the Ojibbways or Chippewas, the Crees and the Blackfeet. The first of these is to be found under several names or subdivisions of the tribe, not only about the lakes and lacustrine rivers between the north of Lake Superior and the eastern verge of the prairie, where their food is chiefly fish, but also in the Province of Manitoba and as far west as the Saskatchewan, where they are hunters, and where they intermingle with the Crees. The Crees are the great tribe of the Saskatchewan valley. The home of the Blackfeet is the Bow River, as the head waters of the South Saskatchewan are called, and from there south beyond the boundary line, and north "as far as they can win" among the Crees. The Chippewas and Crees belong to the Algonquin family, and are allies, or at least friendly. The Blackfeet are the hereditary enemies of the Crees. With the exception of the last three years they have been at war with each other from time immemorial. Now that the Sioux tribe has been almost exterminated in some States and whipped into an humble state of mind in others, the Blackfeet take rank as the boldest and bravest in North America. Half-breed and Cree mothers frighten their children with "the Blackfeet!" as Saracen mothers, in olden times, with Cour de Lion's name, and timid people in Britain, early in this century, with "Bony!" Hudson Bay officers in the far west get excited when they hear that "the Blackfeet are coming." The gate of the Fort is shut; the rusty cannon dragged out; and the valuables in the store put out of sight. If a band does come along, which happens about once for a dozen alarms, they are not admitted within the Fort unless their object is unmistakably "trade." Even in such a case the gate is opened gingerly, and not more than half a dozen at a time admitted.

That the reader may not be taken in by the high-sounding title of "Fort," it is only fair to say that a Hudson Bay Fort is a square of wooden houses or shanties—the house of the agent and servants, the store, blacksmith's shop, etc.—surrounded by a paling, or stockades about twenty feet high; and sometimes with small bastions at the angles to afford flanking defence. Although such have, as a rule, been sufficient to afford protection from

Indians, it is hardly necessary to add that they would excite the laughter or scorn of any modern Dugald Dalgetty, there being generally a Drumsnab near, from which artillery—if the Indians only had it—could play on the Fort with deadly effect.

Not having seen any of the Blackfeet braves, I may be inclined to underrate their prowess. That they are masterful, turbulent fellows there is plenty of proof. The "Rocky Mountain House," about one hundred and fifty miles south-west from Fort Edmonton, which was established by the Hudson Bay Company as a headquarters to trade with them, was so often plundered, and at length burnt down, that the Station was abandoned, and it has only recently been rebuilt to give them another trial.

The Blackfeet are subdivided in five clans—the Blackfeet proper; the Bloods or Bloodies; the Sarcis, Sircies, or Surcees; the Piegans, lately slaughtered to a considerable extent by Col. Baker in Montana; and the Gros Ventres, who were adopted by the Blackfeet thirty or forty years ago, when they seceded from their own nation—the Arapahoes. These clans number between them over two thousand men, or a population of ten thousand. The home of more than half of these is on our side of the boundary line; but they never have united in any enterprise, and never will—unless there is very bad management. Colonel Robertson Ross, the Adjutant-General of the Dominion Militia, has recommended in his Report to the House of Commons this year, the establishment of a Custom House with a military guard of one hundred and fifty soldiers on the Belly River, near the Porcupine Hills, in the very centre of the Blackfeet country. I can see no immediate necessity for such a force. If intended to protect a Custom House, they are too many. If to fight the Blackfeet, they are too few. It would be a hazardous, while at present it is an unnecessary experiment. The Blackfeet have always counted us friends, and they are now at peace with their ancient enemies. The sight of so many soldiers would excite their suspicions. Better "let sleeping dogs lie?" However beautiful and fit for settlement their country may be, it is out of reach of ordinary settlers for many a day; and the railway must keep well to the north, and will not interfere with their hunting grounds. It is different with the Cree country. A small troop of mounted riflemen ought to be stationed at or near Forts Ellice and Carlton, while Fort Edmonton must be the military headquarters, as it has long been the head-

quarters of the Hudson Bay posts, on the Saskatchewan. With respect to the Blackfeet, the old motto of "*Quieta non movera*," or Lord Melbourne's "Can't you let them alone," expresses clearly the policy for to-day, whatever may be the duty of to-morrow.

With some of the Chippewa or Ojibbway tribes, treaties have lately been made by the Government; and similar treaties ought to be made as soon as possible with the others, and also with the Crees. We are now in contact with those tribes; are passing through their country, are appropriating what we need, and legislating as if it were all our own. Theoretically of course, the land belongs to the Queen. The title is vested in the Crown. But practically it belongs to the Indians, and what is of most consequence, the Indians believe that they have rights to it. Their fathers and they have lived on it, and though it takes at the rate of forty or fifty square miles to maintain a family, there are estates as large in Britain, where too the quantity of land is limited.

With the Ojibbways of the lakes and woods between Lake Superior and Manitoba, no treaty has yet been made. The Commissioners, last year, thought their demands exorbitant. There ought not to be much difficulty in settling with them, though it is true that extravagant notions have been implanted in their minds by interested parties. Those Indians are pagans. They speak a flexible, sonorous, musical language, and are on the whole well developed physically; but they are dirty, unclean livers, cowardly, and low in the scale of civilization, as compared with the Indians either to the east or west. The lakes and lakelets of which their country is a great network are filled with fish, and as there is little soil to cultivate except in a few favoured spots, such as the banks of Rainy River, and little game in the woods, fish is their staff of life. They can never be dangerous enemies, but on the ground of cheapness as well as of humanity, it would be well to conciliate them. The work of civilizing and christianizing them would be very difficult, because they are never together in large bodies except for a few days at some grand *pow-wow*. Each family looks out for itself, and the tribal relationships are vague and ill-defined.

In Manitoba, and a region three times the size of the little Province to its north-west, the Indian claims were extinguished by Governor Archibald in 1871, in treaties agreed upon at two great Conventions, one held at the Stone Fort, Red River, and the

other at Manitoba Post. We have every right to be satisfied with such a result, because, during Riel's rebellion, the Indians in and around the Province had got worked up into a state of the utmost excitement. Bands of them roamed about as if in expectation of a general free fight, and promises that could not be kept were made to them by subordinate authorities here and there. All the elements of chronic disaffection, if not actual civil war, existed on the Red River and the Assiniboine. Beside the old inhabitants—the Chippewas and Swampy Crees—a large band of Sioux, who had fled from Minnesota after the great massacre ten years ago, were encamped on the prairie fifty or sixty miles west of Fort Garry; and as they were hereditary enemies of the Chippewas, a war between them, in the disordered state of the Province, was expected, and indeed was reported again and again, though without the slightest foundation in fact. Those Sioux have always behaved well. They ask only to be allowed to live in the country. The women, and even some of the men, hire themselves to do harvest and other work for the settlers; and it seems to me that it would be very easy to place them on some suitable reservation, and that they would afford as fine a field for missionary labor as Christian men could wish, and quite as likely to yield good results as that "fine field" that Dr. Chalmers saw in the Cowgate of Edinburgh. But two or three years ago, not only were the Indians in Manitoba restless and suspicious, but so also were the half-breeds, and between them and the "Canadian" part of the population a deep ill-bridged gulf existed. That peace was kept, the Indian question settled, and a general sense of public security diffused was greatly owing to the wisdom of Governor Archibald. The healing influences of time have now free play, and as each year brings in emigrants, all whose interests are bound up with the stability and prosperity of the Province, its future may be considered assured.

According to the treaties of 1871, each Indian family of five persons is to receive one hundred and sixty acres of land in a suitable reserve, and fifteen dollars a year; or land and dollars in the same proportions, as there are more or less persons in the family. Her Majesty also agrees to maintain a school in each reserve, whenever the Indians inhabiting it shall desire a school; to present them with certain animals as a nucleus for stocking the reserve, and with certain farming implements, and to prohibit the

introduction or sale of intoxicating liquors within the boundaries of the several reserves.

Those terms certainly impose no very onerous obligations on Her Majesty, that is, on the Dominion; but Dr. Schultz stated in his place in the House of Commons this session that the Indians agreed to them ignorantly, and are now dissatisfied with them. On March 31st, in moving for copies of all correspondence with the Government on the subject of the dissatisfaction prevailing among the Chiefs, Headmen and Indians treated with in Manitoba and adjacent Territories in 1871, he said that the Indians, through their head chief "Miskokanew," or Red Eagle, the Chiefs Les Grand Oreilles, Yellow Quill, and others, have protested against the treaties, and in some cases have refused to receive the stipulated annuity; and that it would be neccssary to make others with them on a far more liberal basis. Instead of a perpetual annuity, he suggests a much larger sum annually for a stipulated period, say twenty-one years; instead of the present reserve of one hundred and sixty acres per family, at least one hundred and sixty acres to each individual, the reservation to be situated near some well-known fishing ground, and removed as far as possible from centres of white population and much travelled highways; and the most ample provision to be made for the education of the Indians in our language. As far as these suggestions can be carried out, without giving the Indians ground to fancy that treaties deliberately and solemnly made, signed and sealed, can be crumpled or torn up whenever they grumble, they are worthy of all attention from the Indian Commissioners. The most important is the last; and there is every reason for considering it urgent. Dr. Schultz points to "the numerous settlements of Christian Indians about our Missions, where the Indian nature has so far changed as to make him in point of industry, of truthfulness, and of obedience, the equal if not the superior of the average white man," as sufficient proof that we can civilize the Indian by weaning him from the chase to the cultivation of the soil. The condition of the Chippewas, Oneidas, Mohawks, Six Nations and other tribes in Ontario, and of the Cherokees and Choctaws in the Indian Territory, United States, proves the same thing. Wherever an honest and vigorous attempt has been made to elevate an Indian tribe, it has succeeded. The missionary and the teacher are cheaper than the rifle. That is a low ground to take, but

when you can answer a fool according to his folly, it is just as well to do so.

Whatever else is done for the Chippewas and Swampies in Manitoba and the adjacent territory, as a matter of favour, it is evident that the treaties of 1871 must not only be preserved intact, but that they must be the basis of future treaties with the Crees to the west. Those treaties were made with all the deliberation that could possibly be observed. Abundant notice was given beforehand. Most of the Indians came in person. They were told to elect their representative men. Ten days were spent in the negotiations. Everything was fully explained to them. And Red Eagle, Yellow Quill, and the rest signed the treaties, and solemnly bound themselves and their people to observe them. The Indians believe firmly in the sanctity of an oath, and while their universal complaint against "the long knives," or Yankees, has always been that they do not keep their engagements, they know that the representatives of their "Great Mother" do whatsoever they promise. If we keep faith with them, nothing need be feared. A few more devoted missionaries, sensible men, who would show them that their only hope is in the cultivation of the rich soil, and a school wherever a few of them settle—whether they ask for it or not. I have much more faith in such agencies than in larger annuities or larger land grants; and for taking the initiative in such enterprises, the Churches must be looked to rather than the Government.

The sooner that a treaty is made with the Crees of the Saskatchewan, the better. They have heard of the treaties made in Manitoba, and are suspicious, because they have not yet been consulted. In April 1871, their Chiefs went as a deputation to Mr. Christie, then Chief Factor at Fort Edmonton,* to ask if their lands had been sold, and they requested him to write down their words or messages to their "Great Master" in Red River. Here are their words. The Crees speak plainly, for they have not yet learned that "language is given us to conceal our thoughts:"

Messages from the Cree Chiefs of the Plains, Saskatchewan, to His Excellency Governor Archibald, our Great Mother's Representative at Fort Garry, Red River Settlement.

1. The Chief "SWEET GRASS," the Chief of the Country, *Great Father,*—I shake hands with you and bid you welcome.

* Fort Edmonton is about nine hundred miles west-north-west from Fort Garry.

We heard our lands were sold and we did not like it: we don't want to sell our lands; it is our property, and no one has a right to sell them.

Our country is getting ruined of fur-bearing animals, hitherto our sole support, and now we are poor and want help—we want you to pity us. We want cattle, tools, agricultural implements, and assistance in everything when we come to settle—our country is no longer able to support us.

Make provision for us against years of starvation. We have had great starvation the past winter, and the small-pox took away many of our people, the old, young, and children.

We want you to stop the Americans from coming to trade on our lands, and giving firewater, ammunition and arms to our enemies the Blackfeet.

We made a peace this winter with the Blackfeet. Our young men are foolish, it may not last long.

We invite you to come and see us and to speak with us. If you can't come yourself, send some one in your place.

We send these words by our Master, Mr. Christie, in whom we have every confidence. That is all.

2. "Ki-he-win," "THE EAGLE,"

Great Father,—Let us be friendly. We never shed any white-man's blood, and have been friendly with the whites, and want workmen, carpenters and farmers to assist us when we settle. I want all my brother "Sweet Grass" asks. That is all.

3. "The LITTLE HUNTER,"

You, my brother, the Great Chief in Red River, treat me as a brother, that is, as a Great Chief.

4. "Kis-ki-on," or "SHORT TAIL,"

My brother, that is coming close, I look upon you as if I saw you; I want you to pity me, and I want help to cultivate the ground for myself and descendants. Come and see us.

Is there not something like the cry of the children in every one of those messages? They are ready to welcome civilization. Many of them are under missionary influence, and the strength and spirit of the haughtiest have been broken by the small-pox. A generation ago the tribe that hunted on the Qu' Appelle river used to approach Fort Ellice to receive their supplies, preceded by eight hundred mounted warriors singing their war songs. Now that tribe is almost extinct.

In thinking about the Crees, we must not be led astray by what

we know of the miserable, degraded remnants of the Micmacs or Meliseets in our Maritime Provinces, nor on the other hand by what we read concerning blood-thirsty, scalp-hunting savages, in the cheap, illustrated weeklies filled with blood-and-thunder stories that come to us from New York. The Indians of the plains are barbarians, nomads, it is true, but they possess noble qualities, and deserve to be treated not only with substantial justice, but with every possible courtesy and generosity. Courtesy besides is not thrown away upon them. They have a rigid etiquette of their own, and when they meet people without manners they are apt to consider them as without morals. One reason why the Hudson Bay officers succeeded so well with them is that they gained, in the course of their long dealings, a thorough knowledge of their character, and always treated them with respect. That some of the agents of our neighbours have considered it unnecessary to show even civility to "Redskins," is one cause of their many failures in dealing with them.

When travelling up the Saskatchewan, two elderly Crees joined our party one afternoon, and rode on with us to spend the night at our camp. In the course of the evening, as they sat on a hillock conversing with a Wesleyan Missionary who accompanied us from Fort Garry to Edmonton, a junior member of our party, wearied with the day's travel, happened to stretch out his long legs between them and the fire. Our Chief, in a low tone, called his attention to the fact. "Oh, what odds," was the answer, "they don't notice." "They don't appear to notice," remarked the Missionary, looking up, "but depend upon it they will form their opinion of you accordingly."

We did not see many Crees on our journey, for most of them were away on the plains south of the ordinary trail, hunting the buffalo,—which, to the boundless delight of every half-breed and Indian appeared this year in greater numbers on the Qu' Appelle and between the two Saskatchewans than for many years previous. It is said that the Union and Central Pacific Railways have forced them northwards. If so, the Northern Pacific Railway, if it is built, will have the same effect, and drive them all into our North-west. This, and probable Indian disturbances in Montana, and the hope of better treatment from the "Great Mother" than from "the Long Knives," may cause a migration of bands of foreign Indians into the Saskatchewan country. But such immi-

grants, however warlike, are not likely to give trouble, just because they know that they have no claim to the soil. What is done for them by the Government they will be grateful for. But the Crees demand compensation for the land as a right.

And who will question their right? Those vast rolling prairies, those gently sloping or bold broken hills, those sparkling lakes all of them covered with wild-fowl and many stocked with the delicious white fish, are theirs by inheritance and by possession. They did not, after the fashion of white men, divide them up into separate estates. Had they done so, no one would have questioned their title. But that the country that has always yielded them support is their property they firmly and rightly believe. The tribe holds the land and the wood and the water for common use. And it is only fair that, before arranging to run our Railroads through it or inviting European emigrants to go in and take possession, we should meet the Crees in friendly council, and buy their rights and extinguish their title.

They are ready to meet us half-way. Though brave and proud, they are willing to admit our superiority. Though few in number, and every year becoming fewer, they would be formidable as enemies, for they are magnificent horsemen and could support themselves in the great plains where ordinary troops would starve. Though born hunters, and almost as fond of a buffalo "run" as of "firewater," they are, under missionary influence, betaking themselves in some places to agriculture and stock raising, and their most intelligent men see that it is necessary for them all to settle if they are to exist alongside of white men. Hitherto the buffalo has been to them all what the potato was to the Irish before the great famine. The buffalo has been more; house, clothing, harness, leather, cordage, thread, as well as food. But the buffalo is beginning to be a less certain element. The buffalo disappears before civilization. And the Cree must be civilized, or he too will disappear.

Let us trust that our Dominion—the daughter of Britain—will imitate the example of her great mother in dealing with the Indian question. Doctrinaires have reproached Great Britain for her Colonial policy, and her government of races that she has subjected to her sway. As matters of history, as matters of fact, what other nation of ancient or modern times ever built up such a Colonial Empire? What other nation ever ruled weaker races so wisely and well?

THE ARCTIC MYSTERY.

AND so DR. HALL, the intrepid and all too reckless Arctic explorer, is dead. The *Polaris* has shared the fate of many a less seaworthy craft. The spirit of the angry North has claimed its victims. The Kraken and the Norns have done their fatal work. Another name is added to the long, sad beadroll of the brave, who have risked and lost all in the cause of science. The mighty mysteries of the world are not to be discovered without long toil and a heavy price.

The *Polaris* started on her voyage better equipped than any ship that had ever before tempted the perils of the Arctic ocean. She was a steamer, but also a sailing ship, steam power being reserved, probably, for serious emergencies. She was accompanied to the most northerly available harbor in Greenland by a United States war-vessel with fresh supplies, so that she went into the ice realms well stocked with provisions,—all the comforts as well as necessaries of sailor life. The company and crew were also *elite*, and supposed to be admirably fitted for the task they had voluntarily undertaken.

At the time of this writing we have no particulars of Dr. Hall's death, or of previous or subsequent trials and adversities; all we know is that the expedition has proved a disastrous failure, and that Dr. Hall is dead. Readers may, perhaps, recall a cloud of suspicion that hung over Dr. Hall's name some time after his previous expedition. What foundation there was for it—how it was dissipated, how he lived it down—we cannot now say. A life had been sacrificed, perhaps under circumstances that rendered the deed justifiable. It is probable that the mystery will be cleared now, since Dr. Hall, too, has fallen and gone to his last account.

Many a gallant seaman has grappled with the Storm King and the Frost King in the Arctic regions, with the hope of forcing a passage in that direction to sunnier climes. This may be a favourable opportunity for referring as briefly as possible to what has been accomplished, and at what cost.

Colonists from Scandinavia, hardy, brave, freedom-loving men, —men of letters too,—made their home in Iceland as early as the eleventh century. There they struggled with the rigor of the climate and the barrenness of the soil, and blossomed into a glorious civilization, long previous to any other country in modern Europe. Their literature was splendid. Snorro Sturleson still stands the Spencer, Milton and Shakspere of the Northern races. The Icelanders pushed their way to Greenland, and founded a community there which developed into a flourishing Christian civilization. There is something ineffably sad about this ancient Greenland colony. Relics of its life and achievements are yet to

be seen—churches, monuments, sites of houses. But the whole people perished utterly from causes unknown. Some imagine that they were cut off by the *black death* or plague which devasted Europe early in the thirteenth century. Some fancy that death came through starvation caused by a mighty invasion of winter and northern icebergs. These are guesses. The only thing sure is, that they lived, and that they perished utterly, leaving no trace of their melancholy fate.

Adventurers from Iceland came down southward to Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and perhaps still farther, but they effected no permanent settlement in these regions. Icelanders saw America and wrote about America centuries before Columbus was born. Men who so fearlessly pushed their explorations southward would also go as far as they could towards the pole; but no trace of their efforts remains. They dreamed, they sang, they romanced about the North with its darkness and wrath and wasteful seas and remorseless storms: but evidently their efforts were not equal to the task of unlocking the mighty secret, which has hitherto baffled the civilized world.

Frobisher, in 1756, with three vessels of twenty-five, twenty and ten tons respectively, undertook the task of reaching "Cathay," by a shorter route than by the Cape of Good Hope—a long and perilous voyage. If the English could find a way round the North of Asia or the North of America, they would be on more than equal terms with their rivals the Spaniards and Portuguese—English merchants might then share in the spoils of China, India, and Cathay. Frobisher faced the dark problem; "Good Queen Bess" bade him adieu, and in July he reached Greenland with its pinnacles of ice and hills of snow. The smaller vessel was lost, and the crew of one of the others returned to England, reporting Frobisher lost, while he was pushing his way through Frobisher's Strait. Here he lost five of his men, and managed to capture a "Native" to take with him to England. In October they reached London where they "were joyfully received with the great admiration of the people, bringing with them the strange man and his boat, which was such a wonder unto the city, and to the rest of the realm that heard of it, as seemed never to have happened, like great matter to any man's knowledge." "The said Captain Frobisher was greatly commended of all men, for his high and notable attempt, but especially for the great hope which he brought of a passage to Cathay, which he doubted not at all to find, and pass through in those parts, as he reporteth."

This first attempt is now nearly three hundred years old, but it is still full of living interest. The most amazing thing is how Frobisher, Davis, and other old worthies could successfully encounter the gales of the North Atlantic in vessels of twenty-five and thirty tons. What a contrast between these and the powerful steamer *Polaris*, in the service of Dr. Hall!

Poor Sir Hugh Willoughby was the pioneer explorer of the supposed "North East Passage." He and his crews, after many hardships by sea and land, were frozen to death in Lapland in 1553. Other English adventurers followed. The Dutch also made the experiment with bravery and perseverance. Barentz left his dykes and canals to accomplish what the English had tried in vain. His winter quarters were found a few months ago in those polar regions—books, charts, implements of various sorts—winter quarters which had become his prison and his grave, and from which no tidings had come for two hundred and seventy years. The "North East Passage" was not finally settled till the Russian Government ordered an exploration—just fifty years ago—an expedition by land, which fully demonstrated that no available passage for ships existed, owing to the immense fields of ice constantly to be encountered.

The North West was longer in giving up its secret. Upwards of two hundred English expeditions attempted to find an open way through those frozen seas. Many discoveries of much scientific interest, and some discoveries of great practical importance were made from time to time. Of course there were disasters—shipwrecks, starvations, drownings, strayings in lone, waste ice continents, pathless and chartless. Of course there were horrors more than enough to be encountered and related by lucky survivors. But danger only seemed to excite daring. It was found out at last that there was no available North-west Passage. Maclure and his ship's company penetrated some twenty-three years ago from Behring's Straits to Baffin's Bay, and thus solved the vexing world-old difficulty. Sir John Franklin perished in the attempt five years previously. No ship, not even a boat, has yet made the "Passage," or is likely to make it, as there are at least sixty miles of unbroken ice.

And now the object is not to reach India by these northern routes, but to sail on the bosom of the supposed open Polar Sea. Is there such a sea? Dr. Hall reports that he saw it! Some Germans got a glimpse of it, probably by moonlight, through clouds of tobacco smoke. We do not know of any Englishman who has yet seen it. However, there is a German expedition now in "High Latitudes," and we are likely to hear something of their achievements before long. The Royal Geographical Society of England, backed by other scientific associations, have been pressing upon the British Government the desirableness of sending out one other well-equipped expedition towards the Polar Sea. Robert Lowe holds the purse-strings with tenacious grasp, and so the learned folk were met with a firm refusal "for the present." They are to renew the assault next autumn, and perhaps with better success. There is resistless fascination in the unknown gloom, or brightness of the supposed Polar Sea, that leads captive, especially the young lovers of adventure. While Livingstone and

Baker and other hardy Britishers are sweltering beneath equatorial suns, it is only right to preserve the balance of the national character by sending a few scores of their countrymen to shiver under the polar star, and feel eerie at the howl of the white bear. Hitherto Great Britain has made all the noteworthy discoveries in the Arctic regions. Americans have entered the field with admirable pluck and reasonable success, but naturally enough they were later in the race, and there was less to reward their enterprise. We shall soon know what has been done by the ill-fated expedition of Dr. Hall.

NOTES ON CURRENT EVENTS.

DEATH has been busy with great men during the month. Most prominent of those whose names have been removed from the roll of honour are Chief Justice Chase and John Stuart Mill. The former filled for several years a prominent place in the United States during the troubles of the late civil war. As Secretary of the Treasury during President Lincoln's term of office, he displayed considerable ability as a financier when the nation's credit was low and the annual expenditure enormously great. How much of his preference for an irredeemable currency was due to a conviction of its merits, and how much to the fiat of circumstances, would be difficult to say; it is sufficient to remark that, though by no means the first finance minister who has resorted to such a mode of tiding over difficulties, he used it on so large a scale that it will long be peculiarly associated with his name, and he will in all probability be remembered as the author of the greenback currency when his services as a statesman and a jurist have passed away from recollection, or are to be found recorded only in some brief historic paragraph.

A much greater man was John Stuart Mill. Apparently without a single particle of moral cowardice in his disposition, he united intellectual vigor, sympathy with all that concerned man, and a somewhat daring originality together in such a harmonious whole that it will be long before we can look upon his like again. With his views on natural and revealed religion we have nothing here to do. On these subjects he was at variance with all the orthodoxy of the age; and yet, careless about the name of "Christian" as he was, there are few controversialists of any creed who might not study to advantage the moderation and spirit of fairness that pervade everything he wrote. With the exception of Thomas Carlyle, a much older, but, we firmly believe, no greater man or truer philosopher, there is not a single writer who has done so

much to mould contemporary public opinion on a vast variety of social and political topics as John Stuart Mill. His positions and arguments are always assumed or expounded with no other end in view than the diffusion of truth and the improvement of society. He has popularized and fused together into a single system of political economy the views and principles of Malthus, Ricardo and other successors of Adam Smith; and the clever satire which sparkles on the page of almost every social reformer of to-day owes its inspiration to a volume which has found neither fitting supplement nor adequate refutation, whether the views insisted upon in it are considered right or wrong. As an ethical philosopher Mill has the merit of freeing Utilitarianism from the grossness it assumes in the hands of Hobbes and Paley; while, in the expression of his views, he seems to combine the strong intellect and incisive logic of the former with the charming simplicity of the latter, adding a grace, and even a poetic flavour, which are all his own. His "System of Logic Ratiocinative and Inductive" stands on a level with the systems of Locke and Sir William Hamilton; and while the older metaphysician is notoriously prolix and verbose, the style of Mill compares by no means unfavourably with that of Hamilton, even in those qualities that have, as much as anything else, built up the reputation of the latter—force, clearness, and conciseness. The noble treatise on "Liberty" is, perhaps, the best known, as it is certainly the most eloquent of his works; but the celebrated inaugural address which he delivered when elected Lord Rector of a Scottish University may well be regarded as the most singular, considering that the almost encyclopedic learning of the author, which shines on every page, was acquired without the advantages of a collegiate education and during a life of physical suffering which racked and tortured the insignificant looking frame of the invalid philosopher. Although a Radical of the most pronounced type, whose opinions, diffused in the form of books and Review articles, have done much to educate the Liberal party for over thirty years, Mill was never afraid of opposing anything which would not square with his principles. Equally unconcerned about the resentment of alienated friends and the violent opposition of foes, provoked by his imperturbable good humor, dispassionate manner, keen sarcasm, and great intellectual acumen, he was the most thoroughly independent party man since the days of Halifax, the Great Trimmer, so lovingly depicted in the pages of Macaulay. Well would it be for the country, and for the success of responsible government and representative institutions, if party men in general could be found willing to display the same spirit of genuine independence. With men in Parliament actuated by his spirit, which they might all be, even if they lacked his deep insight into the principles which underlie the current topics for discussion, the science of politics would be divested of all that miserable chicanery which has

rendered it a bye-word and a kind of synonym for all that is selfish and to some extent disgraceful. Instead of being a mere pursuit, too often taken up with a view to the furtherance of private aims, statesmanship would be elevated to the dignity of a profession in which the great motive would be an intense and disinterested desire to remove the evils which afflict man as a social being. The career of John Stuart Mill may always be pointed to with safety as one of the most singular and useful examples of what may be accomplished by deep earnestness of purpose, purity of aim, and unwearied industry, even when the mind has been coupled with a frame so fragile as to render the tenure of life exceedingly precarious.

THE Indian difficulty seems as far from solution in the United States as ever. The troops sent against the Modocs have been repulsed, and every success of the aborigines renders more possible a general uprising of the tribes. It is to be hoped that the war will be confined to the Lava Beds, and that the United States Government will be satisfied with avenging the death of the Peace Commissioners and quelling the uprising, without hastily abandoning a general policy of fairness and conciliation in dealing with this difficult question.

THE troubles of Spain and France are by no means at an end, and an Italian crisis was only staved off by the almost unexpected recovery of the Pope from a serious illness. The defeat of Thiers' candidate at a recent election in Paris, and the return of a thorough-paced Republican deputy, who hails from the Communist city of Lyons, cannot be regarded without significance. The event, trifling as it may seem to foreigners, speaks of portending ruin to the Monarchists as the result of an appeal to the people. It speaks, too, of dissatisfaction with the position so long maintained by President Thiers, while striving to mediate between parties diametrically opposed to each other. The Carlist guerillas in Spain may continue to give trouble for some time to come, but the most serious danger to the recently established Republic arises from the embarrassed condition of its finances. The country seems to be on the verge of bankruptcy and with no immediate prospect of relief. It may be that Spain will yet display some of the remarkable recuperative power which has enabled France to free her soil from the invader and increase the resources of the country; but if the display is ever to be made at all it must come soon or it may be too late.

[Notes on Canadian Pacific embroglio and other events held over for want of space.]

STARRS & McNUTT,

DEALERS IN

Hardware, Cutlery, Lead, Zinc,

IRONMONGERY,

Window Glass, Paints, Oils, &c.

142 and 144 UPPER WATER STREET, and 295 BARRINGTON STREET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

---

145 Barrington Street. 145

(OPPOSITE SOUTH END GRAND PARADE,)

HALIFAX, N. S.

J. C. MAHON,

FAMILY DRAPER,

BEGS TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO HIS

LARGE STOCK

OF

RICH BLACK SILKS, etc.,

JUST RECEIVED.

B2 LOW FOR CASH.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

SPRING 1873.

GEO. A. KENT

has received a large portion of his SPRING STOCK, consisting of Men's

Superior English Made Boots and Shoes,

Light, Medium and Heavy.

Ladies', Misses, and Children's do., do.

Domestic Manufactured Goods,

all kinds and sizes.

Ladies' and Misses American Made

Boots and Slippers.

All goods are made and selected specially for retail, and may be relied on.

153 Granville Street,

2 Doors South of Messrs. Duffus & Co.

Standard Proprietory Medicines!

TAYLOR'S EDINBURGH COUGH LOZENGES prepared from the Prescription of Prof. Christison, Royal College Physicians, Edinburgh.

TAYLOR'S CHOLERA CORDIAL SYRUP, for Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Cramp and Spasm of the Stomach and Bowels. *Safe, Cheap, and Reliable.*

CHISWELL'S PECTORAL BALSAM! a celebrated preparation for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, &c., &c., for sale, Wholesale and Retail, at No. 63 Barrington Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS, FAMILY RECIPES, &c., carefully dispensed with the Purest and Best Drugs, &c., and are duly registered and numbered.

N. B.—No per centage allowed Physicians for their Prescriptions by

HENRY A. TAYLOR.

E. O. HUGHES & CO.

35 Dock Street, - - St. John, N. B.

IMPORTERS OF

ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN

FANCY GOODS,

Jewelry, Cutlery, Toys, Musical Instruments, &c.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

BISHOP & EVANS,

(*Successors to T. Wesley & J. H. Murphy,*)

HALIFAX MARBLE WORKS.

DEALERS AND Manufacturers in

Foreign and American

MARBLE.

MARBLE MANTLES of any design, with or without Grates.

Monumental and Church Work,

in all its branches, executed in

MARBLE, FREESTONE AND GRANITE.

Obelisks, Head Stones, Tablets, Grave Marks, Tomb Tables, &c.; Church Fonts, Mural Tablets, &c., in best Marble, from latest designs, and in most approved Style and finish, at Lowest possible rates

FURNITURE AND PLUMBERS' SLABS.

☞ Country orders punctually and personally attended to.

BISHOP & EVANS,

Nos. 73 and 75 Barrington Street,

HALIFAX. N. S.

CALCULIFUGE

CURES

Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Dropsy and diseases of the Kidneys.

Warranted Purely Vegetable.

The only Sure Cure for the GRAVEL.

Do not suffer while a Remedy is within reach.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Wholesale Agents:

AVERY, BROWN & Co., Halifax, N. S.

H. L. SPENCER, 20 Nelson Street, St. John, N. B.

R. C. MARGESON & Co., Proprietors, Halifax.

GO TO

77 Barrington Street, 77

(OPPOSITE U. P. C. HALL,)

FOR

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

SUCH AS

Tea,	Flour,	Syrups,
Coffee,	Meal,	Pickles,
Sugars,	Currants,	Spices,
Molasses,	Figs,	Jams,
Cheese,	Raisins,	Jellies,
Rice,	Beans,	Honey,
Barley,	Soaps,	Fancy Biscuit,
Baking Powder,	Salt,	Spices.

Fresh Butter and Eggs.

Here you will always find a choice selection of Fruit.

L. HAMILTON, Proprietor.

P.S.—Tea from thirty to sixty cents per pound.

NOVELTIES FOR JUNE

IN

Dress Goods,
Cambrics and Picques,
Fancy and Plain Grenadines,
Printed Muslins,
Lena Lace and Muslin Curtains,
Brilliants and Bastiles,
Black Silks at unprecedented Low Prices,
Black and Coloured Torquoise,
Ribbons to Match,
Lace Shawls, Corsets,
Silk and Cashmere Mantles and Capes,
Sun Shades and Umbrellas,
Mateux and Silk Laces,
Kid Gloves at 75 cents,
Hosiery of all kinds.

—ALSO—

A NICE LOT OF CANTON

CRAPE SQUARES AND SILK TIES, &c., &c.,

AT

A. L. WOOD'S,

143 Barrington Street, 143

HALIFAX, N. S.

F. H. BAKER,

Hermetically Sealed Goods,

HALIFAX, N. S.

FACTORIES:—

Sambro',
Ship Harbour,
St. Margaret's Bay,
Turn's Bay,
Lunenburg.

Lawson, Harrington & Co.,

Agents.

E. T. C. KNOWLES,

Attorney and Barrister-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c.,

Office—106 Prince William Street.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

P. FITZPATRICK,

CABINET MAKER,

No. 38 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and OFFICE FURNITURE, manufactured to order by experienced workmen.

D. E. DUNHAM, Architect.

DESIGNER OF

All classes of Public and Private Buildings, &c.

HAVING a thorough practical knowledge of Constructive Architecture, the Subscriber is enabled to DRAW DESIGNS, and furnish reliable estimates to suit any outlay in building.

OFFICE: 1 and 2 Bayard's Building, (106 Prince William Street,) St. John, N. B.

ROBERT B. EMERSON

GENERAL DEALER IN

Cook, Shop, Hall and Parlor STOVES; STOVE PIPE, Plain and Russian Iron; COAL HODS; TINWARE, and a general assortment of Kitchen Furnishing Goods.

No. 5 CANTERBURY STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B

HARNESS MANUFACTORY.

GEORGE MURDOCH, 159 Union Street,

Dealer in all kinds of Harness, in the Latest American styles.

WHIPS, BRUSHES, CURRY COMBS, &c., always on hand. Strict attention paid to Repairing, Cleaning, and Oiling old Harness, &c.

G. MURDOCH, 159 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

FLEMING & MACREDIE,

PLUMBERS AND GAS-FITTERS,

No. 22 Princess Street,

(OPPOSITE THE SAVINGS BANK,)

JOHN FLEMING,
ROBT. C. MACREDIE, } **SAINT JOHN, N. B.**

F. B. MARTER, Chemist and Druggist

81 KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in DRUGS, MEDICINES, Perfumery, Soaps, Brushes, Combs, Cigars, Cool Soda Water, Syrups, &c.

Ships' Medicine Chests carefully fitted up. Prescriptions carefully compounded.

J. B. MARSTERS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,

Corner King and Germain Streets,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO ENLARGING AND COPYING OLD PICTURES

WALES & GREEN,

BRASS FOUNDERS,

PARADISE ROW, PORTLAND, ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Subscribers are prepared to manufacture, at short notice, and on reasonable terms:

SHIP'S RUDDER BRACES, BUTT BOLTS, CLINCH RINGS,

HINGES,

Tiller Fittings, of all patterns; Patent Roller Bushes, of all sizes;

In short, every description of BRASS WORK, required for fitting out vessels, made in a superior manner. Also:

MILL CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

Globe and Gauge Cocks,

ROUGH AND FINISHED, ALL SIZES AND STYLES;

OIL CUPS AND LUBRICATORS, with the latest improvements; WATER CLOSET FITTINGS, WATER and GAS FITTINGS, COUPLINGS, &c.

RAILWAY CAR BUSHES, babbited with our Patent Metal, which is warranted superior to any other ever used for the same purpose.

WALES & GREEN,
Paradise Row, Portland, Saint John, N. B.

THOMAS LUNNEY & Co.,

CLOTHIERS,

No. 3 King Street, ... Saint John, N. B.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY SOLICITED.

Samples of Cloth and Directions for Self-Measure will be sent FREE on application.

Send along your Orders.

THOMAS LUNNEY & Co.

David McAlpine,

ADVERTISING AGENT,

100 *Granville Street,*

HALIFAX, N. S.

1873. 1873.

SPRING & SUMMER.

E. Howard & Co.

185 Hollis Street,

SELL THE

Cheapest Clothing

IN

HALIFAX,

Ready Made

OR TO

ORDER.

All Garments are STYLISHLY CUT, WELL TRIMMED, and, in all instances, a fit is guaranteed.

TERMS: STRICTLY CASH.

E. HOWARD & CO.,

185 Hollis Street.

JUNE 1873.

RICH

DRY GOODS.

S. HOWARD & SON,

Hollis Street,

have ready for inspection the most

Fashionable

STOCK

they have ever imported.

By every Steamer we are in receipt of the

Latest Novelties.

As our business is conducted solely for CASH, thereby saving the large expenses of Interest, Book-keeping and bad debts, incident to all Credit Houses, we are enabled to offer our Stock at from 25 to 40 per cent. under ordinary rates.

S. HOWARD & SON,

Hollis Street.

Old No. 131] Old No. 131]

145 Granville Street,

J. B. BENNETT,

MANUFACTURING JEWELLER AND IMPORTER OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS,

JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS.

☞ The quality of all Articles warranted when sold. An immense Stock to select from. Job work in WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c., executed with punctuality and neatness. An endeavor to please never fails of success. Call and see.

CHARLES ROBSON & Co.,

OLD NO. 11. NEW NO. 185.

GRANVILLE STREET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

IMPORTERS OF

SILKS, SHAWLS, LYONS VELVETS,

MANTLES, MILLINERY, DRESS GOODS,

HOSIERY, GLOVES, SILK UMBRELLAS, &c.,

and a full Stock of Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS,

Wholesale and Retail.

PEILER, SICHEL & Co.,

141 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

PIANOS.

STEINWAY & SONS, HAINES BROS.,

CHICKERING & SONS, VOSE & SONS.

Mason & Hamlin's, Geo. A. Prince & Co.'s

ORGANS.

Sheet Music and Musical Merchandize.

E. PEILER & BROTHER, St. John, N. B. S. SICHEL & Co., Quebec

MAYFLOWER COLOGNE!

An elegant Perfume.

BROWN BROTHERS & Co., Halifax.

PRICE'S GLYCERINE CREAM,

FOR CHAPPED HANDS, &c.

BROWN BROTHERS & Co., Halifax.

BROWN'S

Concentrated Flavoring Extracts,

AND

FRUIT ESSENCES.

RELIABLE! PURE! STRONG! DELICATE!

BROWN BROTHERS & Co.,

Halifax, N. S.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

3 2044 092 665 678